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Liberty

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Stories and Articles by

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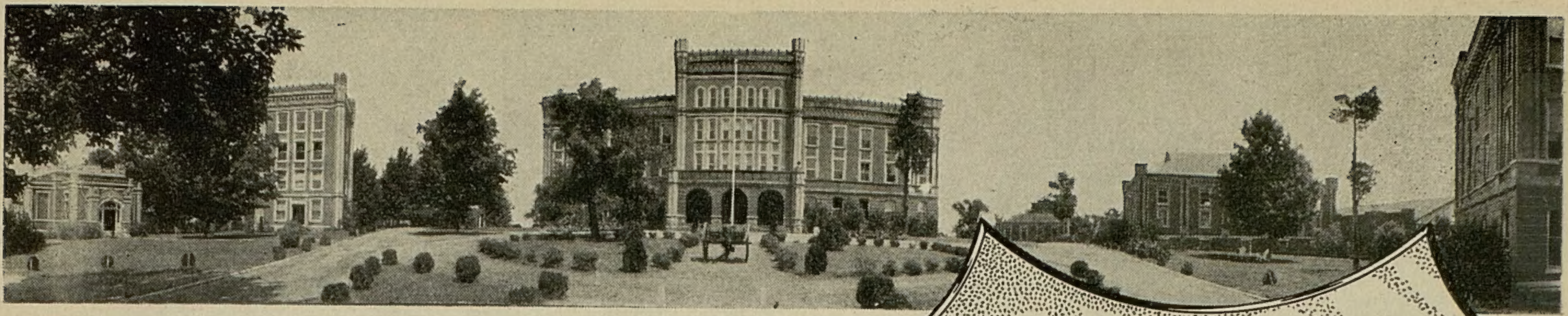
NIGHT COURT FRAME-UP

What One Mother-in-Law Did

A FACT STORY by

Judge JEANNETTE G. BRILL of New York

WHY AN AMERICAN WOMAN FLED ITALY • *by* Alice Rohe



CASTLE HEIGHTS
MILITARY ACADEMY
A Distinguished School for Boys

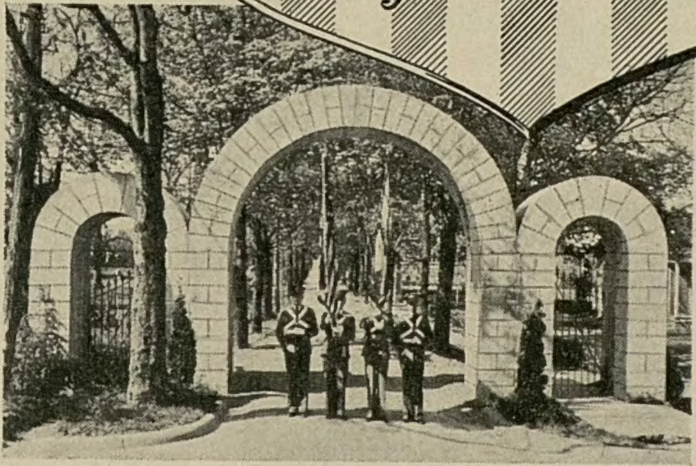
FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

The spirit of the South, which impels a boy to give nothing short of his best, whether on athletic field or in class room, has carried over into the greater game of life. **Castle Heights men lead in achievement.**

Too much cannot be said of the personnel of its faculty. Its teachers hold graduate degrees from the leading universities. But more, they are chosen because of that warmth of personality, unselfish interest in boys, and love of their work which characterize the true teacher. The school is fully accredited by all colleges. **Castle Heights has been moulded by strong men.**

The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30x75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. **Every boy participates in some sport every day.**

A unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, directed by two U. S. Army officers, affords a military program of the finest type. This system of training has no equal for the development of poise and executive ability, as well as habits of neatness, courtesy and punctuality. **Castle Heights boys reach commanding positions by learning to obey.**



Castle Heights, located in the heart of the old South, is thirty miles from Nashville, Tenn.

Because Castle Heights has been so generously endowed by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, the tuition is very low. The rates are $650 for the Senior School, $550 for the Junior School—with only a comparatively small extra charge for uniforms and accessories. **Castle Heights is a non-profit institution.**

For further information mail coupon below.

Dept. L2-22

Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY,
Lebanon, Tenn.

Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is........years of age.

Name ....

Address ....

City.................. State............

COLDS are dangerous infections-*give them Antiseptic Treatment!*

• Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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Listerine

-at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS
Mentholized ★ Soothing

10¢

FEBRUARY 22, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 8

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The United States Supreme Court —The People's Salvation

BERNARR MACFADDEN

SOME of the critics of the United States Supreme Court try to give the impression that the sole desire of these learned judges is to safeguard banking and big business and that the interests of the ordinary citizen are given no consideration.

There never was a greater mistake! The Constitution of the United States, including the preamble and the twenty-one amendments, represents the voice of all the people. This document was created and passed upon by the citizens of this country. Every amendment since has had to be passed in a similar way.

It is in no sense representative of a special class. It is a careful evolvement of the rules and regulations necessary to guide a free people in a manner that will maintain their governmental system with a reasonable degree of permanency.

To present an example that no one can misunderstand: The United States Supreme Court might be compared to the umpire of a football game. It is the umpire's duty to see that the rules of the game are rigidly adhered to. The United States Supreme Court performs the same service, with this difference: the umpire passes on every play, but the United States Supreme Court only passes on the laws that are brought to its attention from the lower courts.

Governor Hoffman of New Jersey made a suggestion that the constitutionality of all laws should be passed on by the United States Supreme Court. Such a procedure would probably save billions of dollars and would keep Congress within its constitutional rights. The plan is worth consideration.

The United States Supreme Court rigidly upholds the will of the people as expressed in their Constitution. We had an example in 1913 of what happens when the majority of the people desire a change in their Constitution.

A law had been passed by Congress years before authorizing the federal government to collect taxes on incomes. It later was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. A constitutional amendment was then presented to various states of the country, was ratified by forty-two of them, and in 1913 became part of the Constitution.

We may remark, in passing, that this amendment undoubtedly represents, next to prohibition, one of the greatest mistakes that our citizens have ever made.

Previous to the passage of this amendment, the federal government was reasonably restrained in its expenditures. But shortly after this taxing privilege had been granted, a wild orgy of spending was inaugurated. It rose from two million dollars a day in 1916 to ten million dollars a day in 1932. That was an appalling record—although the present administration is spending approximately twenty million dollars a day! And it is indeed a disgraceful admission when we realize that nearly half of this amount, ten million dollars, is added to our federal indebtedness daily.

With this disquieting information before us, we have the statement of the chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the last session of Congress that more than ten billion dollars was appropriated during that session.

All the average citizen can say is, "May God help us if something cannot be done to end this appalling extravagance!"

Our system of government is very clearly presented in our Constitution, although it may surprise some readers to know that the life of our government has been sustained solely by the Supreme Court, which stands guard over the constitutional rights of the whole people.

For example, without such a safeguard of our governmental principles, every enactment by Congress would become an inflexible law of the land, and there would be absolutely nothing to prevent the party in power from disenfranchising all citizens belonging to the opposition party. The Democrats could make a law denying the Republicans their statutory rights as voters. They could pass a law declaring the President a dictator with absolute authority. In one session of Congress they could turn our democracy into a monarchy. They could start a government system copied after Communism, Fascism, or any other kind of "ism," and there would be no possible chance for any citizen to object effectively to such a procedure.

Let us thank God for the United States Supreme Court. The rights of the lowliest citizen of this country are protected within the sacred precincts of this high court of justice.

Bernarr Macfadden

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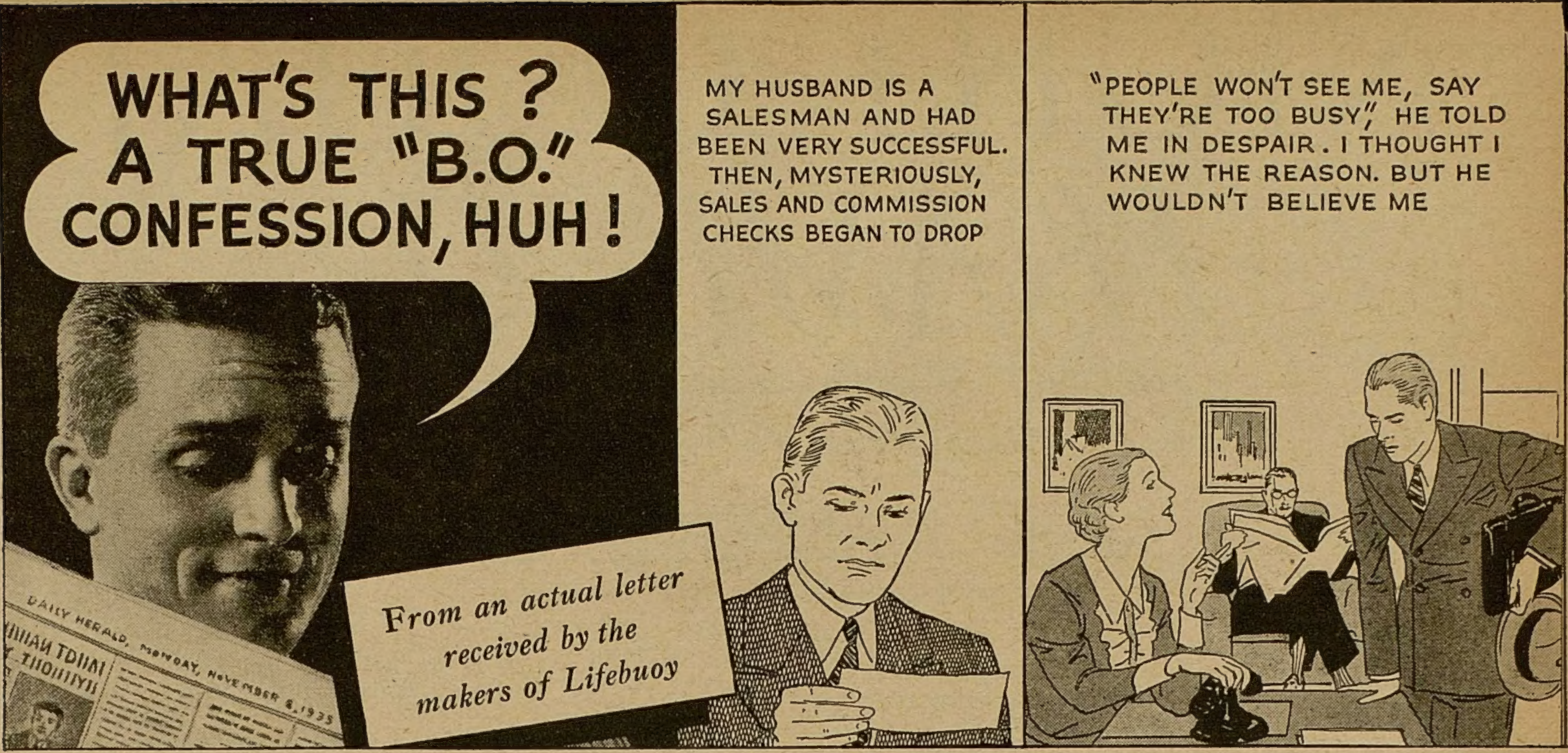
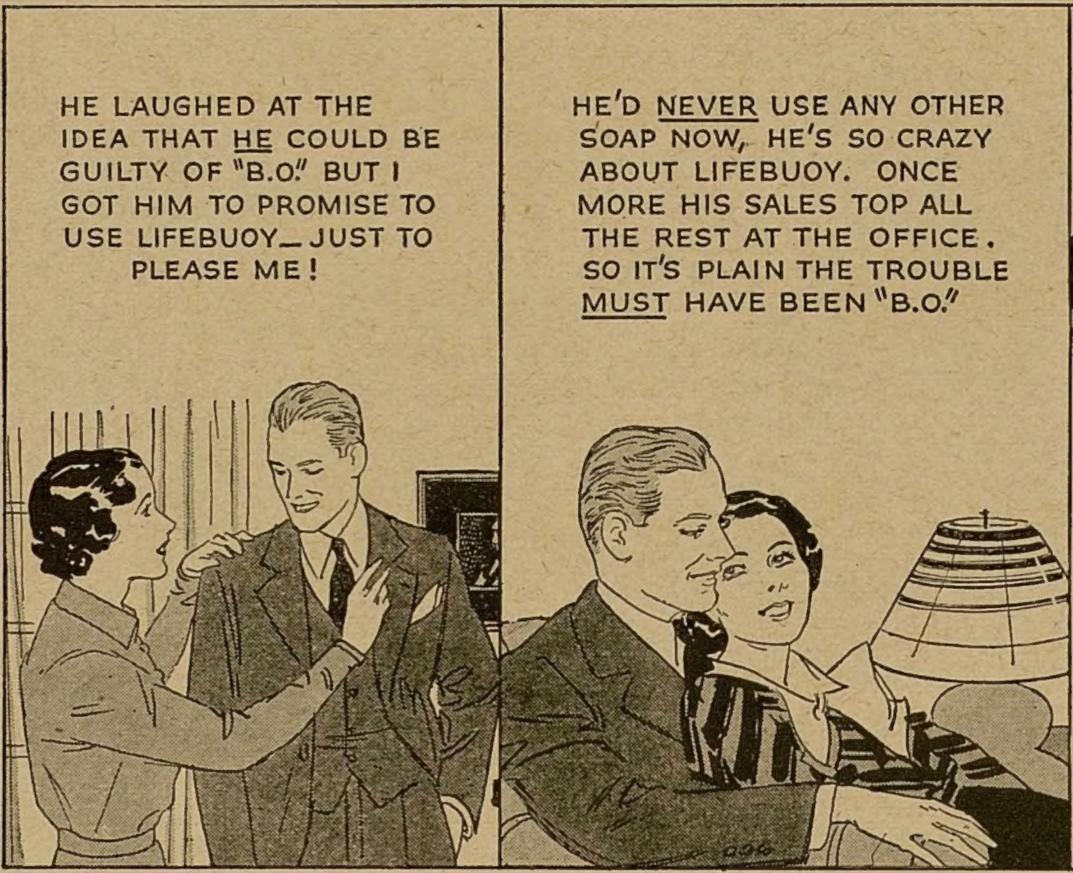
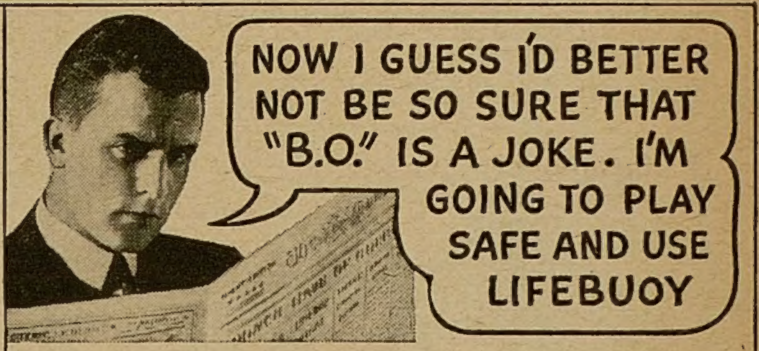

WHAT'S THIS ? A TRUE "B.O." CONFESSION, HUH !
DAILY HERALD, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1935
From an actual letter received by the makers of Lifebuoy
MY HUSBAND IS A SALESMAN AND HAD BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL. THEN, MYSTERIOUSLY, SALES AND COMMISSION CHECKS BEGAN TO DROP
"PEOPLE WON'T SEE ME, SAY THEY'RE TOO BUSY," HE TOLD ME IN DESPAIR. I THOUGHT I KNEW THE REASON. BUT HE WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME


HE LAUGHED AT THE IDEA THAT HE COULD BE GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT I GOT HIM TO PROMISE TO USE LIFEBUOY—JUST TO PLEASE ME!
HE'D NEVER USE ANY OTHER SOAP NOW, HE'S SO CRAZY ABOUT LIFEBUOY. ONCE MORE HIS SALES TOP ALL THE REST AT THE OFFICE. SO IT'S PLAIN THE TROUBLE MUST HAVE BEEN "B.O."


NOW I GUESS I'D BETTER NOT BE SO SURE THAT "B.O." IS A JOKE. I'M GOING TO PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY

This is just one of THOUSANDS of letters we get

THESE real letters about real people *prove* what a common fault "B.O." (*body odor*) is. Play safe! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its searching lather purifies, stops "B.O." Its own clean scent rinses away.

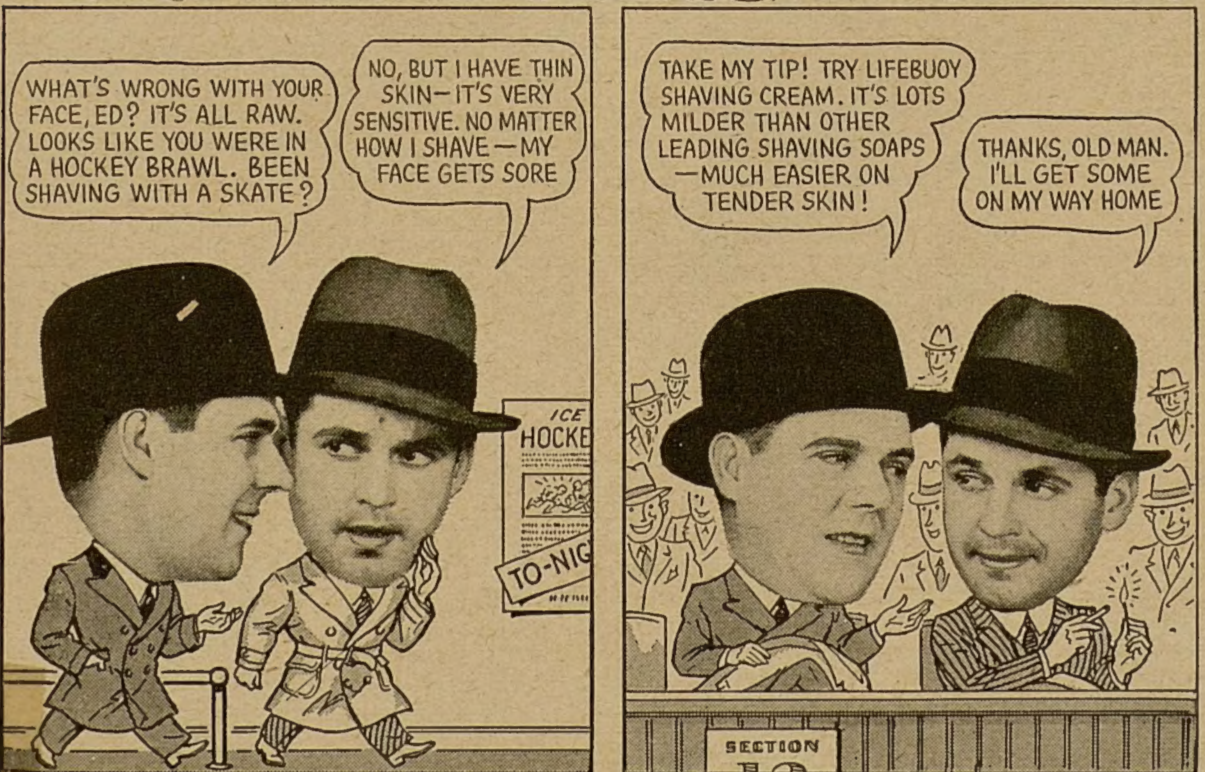
Freshens, clears skin!

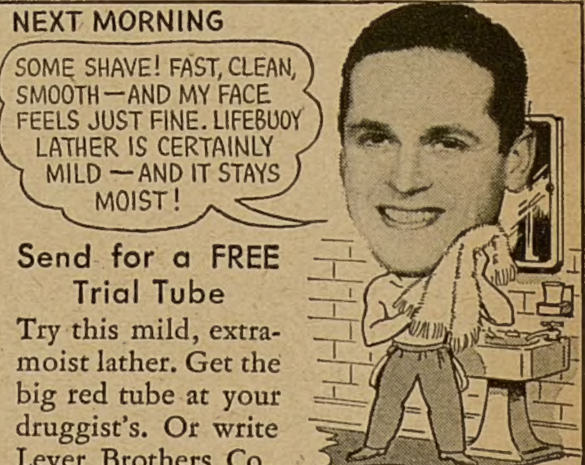
Lifebuoy is ideal for complexions! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it's more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

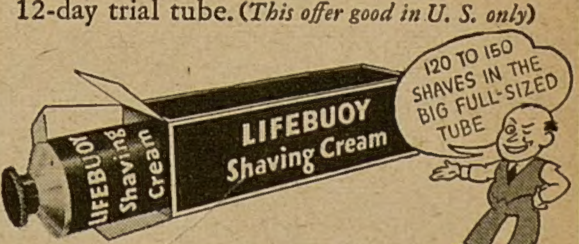
ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE


WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE, ED? IT'S ALL RAW. LOOKS LIKE YOU WERE IN A HOCKEY BRAWL. BEEN SHAVING WITH A SKATE?
NO, BUT I HAVE THIN SKIN—IT'S VERY SENSITIVE. NO MATTER HOW I SHAVE—MY FACE GETS SORE
ICE HOCKE
TO-NIG
TAKE MY TIP! TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT'S LOTS MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS—MUCH EASIER ON TENDER SKIN!
THANKS, OLD MAN. I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME
SECTION


NEXT MORNING
SOME SHAVE! FAST, CLEAN, SMOOTH—AND MY FACE FEELS JUST FINE. LIFEBUOY LATHER IS CERTAINLY MILD—AND IT STAYS MOIST!

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try this mild, extra-moist lather. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A122, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only*)


LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE

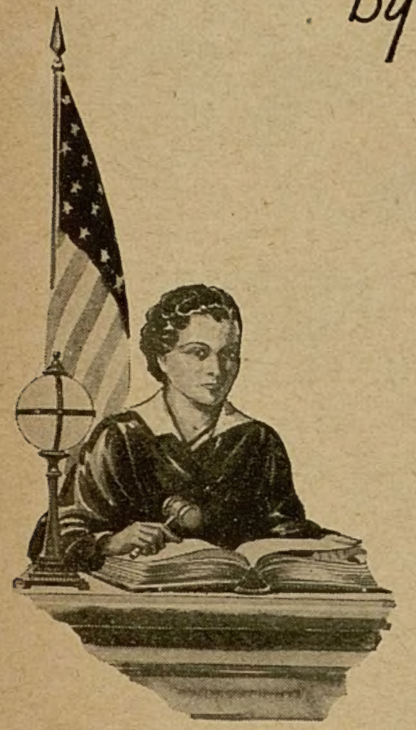
NIGHT COURT *FRAME-UP*

From Real Life . . . A Drama as Strange as Any You'll Find in Fiction . . . The Story of What One Mother-in-Law Did

by Judge JEANNETTE G. BRILL

of the Magistrates' Courts, New York City

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS



A SCREAM rang out sharply over the orderly hum of a busy morning in the Family Court. I looked up and saw a woman fighting to get through the crowded aisle, calling, "Julie—Julie!"

I rapped my gavel, but she paid no attention. "Julie!" she cried; "*Julie!*"

I rapped again, more sternly. "Madam, you are creating a disturbance in the court."

"Don't let her get away! *Julie!*"

"Come up here," I commanded. She came forward. She was very young—just a girl—badly dressed, undernourished, white and trembling. "Now tell the Court quietly what is wrong. Speak up. Don't be afraid."

"Your Honor," she panted, "she knows the truth! She knows I didn't do it! Julie knows—"

I sent the court attendant into the corridor to look for Julie.

"Julie who? What is her other name?" I asked the girl.

"I don't know. She has on a blue hat. She knows I didn't do it—"

"Didn't do what?"

"What they said I did—what they— But they took away my baby!"

"Who? Who took away your baby?"

"His family—they took my baby—"

The attendant came back. He shook his head. "She must have gone down in the elevator."

The girl's white face dropped from my line of vision as her knees gave way under her. I had her carried into my chambers and asked one of my social workers to look after her. When I came off the bench, I sat beside her while she told me her story.

Frieda Bellak was an orphan. At fourteen an aunt took her out of the asylum. Henrietta Bellak owned a heavily mortgaged frame house in the mill section of Paterson, New Jersey. She managed to live on the meager returns from providing rooms and meals for men who worked in the mills.

She sent the girl to high school. Before she left in the morning, and afternoons when she came home, Frieda helped with the housework. For the most part her aunt was kind, but some little thing—a question about Frieda's mother or father—would throw her into a violent rage. Once it happened when Frieda said she had been invited to a party by one of the girls in her class. "If your mother had not begun going to parties—" screamed Henrietta Bellak.

At first Frieda did not know what disturbed her about the thin, dark young man who had the front bedroom. But when she went in there to straighten up, something caught at her throat, and made her hurry past him on the dark stairs with a sense of guilt.

He was thin and had sharp hollows under his dark eyes. He worked at the mill, but evenings he played on the old piano in the parlor. And when he played, Frieda left her door open.

One night, as she was coming home from the market, he walked up behind her and took her packages. And asked her why she always ran away when she saw him. He did not speak like the other mill hands but more like the history teacher at school, who seemed always to be thinking of something else.

She found it easy to talk to him—even to tell him that she left her door open when he played. After that he played oftener and longer, and she no longer avoided him but found a way to be going up the stairs when he was coming down. And she went to the store late, when he would be coming home from work.

One day when she went into his room, her aunt was there. "Look!" she cried. Frieda looked at the bathrobe her aunt was holding and began to tremble because it was his bathrobe—that he had been wearing. "Silk!" raged her aunt. She tore open the bureau drawer. "Silk too!" She pulled out a pair of pajamas. "What is he doing with these if he's a poor mill hand? He's not poor. He's rich! I know what he is—a spy! What does he write all night? Reports! Well, I won't have him here!"

That night when he saw Frieda, he asked what was the matter. She began to cry as she told him.

"Poor little Frieda," he said. "Would you really care so much?" And took her in his arms.

He told her aunt something about an uncle who gave him presents. From then on it was different, and he no longer looked as if he were thinking of something else when he spoke to her and said, "How pretty you are, little Frieda!" or, "I was playing that for you."

Sometimes he would talk angrily about her aunt. "She ought to let you go out with young people. It's wrong, the way she keeps you—no fun, no pleasure, nothing but work."

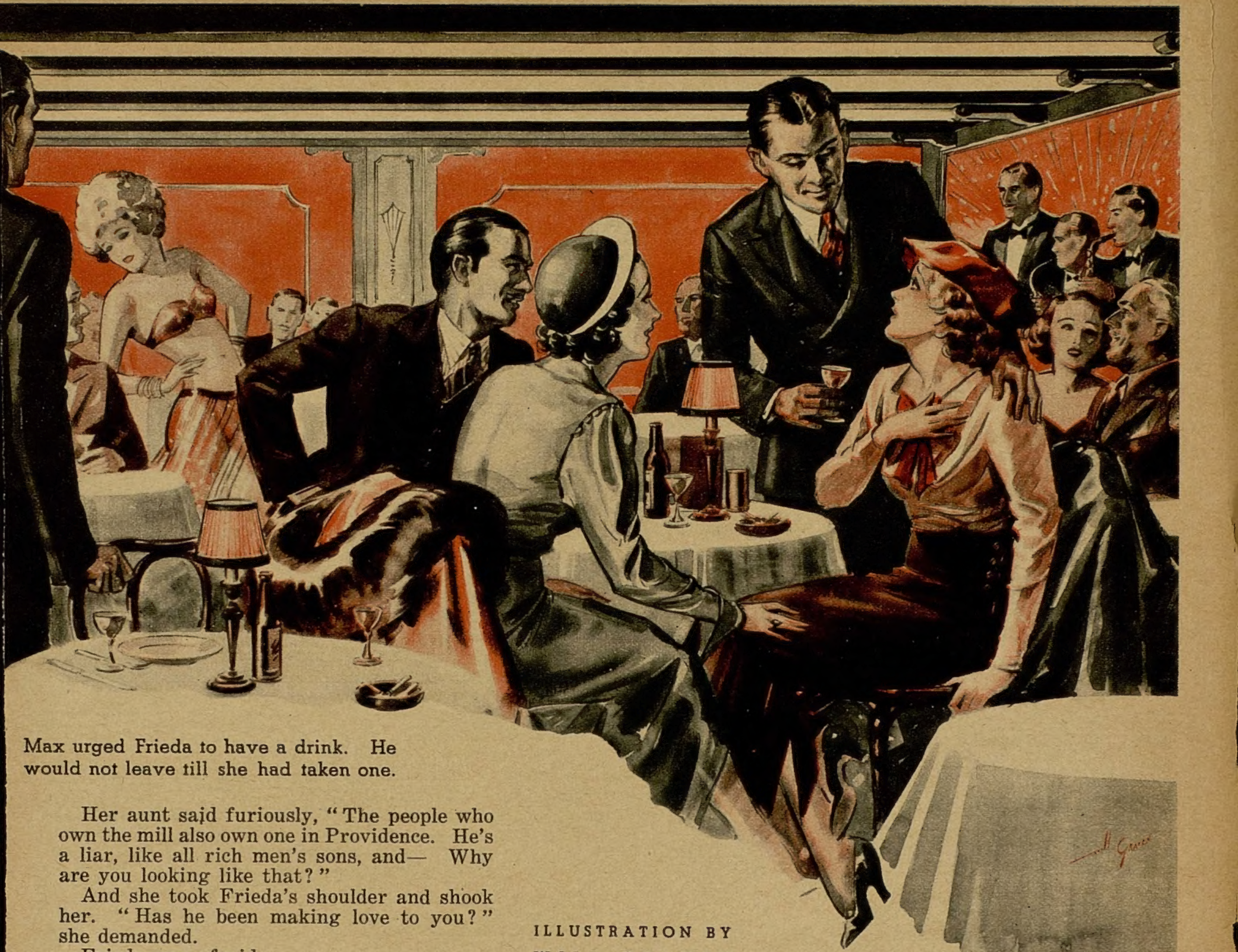
Frieda told him her aunt had to work hard to keep her in school. But he said bitterly, "Old people—they run the world. It should belong to the young! Damn them all! Why don't they let us live the way we were meant to live?"

There came the day when her aunt told her to put out the FURNISHED ROOM card because Larry Cane was leaving.

"I just got word I must—" he began. "I mean, they just let me out at the mill and I'm going to Providence."

"But—couldn't you find—there are other mills—"

"No. I—I already have a job in Providence."



Max urged Frieda to have a drink. He would not leave till she had taken one.

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

Her aunt said furiously, "The people who own the mill also own one in Providence. He's a liar, like all rich men's sons, and— Why are you looking like that?"

And she took Frieda's shoulder and shook her. "Has he been making love to you?" she demanded.

Frieda was afraid.

"Answer me!" her aunt thundered. "Because if he's been trying to turn your head—"

"No—no—" she lied. "He's never said anything to me."

That night her aunt had a headache and went to her room. Larry did not play the piano. Frieda crept down the stairs in her nightgown—just to sit on the step outside his door. And suddenly he opened his door and saw her. And again he said, "Poor little Frieda. Do you really care so much?"

And then they were afraid to talk longer in the hall and went into his room and shut the door. . . .

He did not want to take her with him to Providence. But she cried, and finally he gave in. She was out of the house before daybreak, leaving a note for her aunt.

THEY took a furnished flat in Providence. Sometimes she had a premonition, from little things he said, that one day he would tell her he was going away. But at other times—playing the piano, with her sitting beside him—he would look up suddenly and say it was the only real happiness he had ever known. He never mentioned his childhood or his family except to say that his mother lived in a big house in Brooklyn and had a great deal of money. Although his clothes were good, he had only his salary at the mill. Otherwise he would have bought Frieda a warm winter coat.

They had only one quarrel—when she told him she was going to have a baby. He demanded that she "do something" and that then she go back to her aunt.

But she would not "do something" about her baby and his, and she would not go back to her aunt. He said he had no way of taking care of her and the baby. He had tried to earn a living and failed. He was dependent on his uncle and his mother, and they would turn him out if he married against their wishes.

At last she saw that the only way out was for her to "do something" about both the baby and herself. And she found iodine in the bathroom. But he caught her just in time.

And then he called himself vile names and held her tight in his arms. And the next day they were married. And the following week he took her home with him.

The moment she stepped inside the door and Larry said, "This is my wife," she knew that the big handsome woman with the diamond bracelets and the slim girl in the black dress did not want her.

Mrs. Cane addressed her politely, as if she were a stranger. Once, when the uncle was there, she asked questions about Frieda's parents. But her eyes did not grow soft, as Larry's had done, when Frieda spoke of the orphan asylum. Instead, she said, "And your mother's sister's name is Bellak too." And Flo's eyes narrowed scornfully, and even Larry averted his, as if he were ashamed of her. His whole manner had begun to change. Sometimes, after she had gone upstairs, she knew Mrs. Cane and Flo were talking to him—about her.

They bought her a black dress and a coat with fur and sent her to a specialist. They moved Larry's things to another room and said the specialist had ordered it. And Larry never seemed to find time, after that, to talk to her alone.

One morning he announced he was going away on a business trip.

"When"—she asked happily—"when are we going?"

But he told her he could not take her with him—that she must stay near the hospital. He also asked her not to make a scene.

That night his mother told her he had left because he was afraid another scene would be bad for her—in her condition.

She made the scene—telling them she knew they hated her, and that she hated them too, because they had come between her and Larry.

"In that case," said Mrs. Cane, "you will hardly want to remain in my home. I'll get a room for you at a hotel and send the car to take you to the hospital. Not that I expect any gratitude."

Her letters came back from the mills in Providence and in Paterson. At the Cane home they said they did not know where he was. And then she knew why they had sent her to a hotel.

She wrote to her aunt—a frantic letter begging her—if she saw Larry—to tell him his baby was being born. . . .

Flowers came to the hospital from Mrs. Cane and Flo. But none from Larry. Nor any word. When she had been there a week, Mrs. Cane came to see her and told her Larry had written. She seized the letter and could hardly read for the blur before her eyes. It had been written the day he left. In it he said that their marriage had been a horrible mistake—and that the only decent thing was to end it as quickly as possible.

"I didn't give it to you," said Mrs. Cane, "because I didn't want to upset you. But now we have to think of the future. We will give the baby a home and all the things you can't give him. And we'll provide for you, too, if you do the right thing."

The next afternoon Mrs. Cane came again. She asked, "Where will you go? What will you do with him? Put him in an institution? You were brought up in one—you know what it means."

She sat there talking—talking—until finally Frieda screamed, "Stop it! Stop talking! And go away. Take the baby—take anything—only go away!"

As Mrs. Cane rose to go, Frieda's aunt came into the room. She said to Mrs. Cane, "Get out! And stay out! You and your sneaking little son. I can't give her luxury but we'll manage somehow." And she drove Mrs. Cane from the room.

Her aunt had lost her house, but she had enough money to take a room near the hospital. Frieda was sure she would soon be strong enough to find work, and that one day she would meet Larry and everything would be all right.

WHEN her aunt's money was almost gone, and Frieda had still found no work, she saw Larry on the street. But as she ran up to him his uncle came out of a cigar store and took his arm, saying to her, "Our offer still holds good—we'll take care of the baby any time you want to do the right thing."

"Larry!" she cried desperately. "I must talk to you!" But Larry would not look at her.

She ran down the street beside them, crying that all she wanted was the chance to talk to him—alone—that she *had* to talk to him—

"I have nothing to say to you," he replied at last. And left her standing there.

That night her aunt told her, "The baby has to have milk, and he's got to pay for it. It's his baby. You can make him pay. A woman told me if you go to the Family Court—"

Frieda did not want to go to court, but she had no choice. And besides, she wanted to force him to take some notice of her and the baby.

He came to court with his lawyer. The lawyer told the judge that Larry had no money—only a small salary from his uncle—but he was willing to provide for the baby to the best of his ability.

Frieda had no lawyer.

The judge said, "Seven dollars a week," and rapped with his gavel, and Larry and his lawyer walked out of the courtroom.

Every week she came to court to collect the money. And that was where she met Julie. Each week they met and became more confidential.

One night Julie dropped in to call. She agreed with Aunt Henrietta that Frieda was a fool. "He's acted like a cad—the quicker you forget him the better. You'll find somebody else—a real man who knows how to treat a girl. Come on to a picture."

On the way she said, "You take things too seriously. I'd let them have the baby. You can have others. You're still a baby yourself, and you're still pretty—or you would be if you took care of yourself. Why don't you get a boy friend?"

But Frieda did not want a boy friend. And she did not want to stop off, after the picture, for a beer. She wanted to get home to the baby.

When Larry stopped sending the allowance, her aunt made Frieda swear out a warrant for his arrest. But Julie persuaded her not to serve it. "What will it get you? He'll only say he's lost his job." She offered to lend Frieda money and laughed at the whole thing. "Men are like that. The only time you can get anything out of them is when they're on the make. Maybe the whole trouble was that you were too crazy about him. No man wants a girl that can't get any other men."

THAT was how Frieda came to meet Eddie and Max. Julie spoke to them on the street, and they all drove out to a roadhouse. Max kept urging Frieda to have a drink. He would not leave till she had taken one. After she took it the strangest feeling came over her—so that he took her outside for air. But she did not feel any better, and when he said that Julie was not ready to leave, she was grateful to him for offering to drive her home.

The sudden stopping of the car roused her and she looked out at a strange row of frame houses.

"Get out!" Max ordered sharply.

She saw that he had a gun in his hand. She was too frightened to do anything but obey.

The door of the house was opened by a thickset brutal-looking man. A hand was clapped over her mouth and she was dragged, fighting and kicking, into the house and up a flight of stairs.

The large man pushed her into a room and slammed the door. He slipped off his bathrobe and she saw that he was in his underwear. As he came toward her she screamed. He slapped her viciously across the face, and as she staggered he hit her again. Then he threw her across the bed and she felt him tearing at her clothes.

She screamed once—and then she remembered nothing more until she began to be aware of a voice—Larry's voice—and she opened her eyes to see Larry standing beside his uncle. She tried to cry out—and perhaps she did—but Larry turned and walked out of the room, and his uncle said, "Don't try anything—we've seen enough."

Somehow she managed to get home. Her aunt took one look at her staggering walk, her torn dress, her glazed and bloodshot eyes, and went back to bed. But the next day she said, "You go your way and I'll go mine. I see what's happening to you. You'll come to no good end."

Frieda was too dazed to say anything. Late in the afternoon she put the baby in the carriage. The grocery store was full of people. She waited until she could speak to the grocer alone. He kept looking down at his shoes, but at last he gave her a bottle of milk. She carried it outside, intending to put it in the carriage. The carriage was not there.

She ran all the way to the Cane house. The door was shut in her face. She began to bang on it and scream. Mrs. Cane opened it, and said, "I've phoned for the police. You'd better stop that and go away."

"Just give me my baby. I promise not to bother you or Larry—ever again. Just let me have my baby!"

"You're not fit to have a baby," Mrs. Cane said. "Go away and stay away."

A judge at the District Court listened to her—first sympathetically and then with incredulity.

"What charge do you wish to bring against your husband?" he asked. "Kidnaping?"

Yes, she told him, that was it. They had stolen the baby.

The judge told her she would have to tell her story to the district attorney. She went, and again that look of incredulity met her. And the assistant district attorney said, " We will have to investigate. Come back tomorrow."

But when she came back he said, " They claim that you tried to get money out of them, and when you found the Court would only allow you seven dollars, you brought the baby to them."

" It's a lie! " she screamed. " They stole the baby."

" We'll have to establish that," said the assistant district attorney. . . .

JUDGE JEANNETTE G. BRILL

has been a New York City magistrate since 1929, and in 1923-24 was Deputy Attorney General of the State of New York. Her husband, Abraham Brill, is a lawyer. So is their son, Herbert Baer Brill; and their daughter, Helen, is a student in law school.

" I've been there again and again, Your Honor," sobbed Frieda Cane into the cushion of the couch in my chambers. " They won't even talk to me any more. They want proof, proof—and I have no proof. I've been here too—every day. Oh, God, judge, if only somebody would believe me! "

I stopped at the district attorney's office.

" But, Your Honor," said the assistant district attorney, " we looked into her story. They're good, substantial people. And you know, judge, there are two sides to every story. These folks say this girl is a romantic liar—among other things. They feel she should be put away. She comes of bad stock—mother no good; father a dipsomaniac. She used to wait for the boy on the street. She thought he had money and used all the old tricks to get him to marry her—finally staging a fake suicide.

" The family felt bad, but they took her in and tried to make something out of her. But she told him stories about them, and all the time she was hanging around the kitchen with the servants—making passes at the tradesmen. The whole thing preyed on the boy's mind until the family had to send him away. He hadn't been living with her for some time, anyway, and it was understood she was to get a divorce.

" They offered to take the baby—but she wanted to hold them up for a lot of money. She followed the boy on the street and made scenes. And refused to go ahead with the divorce. So they put detectives on her and found she was chasing around with men she picked up. When they caught her in a cheap rooming house, she knew she didn't have a chance and brought the baby over and dumped it on them. But the next day she was back—threatening them with a kidnaping charge unless they gave her money.

" They told her to go ahead, and she went to the District Court with some wild story about being framed."

I DID not believe the girl was a hysterical liar. I did not believe that scream in my courtroom was a lie. And one other thing I did not believe—that Julie had not heard that scream. And if she heard it—and did not turn around—

I got busy on the telephone. Then I sent for Larry. And for Frieda too.

He came to my chambers, his mother with him. When she saw Frieda, her face paled. She said, " My son has nothing to say to her."

" But," I said, " I think she has something to say to your son, and that he should listen to it."

She shook her head. " She only wants to trick him and ruin his life."

At my request, Frieda stepped into the next room to wait. Then I turned to Mrs. Cane. " And now, madam, may I speak to your son alone? Or are you afraid that I, too, am trying to trick him and ruin his life? "

But she was not to be so easily put aside. She began to insist that anything the girl had told me was a lie. And Larry added, " You see, Your Honor, there are people in the world who can't tell the truth, and they're dangerous—"

" You're right," I said. I opened the door to an adjoining room and called, " Come in here."

Julie stepped in. She had no idea of what was wanted of her. She looked curiously at Larry Cane, who stared at her questioningly, and then she turned with a surprised smile to his mother.

" Hello, Mrs. Cane. What are we here for? "

Mrs. Cane glared at her—and this time her face was not white, it was red—and she said, " I'm sorry. I haven't the pleasure," and walked out of the room.

I knew Julie would not answer any questions. But she had admitted enough for my purpose, and I let her go.

Alone with Larry, I said, " Were you there the time Frieda brought the baby to your house? "

" No," he began; " I was—"

But that was all I wanted to hear. " Do you love Frieda? "

" No! " he exclaimed, but his eyes went down before mine. " If you'd let me tell you my story—"

" First," I said, " I want to tell *you* a story—and I think it's about the same boy —a shy, sensitive, weak boy who wanted to play the piano. But his family would not help him, and he found he could not earn a living and continue his studies.

" SO he went to work for his uncle. At the house where he boarded there was a girl who was so young and so timid that she woke in him some protective instinct and made him feel more like a man than he had ever felt in his life. He fell in love with the girl and they lived together. At times he had qualms, but he tried not to face them —or the future. For the most part he was happy—as happy as he could be doing work he scorned—a sort of stool pigeon for his uncle under guise of learning the silk business.

" When she told him she was going to have a baby, he lost his head with the fury of a weak man whose own weakness has trapped him. He tried to get out of the trap. But the girl would have killed herself, and so he married her.

" When he brought her home, the family were strangely generous in their treatment of him and his wife. He did not understand how the girl could say they were unkind to her. Until his mother explained that the girl made up stories—that she could not help it; it was a disease. He was ashamed of his wife because she was awkward and crude beside his sister. And when his mother told him other things about her—things she claimed to have learned from the servants—he grasped eagerly at the excuse that she had trapped him; that he was the victim. And when his family offered him a trip to Europe he snatched at the chance to get out of it all."

" But I saw her with my own eyes! " protested Larry Cane. " She was—"

" Frieda was framed," I said firmly. " You just saw an unexpected meeting here in this room. You may draw your own conclusions. Somebody sent that girl Julie to make friends with your wife in order to find out if she were likely to become a menace—and to keep her from becoming one. Frieda never brought her child to your home. It was stolen from her. There *are* dangerous people in the world—psychopathic cases of possessive love carried to unheard-of lengths to preserve its domination. What I am saying would be a serious charge—if Frieda had proof. But she has no proof—unless in your own heart you recall, since childhood, other proofs of what I am saying. . . . Frieda wants no revenge. Only the chance to see her baby. That is little enough to ask— don't you think so? "

Suddenly he buried his eyes in his hands.

I left him there—to think. When I went to get Frieda, Mrs. Cane was standing in the corridor. Suddenly the door behind us opened.

" Please go home, mother," said Larry Cane.

" But—" she began.

" Go home! " he commanded. " I want to speak to my wife."

THE END

Florida Moon and

A Captivating Tale of Youth and Love . . . and
Luck on the Wings of an Unexpected Romance

by FANNIE KILBOURNE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

JIMMY HAWKS drew his snappy Tucker coupé to the palm-lined curb of Biscayne Boulevard to watch the sun come up—and to think. He had just deposited Adrienne at her front door. They had gone with three other couples for a moonlight swim after the dance at Fort Lauderdale, and Dree had slept, her damp curly head on his shoulder, all the drive home. Jim loved Dree so terribly that when he stopped to think—as he was thinking now—that it might be years before he could possibly marry her, the process wasn't really thought at all but rather the sensation of a tarpon hook sunk in him somewhere just below the solar plexus and twisting all his in'ards.

Jim couldn't marry Dree on account of his mother. Not that Jim had a case of the much publicized mother complex. It was the other way around. He had a complex mother. He could see her now in a flashing kaleidoscope of the twenty years since his father had died, now keeping books, now boarders, now selling life insurance, now real estate, in order to get him through public school, through George Washington High School, through State U.

But the kaleidoscope offered a picture far more complex than any mere portrait of a hard-working, self-sacrificing widow woman centering her life in her son.

For Susan Hawks had laughed as much as she had worked, had managed to keep slim and trim, with a cocky redheaded, freckled sort of prettiness. And if along the way she had turned down at least one man who had wanted to marry her, because she couldn't see him as a possible stepfather, she had never rubbed it into Jim. She had never even told him.

But looking back now, Jim was pretty sure that that was what had happened.

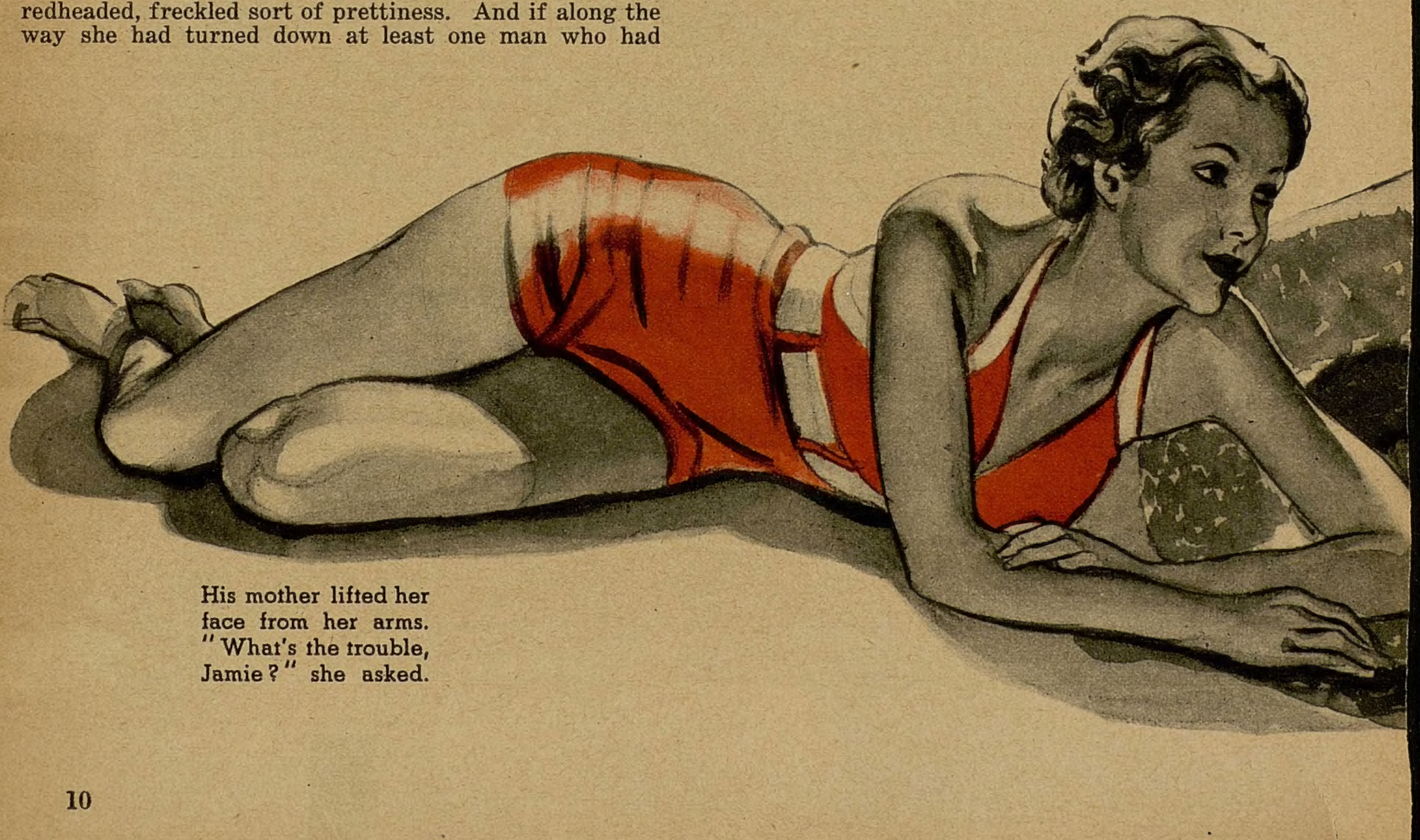
It had taken a general world depression and a purely personal burst appendix to get Susan Hawks down. She had weathered all life's minor wallops—Jim's mumps and measles and mastoiditis, her own mortgage foreclosure or difficult boss—and come up every time cocky and smiling. Even losing her savings—put away a pinched-out five or ten dollars at a time—would probably not have downed her. But someway the combination of coming out of the hospital thin instead of slim, wobbly on her feet, her red curls a bit grayed, and finding her scanty financial backlog swept away, had done it.

Oh, how Jim had loved being twenty-five, having a job and a little money saved up!

"We're going to Florida for the winter," he had told her, feeling himself gloriously a man. "That's all you need, a good rest and sunshine. Just lie out on the beach and get back that schoolgirl complexion."

"But what about your job?" Susan protested. "You can't go to Florida without throwing it up."

"I'll get a job in Florida," Jim said. "If I can sell cars in one state, I can in another. Come on, Susannah—you're off to old Miami with your banjo on your knee!



His mother lifted her face from her arms. "What's the trouble, Jamie?" she asked.

the Surprising Susan

You're through footing the bills for the Hawks family. 'Member gramp's old song?

> "'Mother,' says I, 'your troubles are done!
> You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son.'"

He was a little more scared than he would have admitted. If he'd only known this was coming before he had started buying a snappy new Tucker coupé! But just because he was a little scared he was all the more self-assured and buoyant.

Well, he had got away with it! The snappy coupé had brought both the Hawkses to Miami and had been the means of keeping them there. It was six months now since Jim had driven it up to the Tucker agency, his second day in town, applied for a job as salesman—and been turned down flat.

"I've got one man more on the floor than I need right now," Mr. Norman, the young manager, told Jim.

"I don't care anything about being on the floor," Jim said eagerly. "Will you put me on outside? Give me commissions on any sales I bring in?"

The manager smiled.

"Where are you going to bring 'em in from?" he asked.

"I know a couple of fellows here," Jim said, "that I knew in college. One of them's lived here for ten years, knows a lot of people. He'll introduce me around, give me a start. I've got a system for selling automobiles."

Norman's eyes crinkled amusedly. "Yeah? What is it? Or is it a secret formula?"

"It's no secret. You've got all the works here in the agency for selling any man who sticks his nose inside this door. He's already at least flirting with the idea of buying a car or he wouldn't have come in. But that method isn't any good at all when it comes to selling a man who hasn't any idea of buying a car—even though he knows damn well he can afford to. My system's the one for selling that boy."

"I'll bite," Norman said. "What is your system?"

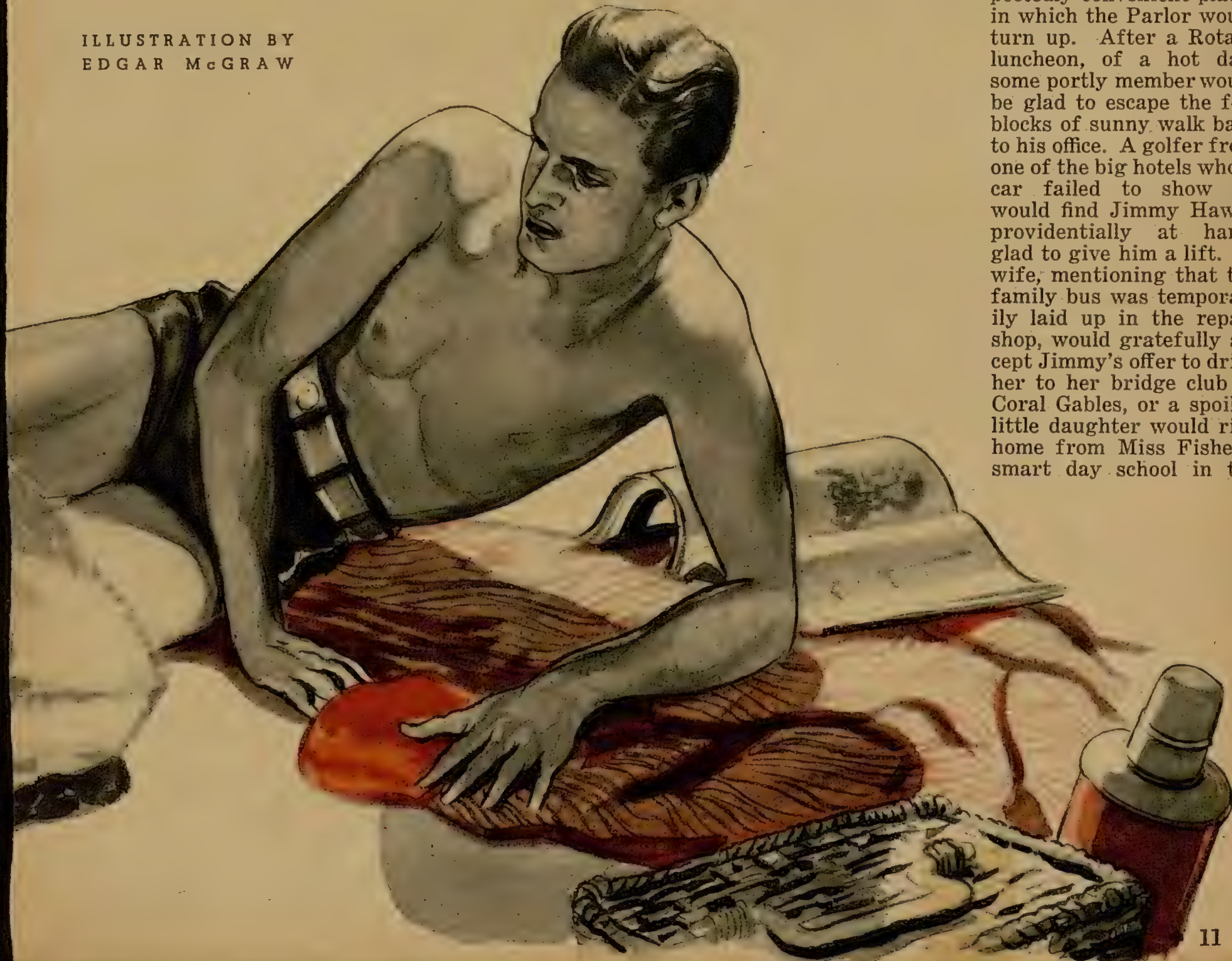
"Get him into the car. Then," said Jim, "all you've got to do is to let—well, maybe help a little, but mostly just let nature take its course."

"All right," Norman said. "Of course I'll pay you the commission on any sales you bring in. Go to it. More power to you!"

And in a modest sort of way Jim had been going to it for six months now. Will you walk into my parlor? said the spider to the fly. His mother christened his snappy Tucker coupé the Parlor.

The two college friends had duly furnished a few original introductions and Jim's Florida acquaintance now spread out from this modest start like rays from the sun.

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW



It was amazing, the number of casual unexpectedly convenient places in which the Parlor would turn up. After a Rotary luncheon, of a hot day, some portly member would be glad to escape the few blocks of sunny walk back to his office. A golfer from one of the big hotels whose car failed to show up would find Jimmy Hawks providentially at hand, glad to give him a lift. A wife, mentioning that the family bus was temporarily laid up in the repair shop, would gratefully accept Jimmy's offer to drive her to her bridge club in Coral Gables, or a spoiled little daughter would ride home from Miss Fisher's smart day school in the

Parlor; and these would, quite voluntarily, carry Jimmy's campaign straight into the enemy's country. No proposed trip anywhere, from Fort Lauderdale to Key West, ever fazed Jimmy Hawks.

Oh, he hadn't set the Atlantic Ocean afire, of course. But he'd managed to keep a family of two going simply, and his future shone ahead of him with a modest kitchenette-scale radiance. If there were only Jimmy and Dree, they might even hazard matrimony on it. Dree was the child of one of the first devil-may-care Americans who had got to France in '14 and married the pretty, thrifty sister of his poilu buddy. Dree—bless her!—knew how to take a chance like her father and market like her mother.

But there wasn't just Dree and Jimmy. There was also Jimmy's mother.

Susan had met Dree, but Jim had carefully avoided saying anything to let her know that he thought of Dree differently from any one of her some half dozen predecessors. Jimmy really loved his mother. Susan Hawks had been wise enough to let him share a little bit in her struggle during their lean years; so now, instead of being a spoiled son of a hard-working widow, he had the passionate chivalrous loyalty of the trusted ally.

Also, the shrewd human observation that was beginning to make Jim a good salesman sharpened his eyes to subtleties that many a twenty-five-year-old would have missed. He saw how his mother was blooming in this first leisure after twenty driven years. It wasn't only convalescence that was rounding out her cheeks, softening lines that had always been a little tense underneath her gallant gaiety. It was the lifting of the economic burden, freedom from the constant apprehensive worry of having to earn money. She was happy over such pathetically little things—buying ten-cent-store pans for the kitchen of their tiny flat, baking johnnycake of a chill rainy evening. Gay as a youngster the two or three times she and Jim had packed sandwiches into the Parlor and picnicked on a balmy moonlighted beach. In her slim linen dress, with her short ringlets and impudent freckled nose, she looked like a girl these evenings.

But she wasn't a girl. When she would speak about getting to work again, of going back North and starting over—starting alone, from nothing, like a twenty-year-old—Jim would see her in the hospital the night she heard of the seeping away of their little competence. Saw again the fright in her eyes as she looked into his, the tremble of her lips as she tried to force her gallant smile.

Walk out on her now? Now, when for the first time in his life he could do something for her, instead of the other way round? At the mere thought Jim was filled with the anger of outraged loyalty.

THEN, as though his thoughts were bound to some relentless pendulum, Jim thought about Dree—Dree, so pretty and provocative, so ready for life. She had soft red lips and warm brown eyes. He had seen the way almost every young man who met Dree quickened to active interest. Jim knew Dree loved him wholly; he did not doubt for an instant the deep sincerity of her promise that she would wait for him, forever if necessary. But some barb of doubt twisted sharply within him, all the same.

Life itself, impersonal and ruthless, might turn thumbs down on him and Dree together and all their honest naïve pledges.

A milk wagon came clopping along in the chill gray stillness, and Jim swore at it savagely under his breath. Mr. George G. Brett, sole owner of the Pure Test Dairy, represented a failure to Jimmy—a failure of the most irritating, exasperating kind. The Tucker, with a brand-new Tinytruck model that would make the smartest, most practical, most economical little milk truck in the world—and George G. Brett going right on stubbornly delivering Pure Test Dairy products by wagon! It just didn't make sense.

Jimmy's system had been falling down lamentably with George G. Brett. Jimmy had managed to meet Mr. Brett, had succeeded in getting him into a Tucker car, not only once but three or four times. But this time the magic combination had not worked. The dairy owner had been pleasant enough, had even encouraged Jim to talk about the new Tucker Tinytruck model. But there had been not the faintest flickering sign of any latent interest for himself. There was an odd remote sort of indifference about the older man that Jimmy could neither understand nor penetrate.

The milkman, lifting out a bottle of Grade-A milk and a half pint of cream and starting for a back door, gave a suspicious backward look at Jimmy. These fellows out in cars in the early dawn, the milkman knew from gloomy experience, would bear watching. Sometimes a silly drunk would get in your wagon while your back was turned and drive away in it.

This early-dawn motorist, however, was not moved to any play impulse.

"What you need," Jimmy Hawks told himself disgustedly, "is a swift kick in the pants. Where do you think it's ever going to get you, anyhow, sitting around here feeling sorry for yourself? Snap out of it, now. Get busy!"

AND Jimmy snapped. A brief time later, cold-showered, freshly shaved, as bright-eyed and alert as though he had spent the requisite eight hours in bed, he was driving along, by carefully calculated accident, past the corner where he knew Mr. George G. Brett would be waiting for his morning bus.

Mr. Brett was waiting. He could, Jimmy knew, well afford his own car and driver, but the public bus seemed a part of his ultraconservative way of living. Of a piece with the big, rather old-fashioned corner house in which he had gone on living dully alone since his wife's death four or five years ago. He accepted Jimmy's offer of a lift downtown with pleasant indifference.

Today, pushed by his own desperate impatience, Jim began, for the first time, a bit of open and direct salesmanship as they rolled along slowly under the palms.

"I wish you'd take a look at our new Tinytruck," he finished. "It's so much the slickest, most economic number on the motor market today. And when you have to begin replacing your milk horses—"

"I keep the barn up to requirement," Brett said. "Buy a new horse whenever it's necessary."

"Buy a new one?" Jimmy echoed, the incredulity of modern machine-minded youth in his voice. "You mean that when one dies you get another *horse?*"

"Oh, yes." Brett seemed quite unconscious of any heresy.

"You—" Jimmy had to hang on to his tact with both hands. "Do—would you mind telling me why you do that? As a car salesman," he smiled, "I'd like to be prepared for whatever there is to be said in favor of wagons."

"Wagons are convenient for the city," Brett explained politely. "The average city route is only three or four miles long. And it's all starting and stopping. There's no special advantage in a truck."

"I can see that," Jim admitted. "But what about the suburbs and the country? A horse isn't much good there, is he?"

"Not so good," Brett agreed. "But Pure Test doesn't do much business outside Miami proper."

"But couldn't you?" Jimmy asked, puzzled. "I mean—I've always heard that the Pure Test products were something rather special. Your Baby-Formula Milk, or your Doublecream Chive Cheese, for instance. Why, I know that my own mother will go blocks out of her way to get that cheese. Surely there'd be a big Pure Test market in the suburbs and all the towns around?" This wasn't diplomacy on Jimmy's part; he was genuinely puzzled.

"I imagine there would be," Brett said indifferently. "We haven't gone after it. 'S a matter of fact, we did have a few routes outside the city, but we've been dropping them off."

"You—you don't mean you're letting the business run down?"

Mr. Brett merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no children to leave the business to," he said, "and it brings in more than I need. Increasing it would just mean more re- *(Continued on page fourteen)*

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(Continued from page twelve)

sponsibility, more worry. I may as well enjoy what years I've got left."

This specious creed, so often propounded by the elderly, is seldom challenged. Jim, too much in earnest to be tactful, asked bluntly:

"Are you enjoying them?"

Brett, with an honesty rather unusual in the face of such a question, smiled wryly.

"Not particularly," he said.

"Well, then—" Jim began.

"But I don't think I'd enjoy them any more," Brett added, "if I were selling ten quarts of milk in place of five."

"Oh, of course, not just selling more," Jim began. "But—"

He stopped short, with a sudden realization of the profound difference between his point of view and Brett's. Sensed the reason for the difference. The old man had no mother who was such a peach of a good sport that the desire to take care of her was a goad, both pain and joy, all mixed up together. No Dree, with warm brown eyes and teasing laugh, to set a man's senses afire, his brain to functioning in a kind of frantic eagerness. Even without these, it seemed to Jim that he himself would still think of a business as almost a living thing, like a plant that it was somehow wrong to let wither and die.

But mixed with a baffled irritation at the older man's apathy was another feeling that held Jim's tongue—a sudden vague pitying awareness of the way life's journey might look to a man who, instead of starting it ardently, had come to the end of the line.

Brett smiled—a likable, friendly smile.

"You're—what is it?—twenty-five," he said quietly. "I'm getting on toward sixty."

Jim was startled for a moment; glanced at the other searchingly. Why in the world had he always thought of Brett as an old man? Brett had a lean, vigorous body; his hair even was only partly gray. His clothes were somehow quiet in key, but he was well dressed, well groomed. The false impression of age was in no such easily recognized features. It was composed, rather, of intangibles: a certain dull, inflectionless way of speaking; a measured, springless walk; a look around the eyes of quiet, bored indifference.

Oh, well—on toward sixty or on toward ninety, it was all the same to eager, disappointed twenty-five. Jim knew that he was wasting his time trying to sell him Tinytrucks. You can sell even minor revolutions only to the young in spirit.

He was quiet with disappointment the rest of the way to Flagler Street—and perfectly disgusted at what he found himself doing as they drew up in front of Mr. Brett's office building. Mr. Brett had spoken casually of having to go to Fort Lauderdale on business that afternoon, and Jimmy heard his own voice assuring Mr. Brett that he had to go to Lauderdale himself that afternoon, and would be glad to drive the older man up and back.

JIMMY was disgusted with himself. To waste his time, his gas, on a footless trip to Fort Lauderdale for a man who could well afford to hire a car, who would never in a million years become a customer—well, if that was technique, to hell with technique!

The truth is, of course, the invitation was the result of some of Jimmy's own qualities functioning in the raw state, as you might say—a natural kindly tendency toward general helpfulness that made him the natural prey of hitchhikers; a blind sort of persistency that always kept him watching at every rat hole even after he knew the rat was dead. It was of these native qualities, refined, disciplined, and exploited, that Jimmy had built up his technique. The qualities had simply gotten out of hand for the moment, gone native.

Mr. Brett was driving up to Lauderdale with a customer; but if Jimmy was to be there anyway that afternoon, he'd be glad to drive back home with him. There was nothing for Jimmy to do but accept the situation. He found where Mr. Brett's Lauderdale appointment was. He would park the Parlor there, Jimmy said, and go about his own errands. They would meet at five o'clock to drive home.

Jimmy proceeded to make the best of a bad bargain. His mother had an old school friend living in Fort Lauderdale. He had promised to drive her up sometime to stay overnight. This would be a good time to do that. She could come back by train the next day. Jimmy put through his morning appointments briskly; Susan packed a picnic lunch, they put in their bathing suits and started off at midday.

It was the perfect picnicking day, so clear you could see the Gulf Stream, a deeper blue streak, a few miles out to sea. The salt water had just enough of a cool tang to set your blood to racing. Then there was lunch, Susan's tomato sandwiches and deviled eggs, the thermos of coffee, Jimmy's favorite cake that she had baked that morning. After eating all they could, they stretched out side by side in their bathing suits.

The white sand was voluptuously soft and warm; the sun on their bare backs was like a reassuring caress from some mysterious cosmic source of vitality and peace. His mother was so merry, so grateful for the golden hours, that Jimmy stretched himself luxuriously and surrendered for an hour to the sense of deep affection, of sheer physical well-being.

BUT then he suddenly thought of Dree, and his own torturing inner battle began all over again. There was a new dull heaviness about it, too—as though it were doomed now to go on forever and ever. He must have been unconsciously counting far more than he had realized on the possibility of securing Mr. Brett's business, of its eventually opening up the first steps at least of a way out. Now he saw years stretching emptily ahead, Dree getting slowly discouraged—some other man, a better man, coming along to win her away—

Unconscious in his own bitter defeat of the woman beside him, he turned and shifted savagely in the warm sand. Suddenly his mother lifted her face from where it had been pillowed in her crossed bare arms.

"What's the trouble, Jamie?" she asked gently. "Something's bothering you terribly. What is it?"

Temptation, strong as the Atlantic surf beside them, swept Jim. Jamie—his mother's loving little-boy name for him. He felt suddenly like a little boy again. A brash overcocky little boy who had swum out into too deep water, who felt himself going down, stranglingly. He wanted to clutch his mother's hand, to bury his face in her lap as he had, once, when he'd lost the five dollars that he'd been nearly a year earning, that he'd been going to buy football pants and shoulder pads with for the fifth-grade football team. Maybe she'd find some way to help him out now, as she had then.

Jimmy knew his mother. She would, or kill herself trying. The faintest hint that he found her a burden, and she'd be at work again. Willingly, eagerly, desperately. There'd be no mute reproachful looks, no secret sense of grievance. She'd protect him with a thousand ingenious little deceits from even knowing that she ever found it hard. She'd walk smilingly back into the struggle, icy windy winter mornings, sultry summer noon hours, sick or well, young or old, strong or broken, a dead-game sport.

Without lifting his head from the sand, Jim could see her one small freckled hand, still too thin, with its plain gold wedding ring, her hair with its new salting of gray. And he knew that he could never dump his troubles into her willing lap again. He was committed, beyond retreat, to his own manhood.

He knew with a sudden sense of inevitability what he had to do. He would not desert his mother in her time of need; he would not give up the girl he loved. To find a way out—that was his problem, his job, to do the level best he could with. No use wasting any more precious energy in self-pity, in angry conflict. Here was the job that life had handed him.

A feeling of inner strength swept over him, stronger even than the wave of panic had been. True strength, true hope, not blurring, brash, unfounded optimism, based on any one possibility that might go well or ill. He would do his level best; and whatever came, defeat or triumph, he would take it with the best that he could manage of poise and courage. He had an almost physical sense of taking his own man's life into his own firm hands. Without speaking, without even stirring, lying quietly face down in the warm white sand, James Hawks accepted his initiation.

He jumped up, brushed off the sand that had dried on his swimming trunks; grinned cheerfully down at his mother.

"Well, I'm on my way. What's bothering me? Look here, Susannah. Cut out this worrying-mother line. I'm O. K.!"

She looked at him searchingly. Evidently she was reassured by what she saw.

"Well, all right. Go along with you. I'm going to lie here a while longer; then I'll walk up to Mary Parton's house. I know where you're leaving the car. I'll put my bathing things and the rest of the lunch in the luggage place. You may want a piece of cake before you go to bed."

Jimmy dressed and departed briskly. He had an hour and a half before he was due to meet Mr. Brett. He might as well use it as best he could. He stopped to call up Dree's house, then strolled over on foot to see a real-estate dealer who might conceivably be interested in buying a Tucker.

Dree was out, and so was the real-estate man. Jim waited a while, chatting with the stenographer, a pleasant middle-aged woman who suggested a neighboring doctor who'd said he'd got to get a new car pretty soon. Jimmy secured an introduction; made a date with the physician to come up next Wednesday afternoon and drive him on his round of visits. At five minutes to five he started back to the Parlor.

FANNIE KILBOURNE

divides her time between Europe and New York. For the last twenty years her fiction has appeared in most of the leading magazines — her best known characters being Dot and Will Horton, who have figured in serials, five books, and now on the radio.

He'd parked the coupé in the shade of a great magnolia tree, and looked at it critically as he approached. She'd do with a little fresh enamel on her scarlet wheels, he decided. Then he saw that Mr. Brett had already arrived, and quickened his pace. Not till he was almost at the door did he see that there were two people in the car: his mother and Mr. Brett.

"Hello, there!" Jim exclaimed in surprise.

The lunch box was open on the seat between them. Mr. Brett was eating a large piece of devil's-food cake with fresh coconut icing. Both smiled at Jim a little sheepishly.

"Mr. Brett was in the car when I came to put in my bathing suit and things," Susan explained; "but I didn't see him and—"

"And I heard some one monkeying with the luggage door, and jumped out thinking I'd collar the kid who was trying to steal your tool kit!" said Mr. Brett.

Jim grinned.

"Well, I see it's too late to introduce you," he said. "How long have you been waiting?"

"Oh, five or ten minutes," said Mr. Brett. "I got through early; got here just as the clock was striking four."

THE same clock suddenly struck five.

"I've been stealing part of your midnight lunch," said Mr. Brett.

"Isn't it funny!" Mrs. Hawks exclaimed. "Mr. Brett was up near Keene one summer. He's met the Kenyons."

"Is that so!" Jim duly registered polite surprise.

"So as long as he didn't want to buy out my half of the business, I bought him out," Mr. Brett went on, speaking to Susan, obviously continuing some story. "And that's the way we settled things up."

Susan nodded approvingly. The story had apparently ended and Jim suggestively put one foot on the running board. Susan, usually the soul of tact, made no move toward departure. She offered Mr. Brett a paper napkin, and he accepted it gratefully, wiped sticky fingers.

"I don't know when I've tasted cake like that," he said.

There was a little pause.

"Well?" Jim glanced suggestively at his mother. She closed the lunch box in a leisurely fashion.

"Look here," Mr. Brett said suddenly. "Why can't we drive somewhere around here and you both have dinner with me tonight?"

Jim was embarrassed by this possibly forced invitation. But his mother, declining, seemed wholly at her ease—said the friend with whom she was spending the night was expecting her. Jim hastily added that he had a date in Miami—he didn't want Mr. Brett to feel it necessary to invite him alone.

"Well, how about tomorrow night, then?" Mr. Brett said quickly.

Susan smiled. Jimmy had always thought his mother's smile, next to Dree's, the prettiest he had ever seen.

"Why, I think that would be lovely," she said, glancing at Jimmy.

Jim hesitated uncomfortably. What was the matter with Susan, anyhow? She was usually so keen. Didn't she understand that this was a business sort of acquaintance, not to be taken advantage of socially? Mr. Brett turned to Jim.

"Do come along," he urged cordially.

"Come along"—Jim smothered a sudden gulp of comprehension. So that was the way the land lay! He was the odd one being urged to "come along." Susan was not being politely included in a semibusiness engagement. Mr. Brett was inviting Susan to dinner; Jimmy was welcome to join them if he wished. Well, was he damn dumb or just plain fancy dumb?

JIM hastily pleaded a previous date and then drove to Mary Parton's small villa and dropped Susan there.

As Jimmy escorted his mother from the car to the Partons' front door, he glanced down at her ringleted head, noted from a wholly new angle of approval her slim figure, her impudent little freckled nose, the shining happy brightness of her blue eyes, shook his head with surprised, wholly unfilial appraisal.

"Gee, Susan," he exclaimed in an admiring undertone, "but you're a fast worker!"

All the way, on the drive back to Miami, Mr. Brett talked about Susan. Oh, not directly, of course; not specifically. Did the Hawkses like Miami? Was Jim doing well in business there? Were they planning to stay on permanently? Didn't Jimmy agree with him that Miami offered splendid opportunities for an ambitious young man? Had the Hawkses made many friends yet? Jim hid grin after grin at the very naïveté of the questioning. Mr. Brett was no easy, practiced lady's man.

Only once did Mr. Brett speak of Susan directly.

"I couldn't believe at first that Mrs. Hawks was really your own mother," he confessed. "To have such a strapping fellow for a son. Why, she looks almost like a girl!"

"She does, at that," Jim agreed. Added, "She's not, though. She's well into the forties."

"I know," Mr. Brett said. "She told me she was." He nodded as though he definitely liked the idea. Then, "I'm just past fifty, myself."

Just past fifty—getting on toward sixty. The same decade, but what a whole world of difference! Different, too, was Mr. Brett's step as he got out of the car in front of his big house.

Get 'em into the car— Oh, Jim's method hadn't been wrong, even here! It simply hadn't gone far enough, that was all. A gallant little sport with salty red curls and gay blue eyes had worked the ancient miracle. George G. Brett had been got back into life.

"By the way," Brett said casually, "I've been thinking over what you were saying this morning—you know, about extending Pure Test business into the country. On second thought, it seems a sound idea. You might let me have a look at one of these small Tucker trucks."

Jimmy promptly arranged a date, spoke in briskly matter-of-fact businesslike fashion—successfully hid his exultation till the big front door had closed. Then he sent the Parlor whizzing to the nearest telephone booth.

Against the bright blue sky a pale slender crescent was shining over Jim's right shoulder. He saw it as he dashed in to call Dree's number. He and Ponce de Leon—Florida's new moon again, of youth and love and luck.

THE END

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I Walked and Talke

An Amazing Human Document — A World-Famous Economist Relates an Adventure in the Realm of the Unknown

by Professor IRVING FISHER

OF THE DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, YALE UNIVERSITY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IRVING FISHER .

THERE are few persons still living who can boast of having seen Lincoln personally, for he died in 1865.

Before the great crisis found him out, he lived, an obscure lawyer, in Springfield, Illinois. His house there now shares his fame. Thousands of pilgrims go to it yearly as to a shrine.

Once a resident of Springfield was passing by it at dusk, reading his evening paper—at some cost to his eyes. The date was, I think, about 1925, and the resident was deeply absorbed in the news of the day—perhaps he was studying the stock-market quotations—when suddenly a tall figure of a man swung around the corner and nearly collided with him. The resident looked up; he stared. For Lincoln stood before him. There could be no doubt about it!

In another moment the strange yet familiar figure strode hurriedly into the old house.

Sorely puzzled and just a bit anxious about his mental health, the resident walked slowly home and silently brooded all the evening, fearing to confess even to his wife what might be an hallucination. At breakfast she looked up from the morning paper and said, " I see that one of those Lincoln impersonators is in town. The paper says that last night he visited the old house to seek inspiration there for his next performance."

The very day that I heard this story, which, subconsciously I suppose, made me wish I also could " see Lincoln," I was one of a group of visitors at Lincoln's tomb. This too is in Springfield. The weather that day was decidedly chilly; but I instinctively took off my hat. We had the services of a guide, but his professional patter scarcely penetrated to my mind; and when he asked me to " say a few words " myself to those tourists, I shook my head. Even had I been willing, I could not have complied because of the lump in my throat.

The supposedly " great men " of history seldom impress me deeply. I have known personally five American Presidents and I still admire them all; but I see no halo on the brow of any one of them, living or dead. Even our early patriots, such as Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, seem colorless by comparison with Lincoln.

One midsummer night in 1935 I had an experience much more personal, serious, and precious than the merely amusing one of the Springfield citizen.

I remember each detail of the place. First I was chatting with friends on the roof of a Union League clubhouse in Philadelphia. Among them was my brother-in-law, Nathaniel T. Bacon. Downstairs there was to be a lecture, which most of us were to attend. But so balmy was the air and so pleasant the talk that we delayed too long. When at last we looked down, we saw the street crowded—there would be no getting in by the front door.

However, there was a narrow back stairway leading from the roof to the lecture hall, and we tried it. But after descending to the passage that led into the lecture room, we found the door blocked. Repairs had been going on, and temporarily a statue of Lincoln had been placed in the very entrance through which we had to pass. The statue represented him in a half-reclining posture.

Some one shouted, " Move Lincoln! " which we proceeded to do, moving him quite into the lecture hall. Then we slipped by and took our seats.

And now, once more, it was Lincoln who filled all my thoughts. What the lecture was about I cannot remember. After it was over and while attendants were carrying out folding chairs, the audience broke up into groups, many of which lingered for friendly talk. Among these were Nat Bacon and myself.

We were standing near " Lincoln." On looking down at the homely, wonderful face, to my amazement my attention was attracted by a slight movement in one of his legs. Never in my life have I seen anything more plainly.

" Nat, did you see that? " I said.

" I most certainly did," he replied.

Then we both watched intently. Neither of us could entertain a suspicion that there was any illusion, hallucination, or impersonation. Lincoln's head moved and his eyes opened. Then, very slowly and quietly, he rose to his feet and began to walk.

Nat Bacon stepped forward promptly and seized one arm of the now erect figure, and on the other side I offered mine. Lincoln took both, as if this were a daily practice. We proceeded to walk back and forth.

The room was silent. Everybody had noticed, and all stared, petrified. They kept their distance, however, from what seemed to them so uncanny an apparition.

Then Lincoln spoke. He looked at neither of us. He spoke as if resuming some old conversation.

" You see," he said, " I tried, in that speech, to make them understand that we were not really enemies. I wanted them to share with all of us the feeling that, on both sides, there should be malice toward none and charity toward all. Both sides had striven to do right as God had given them to see the right. I voiced the hope, which I myself deeply felt, that now at last there would be peace—a peace so deeply rooted that the scourge of war would vanish from the earth."

I do not remember all that Lincoln said, but I do remember the deeply satisfying sense of comradeship with him. He had not turned his head. He had not looked at either of us. Yet we both felt the warmth of his presence and of his affection—for us and for the world of men.

And so, at last, I was fulfilling my wish to see Lincoln. The sense of reality was unqualified. I was walking, feeling, thinking with Lincoln. And I cannot remember any end to that walk. I had a feeling that I would walk with him on and on forever.

The next morning, as I was waking, my first remembrance was of that wonderful experience. My eyes moistened at the memory of it. I longed to tell the world. Of course the world would be skeptical. " But there were scores of witnesses," I said to myself. But, unfortunately, I had neglected to take their names.

" Anyhow," I thought, " Nat Bacon was there—he will confirm my story." I was only half awake when suddenly I remembered that Nat had been dead several years.

Such miracles could happen only in dreams! I opened my sleepy eyes. Where was I?

Then I remembered. This was New Hampshire—Nashua—a surgical ward—the morning after I had undergone a slight bit of surgery. The anaesthetic had been local, but the night's sleep had perhaps been colored by it.

But had it all been a dream? Many of my ordinary dreams I recognize as dreams before I even wake up. And nearly all of them I forget a few minutes after wak-

With LINCOLN

ing. But this one I shall never forget. No other dream in my whole life compares with it. It was not so much a dream as the fulfillment of a dream, dreamed yearningly, subconsciously, through the years. And there was an abiding sense of an intimate association with the most ideal character in our history.

Did I see Lincoln?

The answer for me must be "Yes." I shall always feel that I have seen Lincoln personally and have walked with him and shall keep on walking with him throughout life.

If people do not understand you, never mind. Lincoln was misunderstood. If you are misrepresented, never mind. He was misrepresented. If those whom you try to help revile you instead of thanking you, never mind. Keep right on walking with Lincoln. Keep honest, as he was, and admit your mistakes, at whatever cost.

As time goes on, more and more people will, in one way or another, have a sense of seeing Lincoln personally. In the dreams and ideals of every American, Lincoln plays a greater and greater part. And some day his ideal of peace will yet win in the whole world. Lincoln no longer belongs to the Civil War period nor to America alone. As Stanton said, "Now he belongs to the ages." He also belongs to the whole world. Year by year more and more people outside as well as inside America are seeing him and walking with him; and they will continue to walk with him, on and on, forever.

THE END

This remarkable photograph of Lincoln has a curious history. About six years ago Mr. Howard dropped in at an auction sale in Buffalo, New York, and for fifty cents bought a box of old glass. Looking through it, he discovered, wrapped in cotton, the plate from which this is a print. As far as he can learn, it has never been published, though it was taken by either Brady or White. A Smithsonian Institution representative has pronounced it the finest Lincoln picture he has ever seen.

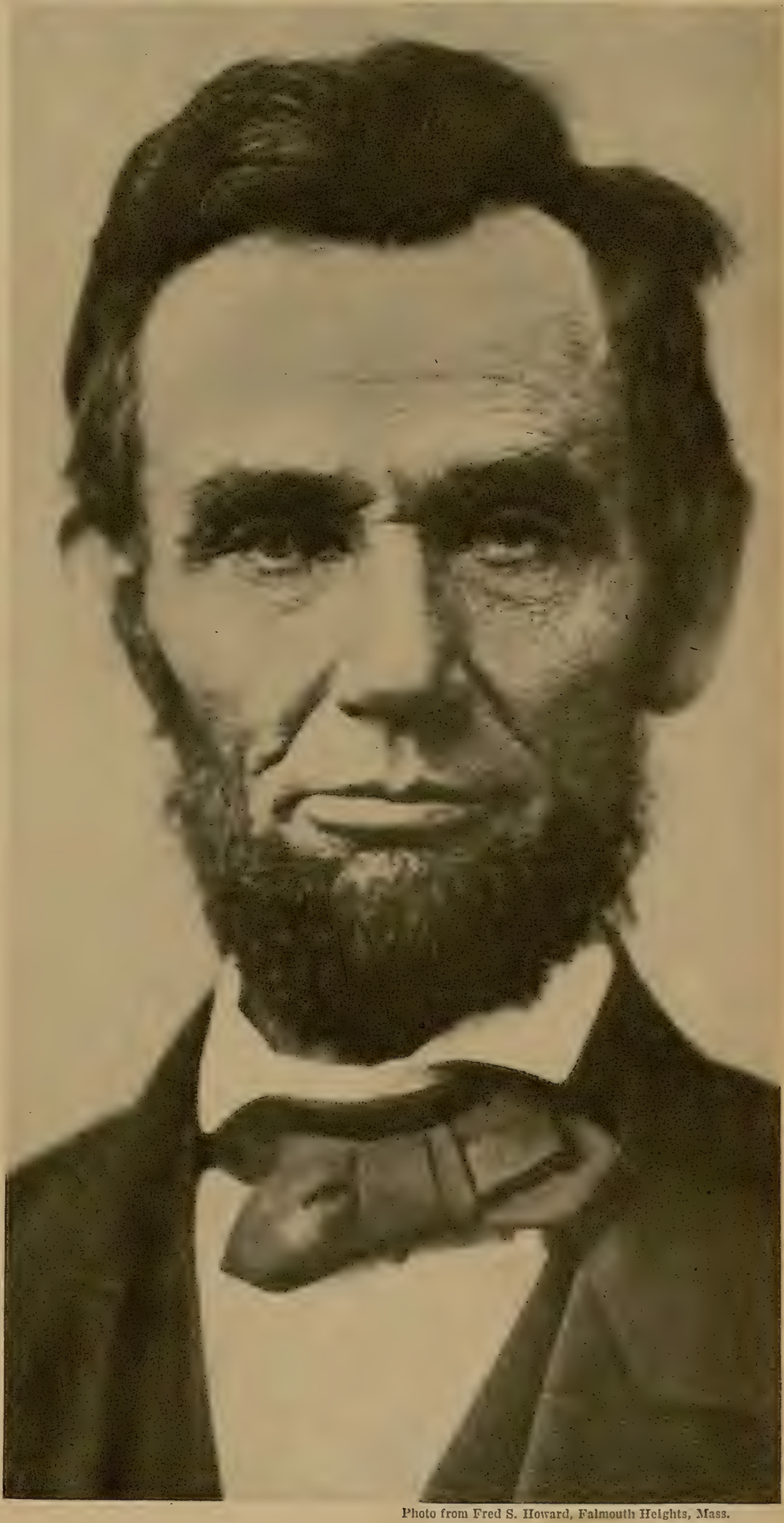


Photo from Fred S. Howard, Falmouth Heights, Mass.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

You Can't Win . . . Never Was the Way of the Evil-Doer More Strikingly Portrayed than in This Vivid Novel of a "Perfect Crime" and Its Punishment

by

JAMES M. CAIN

who wrote The Postman Always Rings Twice

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

DROPPING in at the home of Mr. Nirdlinger to see about the renewal of his automobile insurance, Walter Huff, an agent of the General Fidelity of California, meets his client's wife instead for the first time. They discuss the business that brought him there, and after Huff tells her all about it—she expressed ignorance of the subject—Mrs. Nirdlinger promises her co-operation. But she gives her caller a sidelong glance that lingers with him long after he has left. And she had asked: "Do you handle accident insurance?"

Three days later the lady phones the office, setting an appointment for that afternoon. Upon his arrival, Mrs. Nirdlinger informs Mr. Huff that the maid is off for the afternoon, and invites him to have tea with her alone.

Her deliberate allure in manner and dress disturbs him. And his suspicions grow when she inquires, with casual innocence, if she could take out an accident-insurance policy on her husband without bothering him about it. For quite some time, it seems, she had worried over his constant danger in the oil fields, where his work largely lay.

In a flash, Walter Huff knew what was in her mind and felt he ought to beat it quick, but she holds him with her spell of physical fascination. Instead of fleeing, he kisses her passionately, and she returns it.

That night she comes to his bungalow. Both her husband and her stepdaughter, Lola, are away from home. She expresses regret and repentance for their folly that afternoon. Huff doesn't believe her play, and tells her bluntly that he is wise to her game: To put an end to Mr. Nirdlinger.

She is indignant and hurt, and leaves him abruptly. That suits Walter Huff. He congratulates himself that he has run away from the edge of an abyss—never to go back to it.

PART TWO—"HE'LL BE BETTER OFF—DEAD"

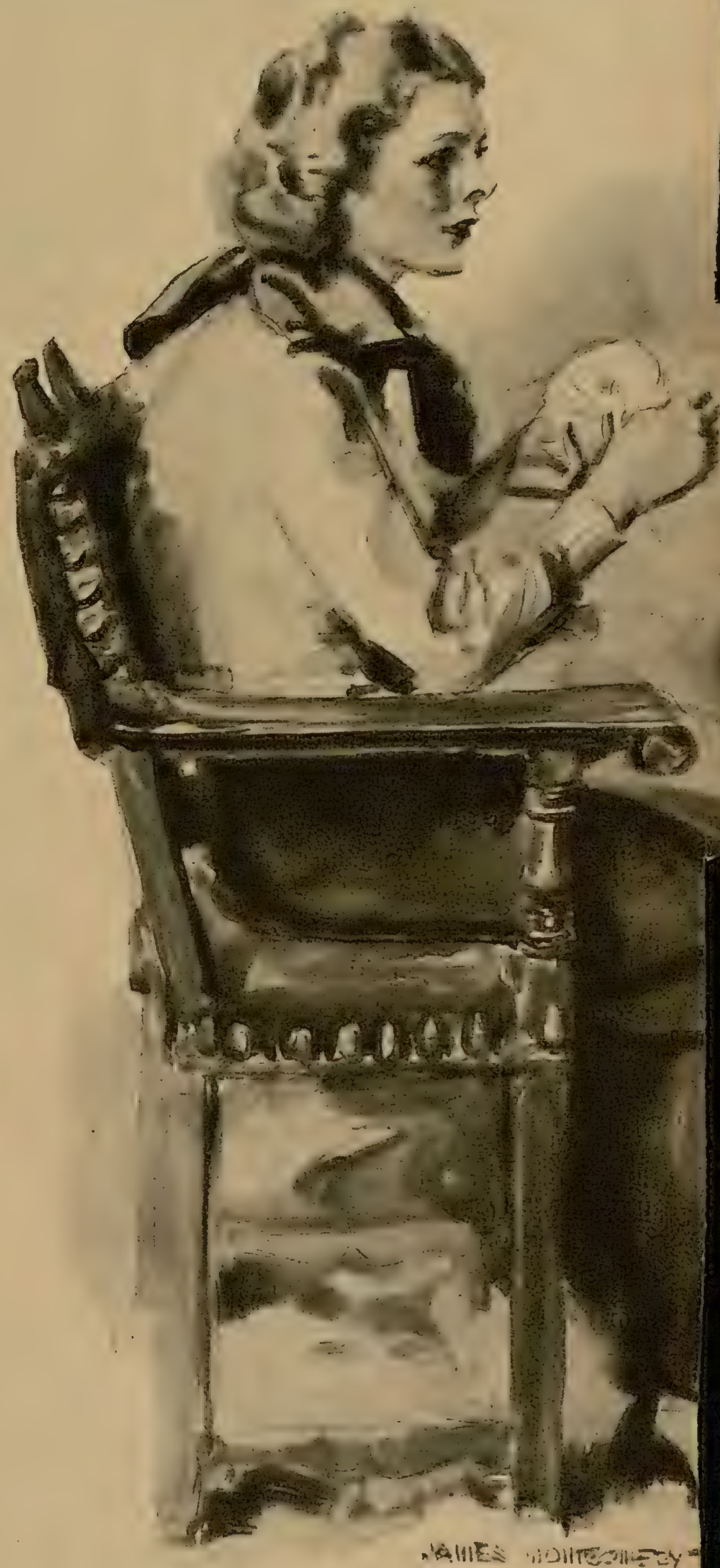
I DID not run away from the edge. That was what I tried to do. I never even got up when Mrs. Nirdlinger left. I didn't help her on with her things. I didn't drive her back. I treated her like I would treat an alley cat. But all the time I knew it would be still raining the next night, that they would still be drilling at Long Beach, that I would light the fire and sit by it, that a little before nine the doorbell would ring. She didn't even speak to me when she came in. We sat by the fire at least five minutes before either one of us said anything. Then she started it: "How could you say such things as you said to me last night?"

"Because they're true. That's what you're going to do."

"*Now?* After what you've said?"

"Yes, after what I've said."

"But—Walter, that's what I've come for, again, tonight. I've thought it over. I realize that there have been one or two things I've said that could give you a completely wrong impression. In a way, I'm glad you warned me about them, because I might have said them to somebody else without knowing the—construction that could be put upon them. But now that I do know, you must surely see that—anything of the sort must be out of my mind. Forever."



That meant she had spent the whole day sweating blood for fear I would warn the husband, or start something, somehow. I kept on with it. "You called me Walter. What's your name?"

"Phyllis."

"Phyllis, you seem to think that because I can call it on you, you're not going to do it. You *are* going to do it, and I'm going to help you."

"*You!*"

"I."

I caught her by surprise again, but she didn't even

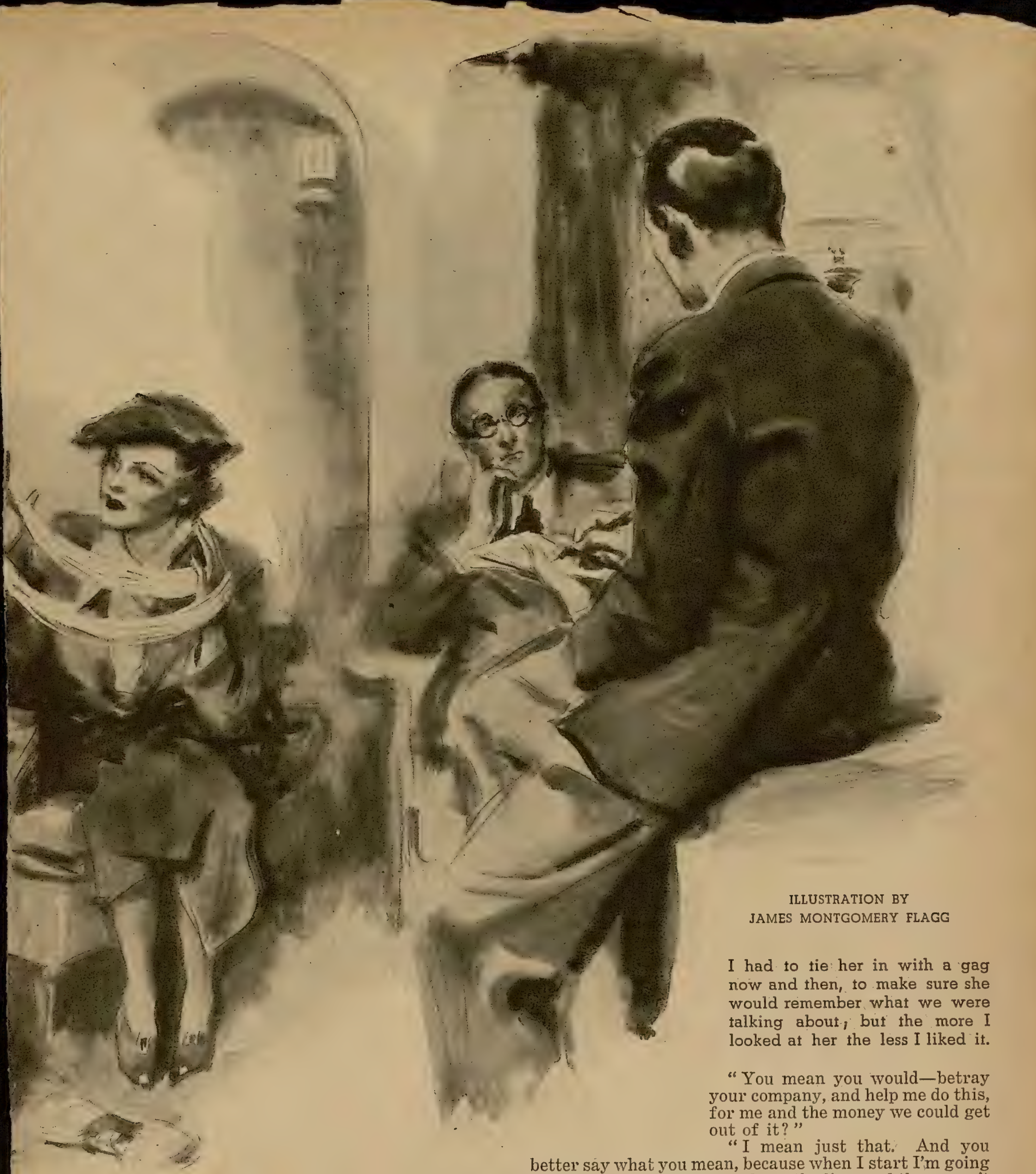


ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I had to tie her in with a gag now and then, to make sure she would remember what we were talking about, but the more I looked at her the less I liked it.

try to put on an act this time. “Why—I couldn't have anybody help me! It would be—impossible.”

“You couldn't have anybody help you? Well, let me tell you something: You had better have somebody help you. It would be nice to pull it off yourself, all alone, so nobody knew anything about it, it sure would. The only trouble with that is, you can't. Not if you're going up against an insurance company, you can't. You've got to have help. And it had better be help that knows its stuff.”

“What would you do this for?”

“You, for one thing.”

“What else?”

“Money.”

“You mean you would—betray your company, and help me do this, for me and the money we could get out of it?”

“I mean just that. And you better say what you mean, because when I start I'm going to put it through, straight down the line, and there won't be any slips. But I've got to know where I stand. You can't fool—with this.”

She closed her eyes, and after a while she began to cry. I put my arm around her and patted her. It seemed funny, after what we had been talking about, that I was treating her like some child that had lost a penny.

“Please, Walter, don't let me do this. We can't. It's simply—insane.”

“Yes, it's insane.”

“We're going to do it. I can feel it.”

“I, too.”

“I haven't any reason. He treats me as well as a man can treat a woman. I don't love him, but he's never done anything to me.”

"But you're going to do it." I looked at her intently.

"Yes, God help me, I'm going to do it."

She stopped crying and lay in my arms for a while without saying anything. Then she began to talk almost in a whisper.

"He's not happy. He'll be better off—dead."

"Yeah?"

"That's not true, is it?"

"Not from where he sits, I don't think."

"I know it's not true. I tell myself it's not true. But there's something in me—I don't know what. Maybe I'm crazy. But there's something in me that loves Death. I think of myself as Death sometimes. In a scarlet shroud, floating through the night. I'm *so* beautiful then. And sad. And hungry to make the whole world happy, by taking them out where I am, into the night, away from all trouble, all unhappiness. . . . Walter, this is the awful part. I know this is terrible. I tell myself it's terrible. But, to me, it doesn't *seem* terrible. It seems as though I'm doing something—that's really best for him, if he only knew it. Do you understand me, Walter?"

"No."

"Nobody could."

"But we're going to do it."

"Yes, we're going to do it."

"Straight down the line."

"Straight down the line."

A night or two later we talked about it just as casually as if it were a little trip to the mountains. I had to find out what she had been figuring on, and whether she had gummed it up with some bad move of her own. "Have you said anything to him about this, Phyllis? About this policy?"

"No."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Not a thing."

"All right. How were you going to do it?"

"I was going to take out the policy first—"

"Without him knowing?"

"Yes."

"Holy smoke, they'd have crucified you! It's the first thing they look for. Well—anyway, that's out. What else?"

"He's going to build a swimming pool in the spring. Out in the patio."

"And?"

"I thought it could be made to look as though he hit his head diving, or something."

"That's out. That's still worse."

"Why? People do, don't they?"

"IT'S no good. In the first place, some fool in the insurance business, a few years ago, put out a newspaper story that most accidents happen in people's own bathtubs, and since then bathtubs, swimming pools, and fishponds are the first thing they think of. When they're trying to pull something, I mean. I know of several cases, none of them on the up and up, and if there'd been an insurance angle, those people would wind up on the gallows. Then it's a daytime job, and you never can tell who's peeping at you from the next hill. Then a swimming pool is like a tennis court—you no sooner have one than it's a community affair, and you don't know who might come popping in on you at any minute. And then, it's one of those things where you've got to watch for your chance, and you can't plan it in advance, and know where you're going to come out to the last decimal point. Get this, Phyllis: There's three essential elements to a successful murder."

That word was out before I knew it. I looked at her quick. I thought she'd wince under it. She didn't. The firelight was reflected in her eyes like she was some kind of leopard. "Go on. I'm listening."

"The first is help. One person can't get away with it—that is, unless they're going to admit it and plead the unwritten law or something. It takes more than one. The second is the time, the place, the way, all known in advance—to us, but not to him. The third is audacity. That's the one that all amateur murderers forget. They know the first two, sometimes. But that third only a professional knows. There comes a time in any murder when the only thing that can see you through is audacity, and I can't tell you why. You know the perfect murder? You think it's this swimming-pool job, and you're going to do it so slick nobody would ever guess it. They'd guess it in two seconds flat. In three seconds flat they'd prove it, and in four seconds flat you'd confess it. No, that's not it.

"The perfect murder is the gangster that goes on the spot. You know what they do? First they get a finger on him. They get that girl that he lives with. Along about six o'clock they get a phone call from her. She goes out to a drugstore to buy some lipstick, and she calls. They're going to see a picture tonight, he and she, and it's at such and such a theater. They'll get there around nine o'clock. All right, there's the first two elements: They got help, and they fixed the time and the place in advance. All right, now watch the third. They go there in a car. They park across the street. They keep the motor running. They put a sentry out. He loafs up an alley, and pretty soon he drops a handkerchief and picks it up. That means he's coming. They get out of the car. They drift up to the theater. They close in on him. And right there, in the glare of the lights, with a couple hundred people looking on, they let him have it. He hasn't got a chance. Twenty bullets hit him from four or five automatics. He falls, they scram for the car, they drive off—and then you try to convict them. You just try to convict them.

"THEY'VE got alibis ready in advance, all airtight. They were only seen for a second, by people who were so scared they didn't know what they were looking at—and there isn't a chance to convict them. The police know who they are, of course. They round them up, give them the water cure—and then they're habeas-corpused into court and turned loose.

"Those guys don't get convicted. They get put on the spot by other gangsters. Oh, yeah, they know their stuff, all right. And if we want to get away with it, we've got to do it the way they do it, and not the way some punk does it."

"Be bold?"

"Be bold. It's the only way."

"If we shoot him it wouldn't be accident."

"That's right. We don't shoot him, but I want you to get the principle through your head. Be bold. It's the only chance to get away with it."

"Then, how—"

"I'm coming to that. Another trouble with your swimming-pool idea is that there's no money in it."

"They'd have to pay—"

"They'd have to pay, but this is a question of how much they'd have to pay. All the big money on an accident policy comes from railroad accidents. They found out pretty quick, when they began to write accident insurance, that the apparent danger spots, the spots that people think are danger spots, aren't danger spots at all. I mean, people always think a railroad train is a pretty dangerous place to be, or they did, anyway, before the novelty wore off; but the figures show not many people get killed, or even hurt, on railroad trains. So on accident policies they put in a feature that sounds pretty good to the man that buys it, because *he's* a little worried about train trips, but it doesn't cost the company much, because it knows he's pretty sure to get there safely. They pay double indemnity for railroad accidents. That's just where we cash in. You've been thinking about some piker job, maybe, and a fat chance I'd be taking a chance like this for that. When we get done, we cash a fifty-thousand-dollar bet, and if we do it right, we're going to cash in, don't make any mistake about that."

"Fifty thousand dollars!"

"Nice?"

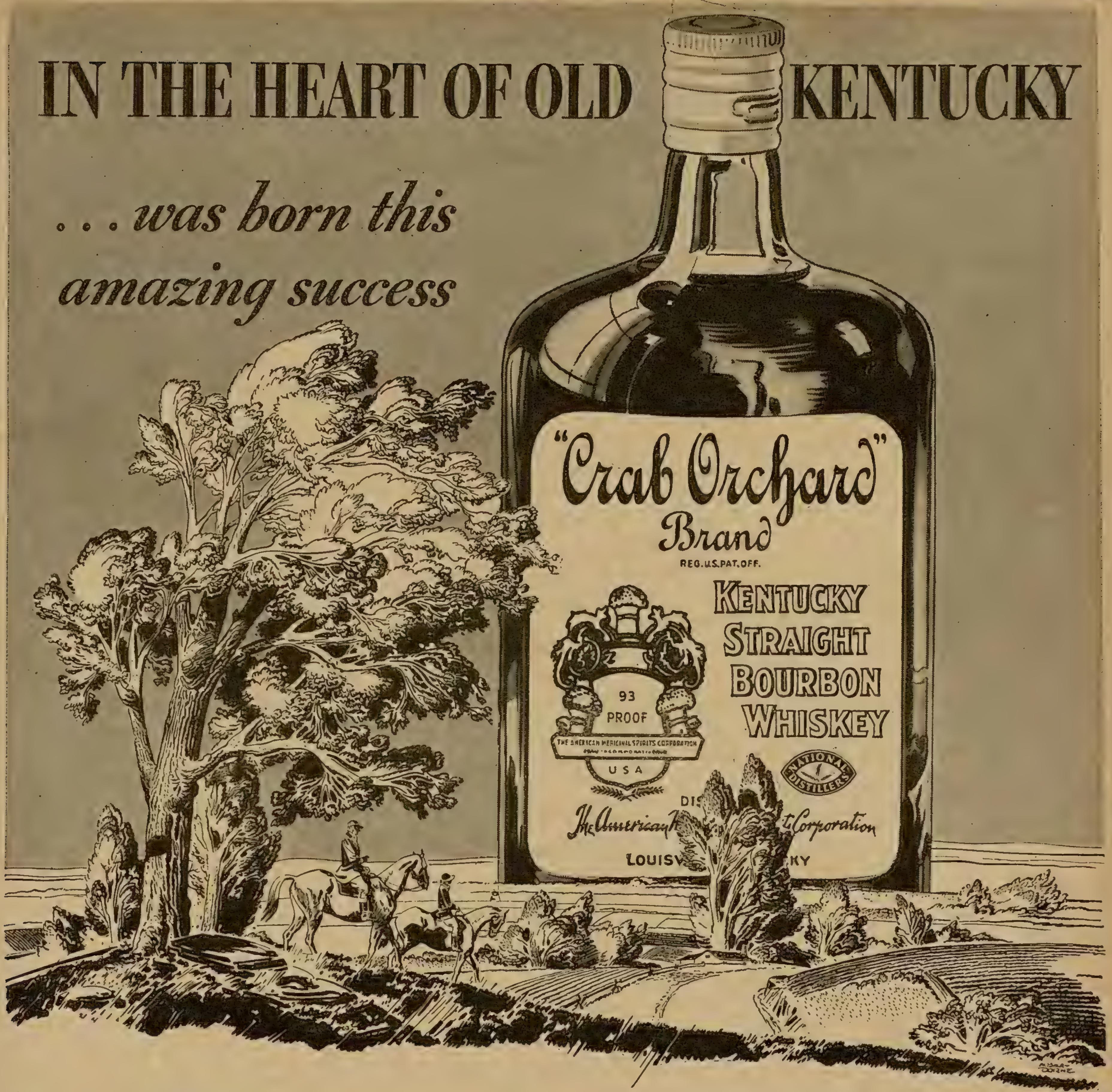
"My!"

"Say, this is a beauty, if I do say it myself. I didn't spend all this time in this business for nothing, did I? Listen. He knows all about this policy, and yet he don't know a thing about it. He applies for it, in writing, and yet he don't apply for it. He pays me for it with his own check, and yet

(Continued on page twenty-two)

IN THE HEART OF OLD KENTUCKY

. . . was born this amazing success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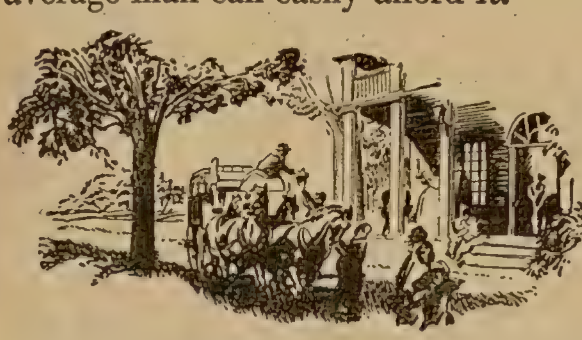
No wonder it is America's favorite today, with eight times as many buyers as only a few months ago.

You'll go far and look long if you try to match its smooth and mellow warmth at anything less than $1.50 a pint.



In earlier days this flavorous, ruddy bourbon wasn't bottled or labeled. It got its name because the little Crab Orchard Hotel in Kentucky used to ship it in barrels from Louisville for the guests who visited there 60 years ago.

In the end you'll probably not find its equal anywhere.

Straighter whiskey has never come out of the deep Blue Grass. It's made in the good old-fashioned way—aged full fifteen months in charred oak—brought to you straight from the barrel.

It's distilled from the same grades of grain that are carefully sorted out for more expensive brands, and limestone spring water, the world's best for the purpose.

You get it at full 93 proof, brilliant with natural color, sparkling with nimble bead, and with a delicious satin-smooth taste that pleases every palate.

Have you tried Crab Orchard lately? Now at all bars, as well as package liquor stores. Try it once and you'll never accept any substitute.

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A GOOD GUIDE NATIONAL DISTILLERS TO GOOD WHISKEY

(Continued from page twenty)

he don't pay me. He has an accident happen to him, and yet he don't have an accident happen to him. He gets on the train, and yet he don't get on it."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"You'll find out. The first thing is, we've got to fix him up with that policy. I sell it to him—do you get that?—except that I don't sell him. Not quite. I give him the works, the same as I give any other prospect. And I've got to have witnesses. Get that. There's got to be somebody that heard me go right after him. I show him that he's covered on everything that might hurt the automobile, but hasn't got a thing that covers personal injury to himself. I put it up to him whether a man isn't worth more than his car. I—"

"Suppose he buys?"

"Well—suppose he does? He won't. I can bring him within one inch of the line and hold him there, don't you think I can't. I'm a salesman if I'm nothing else. But—I've got to have witnesses. Anyway, one witness."

"I'll have somebody."

"Maybe you better oppose it."

"All right."

"You're all for the automobile stuff when I start in on that, but this accident thing gives you the shivers."

"I'll remember."

"You better make a date pretty quick. Give me a ring."

"Tomorrow?"

"Confirm by phone. Remember, you need a witness."

"I'll have one."

"Tomorrow, then. Subject to call."

"Walter—I'm so excited. It does terrible things to me."

"I, too."

"Kiss me."

YOU think I'm nuts? All right, maybe I am. But you spend fifteen years in the business I'm in, maybe you'll go nuts yourself. You think it's a business, don't you, just like your business, and maybe a little better than that, because it's the friend of the widow, the orphan, and the needy in time of trouble? It's not. It's the biggest gambling wheel in the world. It don't look like it, but it is, from the way they figure the percentage on the 00, to the look on their face when they cash your chips. You bet that your house will burn down; they bet it won't. That's all. What fools you are that you didn't *want* your house to burn down when you made the bet, and so you forget it's a bet. That don't fool them. To them a bet is a bet, and a hedge bet don't look any different than any other bet.

But there comes a time, maybe, when you *do* want your house to burn down; when the money is worth more than the house.

And right there is where the trouble starts. They know there's just so many people out there that are out to crook that wheel, and that's when they get tough. They've got their spotters out there, they know every crooked trick there is, and if you want to beat them you had better be good. So long as you're honest, they'll pay you with a smile, and you may even go home thinking it was all in a spirit of good clean fun. But you start something, and then you'll find out.

All right, I'm an agent. I'm a croupier in that game. I know all their tricks. I lie awake nights thinking up tricks, so I'll be ready for them when they come at me. And then one night I think up a trick, and get to thinking I could crook the wheel myself if I could only put a plant out there to put down my bet. That's all.

When I met Phyllis I met my plant. If that seems funny to you—that I would kill a man just to pick up a stack of chips—it might not seem so funny if you were back of that wheel, instead of out front. I had seen so many houses burned down, so many cars wrecked, so many corpses with blue holes in their temples, so many awful things that people had pulled to crook the wheel, that that stuff didn't seem real to me any more.

If you don't understand that, go to Monte Carlo, or some other place where there's a big casino, sit at a table, and watch the face of the man that spins the little ivory ball. After you've watched it a while, ask yourself how much he would care if you went out and plugged yourself in the head. No, he wouldn't care. Not that baby. . . .

"Then, another thing I call your attention to, Mr. Nirdlinger," I said to him, "a feature we've added in the last year, at no extra cost, is our guaranty of bail bond. We furnish you a card, and all you have to do, in case of accident where you're held responsible, or in any traffic case where the police put you under arrest, is to produce that card, and if it's a bailable offense, it automatically procures your release. The police take up the card, that puts us on your bond, and you're free until your case comes up for trial. Since that's one of the things the Automobile Club does for members, and you're thinking about the Automobile Club—"

"I've pretty well given that idea up."

"Well, then, why don't we fix this thing up right now? I've pretty well outlined what we do for you—"

"I guess we might as well."

"Then, if you'll sign these applications, you'll be protected until the new policies are issued, which will be in about a week, but there's no use your paying for a whole week's extra insurance. There's for the collision, fire, and theft; there's for the public liability—and if you don't mind sticking your name on these two. They're the agent's copies, and I keep them for my files."

"Here?"

"Right on the dotted line."

He was a big blocky man, about my size, with glasses, and I played him exactly the way I figured to. As soon as I had the applications, I switched to accident insurance. He didn't seem much interested, so I made it pretty stiff. Phyllis cut in that the very idea of accident insurance made her shiver, and I kept on going. I didn't quit till I had hammered in every reason for taking out accident insurance that any agent ever thought of, and maybe a couple of reasons that no agent ever had thought of. He sat there drumming with his fingers on the arms of his chair, wishing I would go.

But what bothered me wasn't that. It was the witness that Phyllis brought out. I thought she would have some friend of the family in to dinner, maybe a woman, and just let her stay with us there in the sitting room after I showed up, around seven thirty. She didn't. She brought Lola, the stepdaughter, in, a pretty girl. Lola wanted to go, but Phyllis said she had to get the wool wound for a sweater she was knitting, and kept her there, winding it.

I had to tie her in with a gag now and then, to make sure she would remember what we were talking about; but the more I looked at her the less I liked it. Having to sit with her there, knowing all the time what we were going to do to her father, was one of the things I hadn't bargained for.

THE next thing I knew, when I got up to go, I had let myself in for hauling her down to the boulevard, so she could go to a picture show. Her father had to go out again that night, and he was using the car, and that meant that unless I hauled her she would have to go down by bus. I didn't want to haul her. I didn't want to have anything to do with her. But when he kind of turned to me, there was nothing I could do but offer, and she ran and got her hat and coat, and in a minute or two there we were, rolling down the hill.

"Mr. Huff?"

"Yes?"

"I'm not going to a picture show."

"No?"

"I'm meeting somebody. At the drugstore."

"Oh."

"Would you haul us both down?"

"Oh—sure."

"You won't mind?"

"No, not a bit."

"And you won't tell on me? There are reasons why I don't want them to know at home."

"No, of course not."

We stopped at the drugstore, and she jumped out and in a minute came back with a young guy with an Italian-looking face, pretty good-looking, that had been standing around outside. "Mr. Huff, this is Mr. Sachetti."

"How are you, Mr. Sachetti? Get in."

They got in and kind of grinned at each other, and we rolled down Beachwood to the boulevard. "Where do you want me to set you down?"

"Oh, anywhere."

"Hollywood and Vine all right?"

"Swell."

I set them down there, and after she got out, she reached out her hand and took mine and thanked me, her eyes shining like stars. "It was darling of you to take us. Lean close. I'll tell you a secret."

"Yes?"

"If you hadn't taken us we'd have had to walk."

"How are you going to get back?"

"Walk."

"You want some money?"

"No, my father would kill me. I spent all my week's money. No, but thanks. And remember—don't tell on me."

"I won't."

"Hurry! You'll miss your light."

I DROVE home. Phyllis got there in about a half hour. She was humming a song out of a Nelson Eddy picture. "Did you like my sweater?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Isn't it a lovely color? I never wore old rose before. I think it's going to be really becoming to me."

"It's going to look all right."

"Where did you leave Lola?"

"On the boulevard."

"Where did she go?"

"I didn't notice."

"Was there somebody waiting for her?"

"Not that I saw. Why?"

"I was just wondering. She's been going around with a boy named Sachetti. A perfectly terrible person. She's been absolutely forbidden to see him."

"He wasn't on deck tonight. Anyway, I didn't see him. Why didn't you tell me about her?"

"Didn't I?"

"You did, but I thought it was some child."

"Well? You said have a witness."

"Yeah, but I didn't mean her."

"Isn't she as good a witness as any other?"

"Yeah, but, holy smoke, there's a limit! A man's own daughter, and we're even using her—for what we're using her for."

An awful look came over her face, and her voice got hard as glass. "What's the matter? Are you getting ready to back out?"

"No, but you could have got somebody else. Me, driving her down to the boulevard, and all the time I had this in my pocket." I took out the applications and showed them to her. One of those "agent's copies" was an undated application for a $25,000 personal accident policy, with double indemnity straight down the line for any disability or death incurred on a railroad train. . . .

It was part of the play that I had

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SHOWS HIS PIPE COLLECTION
AS YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN PIPES, LAD, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF THE RARER ONES IN MY COLLECTION — IT BEATS ALL HOW MANY KINDS OF MATERIAL PIPES WERE MADE OF! ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF
YOU'VE HEARD OF THE CALUMET — THE INDIAN PIPE OF PEACE — BUT THERE WAS A PIPE OF WAR, TOO — AND HERE'S A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE — BOWL AND AXE-BLADE MADE OF DARK STONE, RUDELY ENGRAVED — ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT ARE TWO BEARS — THE WOOD STEM IS CARVED IN A FLORAL PATTERN
AND HERE'S AN ODD PIPE — A CAPITAL EXAMPLE OF THE SKILL AND HUMOR OF THE ESKIMOS — IT'S MADE OF WHALEBONE, AND THE ANIMALS ON THE STEM ARE CARVED IN ONE PIECE WITH THE PIPE — PIPES LIKE THESE WERE ALSO MADE BY THE ANCIENT ASIATIC RUSSIANS
THIS PREHISTORIC MEXICAN PIPE OF TERRA COTTA IS FULL OF CHARACTER — NOTICE THE EXPRESSION OF THE FULL FACE LOOKING AT US OUT OF THE AGES! IT SEEMS TO BE ASKING A QUESTION — IF IT'S A QUESTION OF TOBACCO, WE CAN SURE ANSWER IT, LAD, CAN'T WE?
YOU'RE RIGHT — PRINCE ALBERT!

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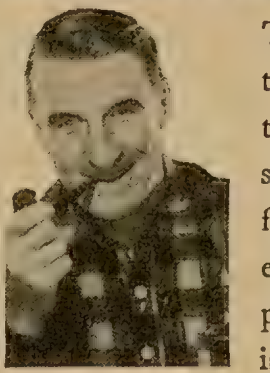
MEN, SHAKE HANDS WITH SMOKIN' AT ITS BEST!



Tamp the golden-brown, fragrant P. A. particles into your pipe—and play a match across the bowl! That's solid comfort! For you're smoking mild, choice tobacco—"crimp-cut" for cool smoking—its natural mellowness enhanced by the special P. A. "anti-bite" process. Note the offer below. Prince Albert is great for roll-your-own cigarettes too!

PRINCE ALBERT
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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

to make two or three calls on Nirdlinger in his office. The first time, I gave him the bail-bond guaranty, stuck around about five minutes, told him to put it in his car, and left. The next time I gave him a little leather memo book, with his name stamped on it in gilt. Just a little promotion feature we have for policyholders. The third time, I delivered the automobile policies, and took his check, $79.52. When I got back to the office that day, Nettie told me there was somebody waiting for me in my private office.

"Who?"

"A Miss Lola Nirdlinger and a Mr. Sachetti, I think she said. I didn't get his first name."

Lola laughed when I came in. She liked me, I could see that. "You surprised to see us again?"

"Oh, not much. What can I do for you?"

"We've come in to ask you a favor. But it's your own fault."

"Yeah? How's that?"

"What you said the other night to father—about being able to get money on his car if he needed it. We've come in to take you up on it. Or, anyway, Nino has."

That was something I had to do something about—the competition I was getting from the Automobile Club on an automobile loan. They lent money on a member's car, and I got to the point where I had to, too, if I was going to get any business. So I organized a little finance company of my own, had myself made a director, and spent about one day a week there. It didn't have anything to do with the insurance company, but it was one way I could meet that question that I ran into all the time: "Do you lend money on a car?" I had mentioned it to Nirdlinger, just as part of the sales talk, but I didn't know Lola was paying attention. I looked at Sachetti. "You want to borrow money on your car?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of car is it?"

He told me. It was a cheap make.

"Sedan?"

"Coupé."

"What year?"

"Nineteen thirty-four."

"It's in your name? And paid for?"

"Yes, sir."

They must have seen a look cross my face, because Lola giggled. "He couldn't use it the other night. He didn't have any gas."

"Oh."

I didn't want to lend him money on his car, or anything else. I didn't want to have anything to do with him, or her, in any way, shape, or form. I lit a cigarette and sat there a minute.

LOLA looked at me very solemnly. "Nino doesn't want this loan just to have money to spend. You see, he's done all his work for his Sc. D., and—"

"Where?"

"U. S. C."

"What in?"

"Chemistry. If he can only get his degree, he's sure of work, he's been promised that, and it seems such a pity to miss a chance for a really good position just because he hasn't taken his degree. But to take it, he has to have his dissertation published, and pay this and that, for his diploma for instance, and that's what he wants this money for. He won't spend it on his living. He has friends that will take care of that."

I was sunk. I knew that. I wouldn't have been if it didn't make me so nervous to be around her, but all I could think of now was to say yes and get them out of there. "How much do you want?"

"He thought if he could get two hundred and fifty, that would be enough."

"I see. I see."

I figured it up. With charges, it would amount to around two eighty-five, and it was an awfully big loan on the car he was going to put up. "Well—give me a day or two on it. I think we can manage it."

They went out, and then she ducked back. "You're awfully nice to me. I don't know why I keep bothering you about things."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Nirdlinger; I'm glad—"

"You can call me Lola, if you want to."

"Thanks. I'll be glad to help any time I can."

"This is secret, too."

"Yes, I know."

"I'm terribly grateful, Mr. Huff."

"Thanks—Lola."

The accident policy came through a couple of days later. That meant I had to get Nirdlinger's check for it, and right away, so the dates would correspond. You understand, I wasn't going to deliver the accident policy to him. That would go to Phyllis, and she would find it later, in his safe-deposit box. And I wasn't going to tell him anything about it. Just the same, I had to get his check in the exact amount of the policy, so later on, when they checked up his stubs and his canceled checks, they would find he had paid for it himself. That would check with the application in our files, and it would also check with those trips I had made to his office, if they put me on the spot.

I WENT in on him pretty worried, and shut the door on his secretary, and got down to brass tacks right away. "Mr. Nirdlinger, I'm in a hole, and I'm wondering if you'll help me out."

"Well, I don't know. I don't know. What is it?"

He was expecting a touch, and I wanted him to be expecting a touch. "It's pretty bad."

"Suppose you tell me."

"I've charged you too much for your insurance. For that automobile stuff."

He burst out laughing. "Is that all? I thought you wanted to borrow money."

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. It's worse—from my point of view."

"Do I get a refund?"

"Why, sure."

"Then it's better—from my point of view."

"It isn't as simple as that. This is the trouble, Mr. Nirdlinger. There's a board, in our business, that was formed to stop cutthroating on rates, and see to it that every company charges a rate sufficient to protect the policyholder, and that's the board I'm in Dutch with. Because, here, recently, they've made it a rule that *every* case—every case, mind you—where there's an alleged mischarge by an agent, is to be investigated by them, and you can see where that puts me. And you, too, in a way. Because they'll have me up for fifteen different hearings, and come around pestering you till you don't know what your name is—and all because I looked up the wrong rate in the book when I was out to your house that night, and never found it out till this morning, when I checked over my month's accounts."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"There's one way I can fix it. Your check, of course, was deposited, and there's nothing to do about that. But if you'll let me give you cash for the check you gave me, seventy-nine fifty-two—I've got it right here with me—and give me a new check for the correct amount—fifty-eight sixty—then that'll balance it, and they'll have nothing to investigate."

"How do you mean, balance it?"

"Well, you see, in multiple-card bookkeeping—oh, well, it's so complicated I don't even know if I understand it myself. Anyway, that's what our cashier tells me. It's the way they make their entries."

"I see."

He looked out the window and I saw a funny look come in his eyes. "Well—all right. I don't know why not."

I gave him the cash and took his check. It was all hooey. We've got a board, but it doesn't bother with agents' mistakes. It governs rates. I don't even know if there's such a thing as multiple-card bookkeeping, and I never talked with our cashier. I just figured that when you offer a man about twenty bucks more than he thought he had when you came in, he wouldn't ask too many questions about why you offer it to him. I went to the bank. I deposited the check. I even knew what he wrote on his stub. It just said "Insurance." I had what I wanted.

It was the day after that that Lola and Sachetti came in for their loan. When I handed them the check she did a little dance in the middle of the floor. "You want a copy of Nino's dissertation?"

"Why—I'd love it."

"It's called The Problem of Colloids in the Reduction of Low-Grade Gold Ores."

"I'll look forward to it.

"Liar. You won't even read it."

All this, what I've been telling you, happened in late winter, along the middle of February. Of course, in California, February looks like any other month, but anyway it would have been winter anywhere else. From then on, all through the spring, believe me, I didn't get much sleep. You start on something like this, and if you don't wake up plenty of times in the middle of the night, dreaming they got you for something you forgot, you've got better nerves than I've got.

Then there were things we couldn't figure out, like how to get him on a train. That was tough, and if we didn't have a piece of luck, maybe we never would have put it over. There's plenty of people out there that have never been inside a train, let alone taken a ride on one. They go everywhere by car. That was how he traveled when he traveled, and how to make him use a train just once, that was something that gave us a headache for quite some time.

We got a break on one thing, though, that I had sweated over plenty. That was the funny look that came over his face when I got that check. There was something back of it, I knew that, and if it was something his secretary was in on, and especially if he went out after I left and made some crack to the secretary about getting twenty dollars he didn't expect, it would look plenty bad later, no matter what kind of story I made up. But that wasn't it. Phyllis got the low-down on it, and it startled me, how pretty it broke for us.

He charged his car insurance to his company, under expenses, and his secretary had already entered it when I came along with my proposition. She had not only entered it, but if he went through with what I wanted, he still had his canceled check to show for it—the first one, I mean.

All he had to do was keep his mouth shut to the secretary and he could put his twenty-dollar profit in his pocket, and nobody would be the wiser. But he had to brag to somebody how smart he was, so he told Phyllis.

ANOTHER thing that worried me was myself. I was afraid my work would fall off, and they'd begin talking about me in the office, wondering why I'd begun to slip. That wouldn't do me any good—later, I mean, when they began to think about it. I had to sell insurance while this thing was cooking, if I never sold it before. I worked like a wild man. I saw every prospect there was the least chance of selling, and how I high-pressured them was a shame.

"He's going to his class reunion," Phyllis said. "At Palo Alto."

"When?"

"June. In about six weeks."

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "That's what we've been waiting for."

"But he wants to drive. He wants to take the car, and he wants me to go with him. He'll raise an awful fuss if I don't go."

"Yeah? Listen. Don't give yourself airs. I don't care if it's a class reunion or just down to the drugstore, a man would rather go alone than with a wife. He's just being polite. You talk like you're not interested in his class reunion, and he'll be persuaded. He'll be persuaded so easy you'll be surprised."

"Well, I like that!"

"You're not supposed to like it. But you'll find out."

That was how it turned out; but Phyllis worked on Nirdlinger a whole week and she couldn't change him on the car. "He says he'll have to have it; that there'll be a lot of things he'll want to go to—picnics and things like that—and if he doesn't have it he'll have to hire one. Besides, he hates trains. He gets trainsick."

"Can't you put on an act?"

"I did. I put on all the act I dare put, and still he won't budge. I put on such an act that Lola is hardly speaking to me any more. She thinks it's selfish of me. I can try again, but—"

"Holy smoke, no!"

"I could do this: The day before he's to start, I could bang the car up. Mess up the ignition or something, so it had to go in the shop. Then he'd *have* to go by train."

"Nothing like it. Nothing even a little bit like it. In the first place, if you've already put on an act, they'll smell something, and, believe me, Lola will be hard to talk down later. In the second place, we need the car."

"*We* need it?"

"It's essential."

"I still don't know—what we're going to do."

"You'll know. You'll know in plenty of time. But we've got to have the car. We've got to have two cars, yours and mine. Whatever you do, don't pull any monkey business with the car. That car's got to run. It's got to be in perfect shape."

"Hadn't we better give up the train idea?"

"Listen. It's the train or we don't do it."

"Well, my goodness, you don't have to snap at me."

"Just pulling off some piker job, that don't interest me. But this, hitting it for the limit, that's what I go for. It's all I go for."

"I was just wondering."

"Quit wondering."

Two or three days later she called me at the office around four in the afternoon. "Walter?"

"Yes."

"Are you alone?"

"Is it important?"

"Yes, terribly. Something has happened."

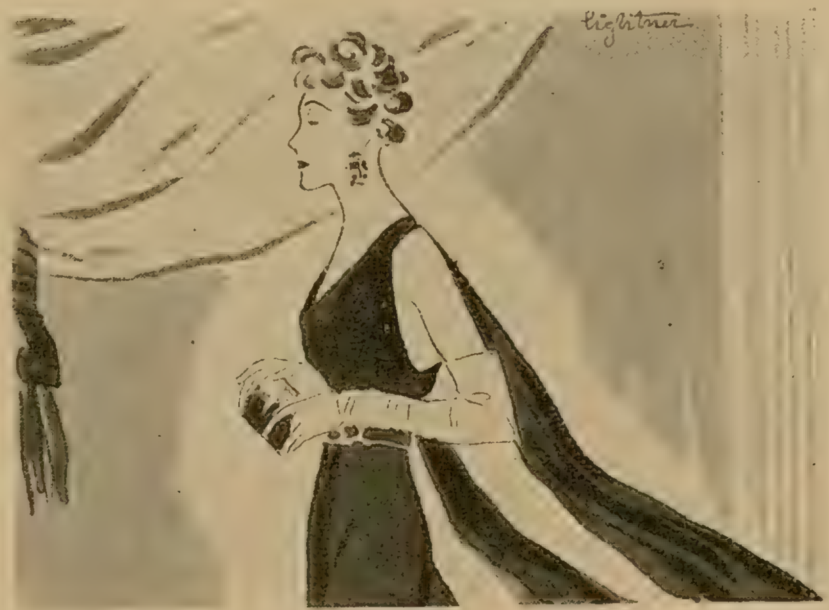
"I'll go home. Call me there in a half hour."

What is that telephone message going to do to their cunningly laid plot? And will these cold-blooded conspirators have to change their plans—and how? Read the next issue of Liberty for the fresh attack on the diabolic problem by the enthralled lovers.

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

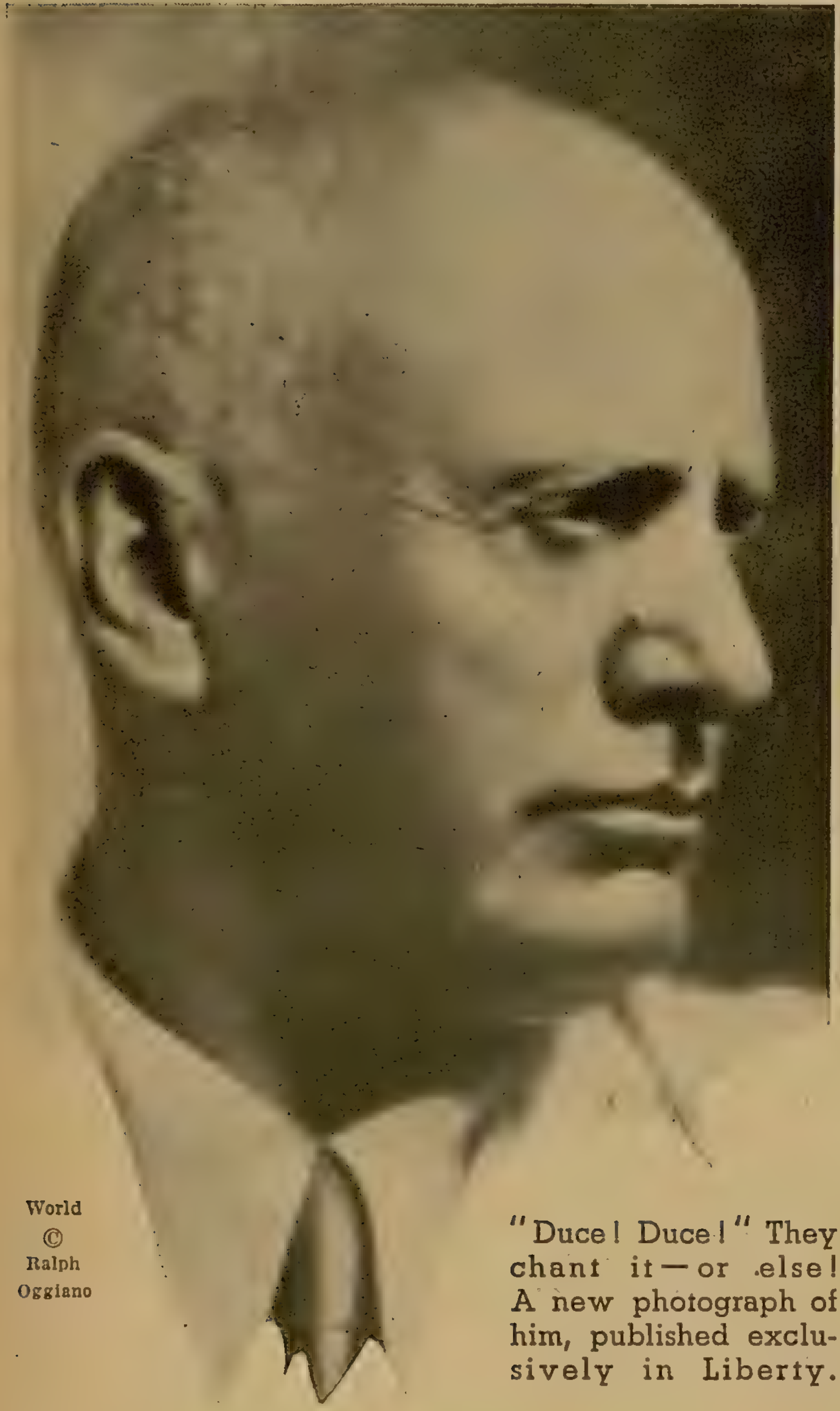
Princesse de Rohan has thrilled Paris with a first showing of dresses for Soviet Russia in advance of the opening of the Berkeley Square London house. Contrary to expectation, the lines are decidedly feminine and nonuniform. There are a number of afternoon and evening models, enough to satisfy the Russian taste for social life, so long missing. Silk is outstanding, but all other luxury fabrics are used also. Ripe wheat is the favorite color, with Soviet red noticeable by its absence.

DORAMILLER.



Why an American Woma

Fear, Spies, Suspicion, Coercion . . . a
People . . . Here's an Eye-Opener fo



World © Ralph Oggiano

"Duce! Duce!" They chant it—or else! A new photograph of him, published exclusively in Liberty.

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

FOR the first time in my Italy-loving life I was homesick for America.

Here I was, in the dawn's early light, straining my eyes for a glimpse of the New York sky line. I wouldn't have thought it possible five months before, when, Italy-bound, I sailed away from that same sky line to forget the welter of alphabetical symbols and clashing political opinions, domestic and imported, in the beauty, art, and culture of that land which had been calling me back to it periodically for twenty years.

I had wept with the Italians over their losses in the World War. I had shared privations with them. I had known their gay singing spirit in the face of disaster. I had known intimately a cross section of this great lovable people, from humble peasants to Mussolini himself. Him, "Il Duce," I had known and admired ever since those days before the March on Rome, when he first confided to me his plans for a reconstructed Italy. Those plans for Italy's glory held my ardent sympathy for thirteen years.

Why was I coming back prematurely? The African adventure was still new. So far, it had brought no added hardships to Italian life. Every one had treated me well. I had enjoyed the privileges of Perugia's fine university. Mussolini himself had let me come to see him and talk over old days when he was fighting to establish Fascism. Why did even this luxurious Italian ship seem a prison?

As I stepped down the gangplank I realized the answer. I was running away from whispered warnings—"Be careful what you say," "Be careful what you write," "Be careful what you telephone"; from frightened, suspicious eyes; from faces that seldom smiled. I was running away from apathy, resignation, suppressed thought.

"What is going to become of us?" women would ask me in dull spiritless whispers. And always they added mechanically and automatically, "Oh, but Il Duce will save us! Whatever he does is right!"

I was running away from a people once the most lighthearted in the world, now so directed and overdisciplined that they moved like robots—a people in whom all initiative seemed crushed; who no longer seemed to make any motion of their own volition, since their fate lay in the hands of one omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent Duce with the attributes of a god.

Suddenly I knew what I wanted most of America: I wanted to hear some one *talk back!* And—I wanted to hear some one laugh spontaneously, right out loud.

I dined in a familiar restaurant with friends that night, having for six hours bathed my soul in freedom. If you think that the freedom for which our forefathers fought is "just the bunk"—as many of the younger generation seem to think—try going without it for five months! Then I found myself wondering what even this one little corner of America would be like if we had gone the way of Italy and had put our fate into the hands of one all-powerful dictator.

Seated in the restaurant, enjoying the casual matter-of-fact freedom of the American scene, my nerves suddenly became taut. Two men at the next table were discussing politics. One of them said in a loud voice, "Oh, Roosevelt's a bust!"

I shuddered. For in Italy, if Mussolini is mentioned at all among foreigners in public, even in admiration, it is as "The Great Man," or by the popular sobriquet, "Mr. Brown." And any political discussion at all is taboo. In Italy suspicion is the law of life, the national defense mechanism. "Be careful," you are warned *ad nauseam.* "Remember, *any* one might be a spy!"

Still looking fearfully at the adjoining table, I remembered an evening in Rome when my own impatience and irritation at the tiresome "be carefuls" had been at last stilled. I was waiting in a restaurant for a friend who was bringing as our dinner guest an old acquaintance, a government official during the war, a distinguished thinker now approaching his seventieth year.

But my friend came in alone and whispered, as he sat down at the table, "X won't be here. He's been arrested, rounded up with thirty others at a café outside Porta Pia, accused of discussing politics. Perhaps you *will* believe me now when I tell you to be careful; the most innocent comment may be misinterpreted."

"But not here—" I began.

"Read this."

He handed me a clipping from the newspaper Ottobre, whose slogan is: "Il Duce is always right." The article, a statement by the Fascist Political Police, ran:

> In the Campo Marzo Quarter we control 258 streets. In every street there is an observer [spy]. This observer watches, sees, reports.

"There are sixty-eight hundred streets in Rome," went on my companion, "and if, as in this quarter, every

Fled Italy

by ALICE ROHE

Muzzled Press, a Cowed and Regimented Americans Who Think We Need a Dictator

Miss Rohe was the first writer to predict Mussolini's rise to power. That was in 1922. She had been, in World War time, correspondent and manager of the United Press's Rome bureau. Italy is a passion with her; study of Etruscan antiquities has been her recreation.

street has a spy, there must be sixty-eight hundred of them; and if other cities have the same, you can understand the power of the Fascist police. There is control of every private and public activity, and this control is enforced by one million two hundred thousand armed men! The picturesque carabinieri and the local police are obvious. So, to a certain extent, are the interminable branches of the militia with their surveillance of every activity from railroad to factory. The secret police, however, the *Opera Vigilanza Repressione Anti-Fascista*, is the terrifying Argus whose suspicious eyes are always spying on you from ambush."

"You mean *every* one is watched?" I gasped.

"Yes, from café to restaurant, from market to store, from street to home. Now you understand the furtive look, the forced smile—"

We were dining at Fagiano's, in the quarter specified by Ottobre. It was a scene and a spot I loved. But suddenly I was submerged by a wave of homesickness—a desire for flight. My companion's words rang in my ears: "Poor X was only discussing philosophy—"

And here in this New York restaurant this fellow was calling Roosevelt "a bust." And—I could scarcely believe my ears—his friend was saying in no muted tones:

"Well, I voted for him last time, but I'm going to vote Republican next election."

Try that in Italy, I thought, my mind flashing back to what happens if even through error you don't vote the Fascist ticket.

In Italy I had known Giorgio for over fifteen years. I had watched his parents, small farmers of peasant stock, slave and sacrifice to educate him for the valued post of overseer of big estates. His proud mother had written me: "Prince Y has chosen Giorgio as manager."

Then I found him in the little village near the Adriatic, broken, disgraced, his family plunged in despair—because, through a mistake, he had voted against, instead of for, the Fascist ticket!

"HE wasn't the only one who made the mistake!" cried his mother. "All of them, when they discovered what they'd done, begged to correct their ballots. The secretary told them not to worry, it would be corrected at headquarters. It was, for every one but Giorgio. And now they've taken his *tessera* [party ticket] away so he can't get work—and Prince Y doesn't dare employ Giorgio without a *tessera*. He's had to give the place to an incompetent who is strong with the party!"

Accustomed though I was to the workings of the Fascist hierarchy, this seemed incredible.

"You mean, because he didn't vote the party ticket he can't get a private job, with all his specialized training?" I demanded.

"Yes," she wept. "What's going to become of us?" Then the inevitable, automatic, "If only Il Duce knew! He would save us."

I was glad that Bill entered the New York restaurant as I was thinking of Giorgio. Bill works in a bank. He is a radical, and tells the world so. Last election he voted Socialist.

"A fine chance you'd have, you dangerous Red, in a bank or any place in Italy, where you have to be one-hundred-per-cent Fascist to earn a living," I told him.

"Say, wake up!" he came back at me. "You've got to be a hundred-per-cent Fascist to hold a job in an Italian-government-controlled institution right here in New York. Alberto's been fired!"

He referred to a young Italo-American employed in an Italian concern. "Some pussyfooter, who probably wanted his job, started the rumor that Alberto is not a good Fascist, so he's out. And get this, you Italophile. Poor old Teresa"—a hard-working shopkeeper—"has just sent four hundred dollars, all her savings, to Mussolini because she has no son to send to fight for him! She told me—me!—that Mussolini is her god."

Later he demanded, "How can you say the Italian people do not want war, and then in the same breath tell me they are solid behind Mussolini? You mean they only do what they are told? First a demographic campaign to increase the population, and then an Ethiopian campaign to find room for the overpopulation! Can you imagine Roosevelt getting away with a thing like that?"

"Shush!" I whispered instinctively; but no one was paying the slightest attention to our table—not even the waiter!

I WATCHED a party of young men who had just come in. They might have been students; they might have been young clerks from Wall Street. A sense of security stole over me as I looked at their impersonally friendly faces. Why, this was the first dinner I'd eaten in months when I hadn't been warned that the person at the next table might be a spy!

One of the young men laughed out loud, a hearty unrestrained laugh. How good it sounded! They were all comfortably seated when a waiter approached them, said something, nodding toward a party of middle-aged people. "Sure thing," the young men answered, springing to their feet and going to another table.

I saw suddenly what these young men would be in Fascist Italy, now a land of violent, arrogant, fanatical youth. I remembered one particular restaurant scene in Rome. Three young Black Shirts, heads thrown back superbly defiant, in imitation of Il Duce, entered. Their challenging looks fastened guilt wherever they fell.

They sat down at a table for six and glared derisively at the cringing waiter when he said timidly that it was reserved. Six elderly people came in, but they accepted two tables put end to end without a word when they saw who sat at their reserved table.

"Control yourself," pleaded my companion when my disgust drew sinister stares from the young Black Shirts. "They'll be gone in a little while. There's another 'spontaneous' demonstration ordered for this evening. Listen. They're beginning." Outside, the tramp of feet marked time to the chant of "Duce! Duce!"

The shriek of a fire siren in the New York street made me acutely conscious of the impersonal calm of this American scene of which I was now a part. Not even the siren's repeated blasts could make me visualize the entire American people leaving their food, their pleasures, their business, their personal interests to turn the streets into torrents of humanity, acclaiming President Roosevelt. Yet I had seen that done in Italy at the greatest demonstration of one-man power in history.

I was remembering the mobilization of October 2, when a nation poured into the squares and streets to tell the world that it was solid behind Il Duce. He ordered and a whole nation obeyed. I thought of a barber, scissors raised over a woman's half-clipped bob, who tore off, unpaid, at the siren's call to mobilization.

On that famous day, slightly edgy from too many "be

GUESS I'LL BE A HERMIT!
NO USE FOOLING MYSELF...MY SKIN IS TOO TENDER TO SHAVE AGAIN BEFORE THAT PARTY
ONCE A DAY WITH COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS PLENTY FOR ME...WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
NEXT MORNING
IT SURE IS CLEAN ALL RIGHT...AND MY SKIN NEVER FELT BETTER...BUT JUST WAIT TILL TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT
HELLO SMOOTHIE...HOW COME NO BRISTLES?
I TOOK YOUR TIP, HANK. THESE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES SURE LAST INTO THE NIGHT!
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

carefuls," I had gone to Tarquinii to seek tranquillity among the Etruscan tombs. Emerging from a frescoed sepulcher, I heard the wild peal of church bells.

"The *adunata* [mobilization]!" cried the guide. "The *adunata!*" cried the driver. "Hurry to the *piazza!*"

"But I've come all the way from Rome to visit these tombs!" I looked over the bleak windswept miles between us and the town.

"But I've *got* to go!" cried the guide. "Hurry, hurry!"

"Yes, he's got to go," echoed the aged driver. "If he doesn't, he'll lose his job. *I* don't have to go, because *I'm* a public servant."

It was nearly eight o'clock, that first evening in New York, and a newsboy came in with the first edition of tomorrow's paper. I thrilled at the thought of reading real news again. I glanced at the pages with the latest gang murder, an attack on President Roosevelt's policies, the condemnation of Italy's Ethiopian campaign, the story of a birth-control meeting, an editorial on Frances Perkins, an article about Ambassador Ruth Bryan Owen, news columns filled with women's activities.

And I thought of the Italian newspapers. Always the same—Mussolini's pictures, frowning, smiling, from first, second, third pages. Headlines —"Il Duce says," "Il Duce has said," "Il Duce will say." "The Avanguardisti acclaim Il Duce." "The Balilla cheer Il Duce." "The Sons of the Wolf firmly behind Il Duce." Somewhere over on the fourth page a few well censored news items. No news of an Italian Frances Perkins, an Italian woman ambassador, for there is none. Woman's activities—babies, more babies, prizes for the biggest families! And the husband even gets the cash and the credit for these!

HOLDING the New York paper, I realized what news-hunger had meant. I remembered how every day at twelve thirty I walked down the Spanish Steps in Rome for my Paris edition of the Herald Tribune, the Journal de Genève—anticipating the crowds, eager to get some idea from European newspapers of what was happening in Italy and in the world at large. And now, since sanctions have gone into effect, even this supply of news is stopped.

I thought of an unenthusiastic Fascist correspondent for the American press who had disappeared from his post, charged with being a British spy. To be a newspaperman in Italy you must be a member of the Fascist Party and swear allegiance and fidelity to it. And those who were journalists before 1922 and wanted to continue had to sign a declaration discrediting their former writings.

I thought of sad meetings with old newspaper friends who would not join the Fascist Party, now creeping out of shadows to beg a lira for bread or a cup of coffee. One whom I remembered as a brilliant writer of importance approached me with affected gaiety that was more heartbreaking than a request for help. For his smartly tilted hat was old and stained, his coat, now too big, was frayed, his face drawn. When I asked him to dinner he lied beautifully, saying he had an engagement. Another newspaper acquaintance greeted me furtively. "Better not be seen talking to me," he whispered.

I thought of a little restaurant in Perugia. I had eaten there so frequently that I had been accepted in the group of regulars, a colonel and his meek mousy wife, an attorney and his spouse, a government school supervisor, a banker. One evening a newly arrived student, a pretty, intellectual girl from Vienna, came in. As an acquaintance of mine she was included in the conversation. Soon I realized that she was unconscious of the danger in discussing politics. She was asking about the effect of Fascism on women. Suddenly she demanded: "How can Mussolini expect *ever* to create a great nation when he keeps women in such low estate?"

I SAW the flush of rage mounting on the faces about me; but before I could kick her shin she continued: "Poor Italian women, they are like a flock of geese—or rather, rabbits."

Never have I heard such violent defense of the Italian woman's status, such irrelevant invective against American feminine freedom.

The next day it was made clear to me that the presence of the outspoken student was not desired in the restaurant and that my own position would be jeopardized if I associated with her. For, I was told, she was suspected of being a spy, and I knew that, ridiculous as it was, it was enough to finish her. . . .

In the New York restaurant George, always late, appeared through the doors. He rushed over to our table and gave me a hearty kiss. "Be careful," I protested. "You'd be fined eleven lire, ten centimes for a kiss in Fascist Italy—ten lire fine for the kiss, one lira tax for Tuberculosis Relief, and ten centimes for the government stamp! That, at the current rate of exchange, is about ninety cents for a kiss."

"Shades of Central Park and Coney Island boats on a summer night!" cried George.

"Yet it's true," I said. "Pussyfooted guards sneak up behind kissers in the Villa Borghese at Rome, and haul them off to be fined!"

"I'll take America," said George. "How about a drive to New Canaan, Saturday afternoon? Dad has the afternoon off, so has Nell."

Dad is a publicity agent for a government department. Nell has been doing a fine job in directing Home Relief.

"George," I said, "do you know that in Italy your dad couldn't go motoring Saturday afternoon and neither could Nell? Instead, he would be scrambling over ruins, listening to some young Fascist, who knew less than he does, explaining the past in terms of the present. As for Nell, she'd be attending a lecture on ancient Rome's debt to modern Fascism."

"But what about the famous Fascist Saturday? Isn't that a half holiday?"

"Yes, if your idea of a holiday is attending Fascist lectures, going on Fascist-directed hikes — everything, everybody, directed—always directed."

We walked to a telephone booth, but I found myself talking to Nell guardedly. For in Italy I was always hearing from my friends, "Remember, all journalists' wires are tapped. Don't say anything to me of a political nature." On the way back to my table I dropped some notes in the mail chute —and thought of the eternal caution in Italy, "Be careful what you write. Your last two letters from Florence were opened."

Suddenly my thoughts went wider than the New York restaurant—to the whole of America—a laughing people in spite of their troubles, a courageous people, an inventive people that like to gamble with life. So were the Italian people when I first knew them. And now— I thought of Italy, from whose radiant face the smile has been wiped, whose lyric voice silenced, whose free will stifled. And I thought of Mussolini, master psychologist, and the will-destroying beat of that insistent, unceasing note, "Il Duce says," "Believe, Obey, Fight." From birth to death, from dawn to midnight, always his face is before them—in homes, in stores, in shop windows, in restaurants, on every wall and building from—alas! —the exquisite columns of the Venetian Doges' Palace to the portals of legendary Hell near Naples.

I THOUGHT of babies lisping "Duce" as they played with the new Fascist military toys; of tiny boys, newest Fascist-organized cohorts, Sons of the Wolf, drilling to the chant of "Duce"; of regimented girls and women marching on their directed demographic way, murmuring "Duce." I thought of peasant women following their war-departing sons along the Naples docks, their tragic grief-suppressing lips forming the word "Duce."

The vision of President Roosevelt's face glaring from every city skyscraper, every country barn and silo, from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate, made me smile. America's sense of humor—first of all, the President's—would never stand for it. Then I remembered the keen sparkling humor that was once Italy's.

Over thirteen years ago Mussolini told me that the first thing he would do as head of government would be to enforce discipline, discipline, discipline.

Five months ago I departed for Italy saying, "What America needs is a Mussolini." Now I am back saying, "Oh, if America *should* have a Mussolini!"

THE END

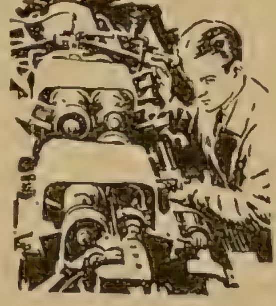
I was never so astonished in my life

By Ripley BELIEVE IT or NOT

I HAVE SEARCHED for strange and unusual things all my life but never have I been more astonished than when climbing from floor to floor in the Gillette Safety Razor Company in Boston during my recent visit there.

Yes, I've witnessed Black Magic underneath the tropical African stars—I've been astounded on the Yellow River by Chinese magicians, and I've watched the magic of the Hindus on the River Ganges, but I doubt if anything they did could equal the "Black Box" of Gillette, which I watched actually making steel "talk."

Messages relayed from this magic "Black Box" to a great battery of automatic switches, control the hardening of Gillette steel as it passes through electric furnaces. In effect, this amazing device makes steel "talk"—orders more or less heat in the furnaces as the condition of the steel demands. This results in constant uniformity in the steel — contributes in a truly remarkable way to the comfort you experience when you shave with the Gillette blade.



But that isn't all! I saw 4-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch — I saw real diamonds used to measure the hardness of steel blades — I saw them sterilized with powerful antiseptic — I saw their sharpness measured by beams of light — I saw the steel "X-Rayed" by an amazing instrument that "sees" through metal, instantly detecting hidden defects.

To top it all, I saw the blades pass through 280 feet of sharpening surface that buffed them so incredibly keen and smooth shaving—so sharp that the cutting edges are *invisible*, Believe It or Not — and all to caress the chin of modern man!

And so I say that — just as the bristles of Buddha bowed reverently in contemplation 'neath the Bho Tree, and the Beard of the Prophet drooped devoutly five times a day in prayer—so should the clean-shaved chin of modern man give a nod each morning toward the Gillette factory in Boston. Yes— I would impress upon you that it behooves and becomes a man to shave himself with dignity—and the born-of-magic Gillette blade.

In view of these facts — facts that amazed even a "miracle hunter" — how can any man accept a substitute. Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

SLY, SERIOUS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

A Picture Potpourri, in Many Moo

★ ★ ★ ½ ANYTHING GOES

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, Charlie Ruggles, Ida Lupino, Grace Bradley, Arthur Treacher, Robert McWade, Richard Carle, Margaret Dumont, Jerry Tucker, Edward Gargan, Matt McHugh. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.

THIS bright rhythmic film has everything but a plot. But you needn't bother about that, for the producers certainly didn't. Instead, Paramount has given this merry affair just about all it can hold in the way of gags, crazy dialogue, and, of course, the Cole Porter ditties. And to such established favorites as You're the Top and Anything Goes the studio has added a few fresh songs of its own that are sung with engaging verve by the metallic-voiced Ethel Merman and stylishly stout Bing Crosby.

Anything Goes is the best sort of musical farce. It has a playfully inane air that never condescends to notice the so-called dramatic rules. It has humor instead of opulence. And, except for the finale, it has talent instead of grandeur. And since the bouncing Bing Crosby is surrounded by such able comics as Charlie Ruggles, Arthur Treacher, Ethel Merman, and Grace Bradley—who are all, happily, given funny things to do—Anything Goes is as mirthful as it is melodious.

The film opens with a germ of a plot. Crosby, who is what in the Hoover era used to be called a playboy, suspects that blonde Ida Lupino is about to be kidnaped. So the courageous crooner follows her to sea. On board, Crosby is mistaken for a gangster. The smooth way that authors Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse take care of the hero and the many ludicrous disguises that Bing steals and borrows set the stage for much hilarious cutting up.

Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in a scene from Anything Goes.

Handsomely mounted and smartly directed by Lewis Milestone, Anything Goes will not have you worrying about the outcome of the plot. In fact, audiences will find nothing to brood over. For the picture goes about its silly business with a sure and nimble grace that sweeps away all serious thought.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ethel Merman believes in putting a sock in her songs. Shout, hum, or talk, she mottoes, as long as you pour it on, leveling as you go. Leveling, in case you ask, means to be emotionally honest—valuable in torch songs, sometimes known as ballades with sex. Born a Zimmerman in Astoria, Long Island, Ethel became a twenty-five-dollar stenog for one Caleb Bragg, millionaire sportsman who knew George White. Ethel nite-clubbed on the side, then one day took a letter from Bragg asking George White for a job for one Ethel Zimmerman. White offered her a show-girl post. She held out for a singing part. In time it came. She's unmarried; a-wooing with a New York feller; has a keen sense of the $ in Art; along with Sid Silvers, was H. G. Wells's favorite in the movie colony, but isn't much on books otherwise. . . . Bing Crosby still wears a cap everywhere, but now he's stuck a pencil behind his ear, doping horses between shots. Never bets but would like to win. Owns a good percentage in the popular Santa Anita track and some of the worst horses running there. Takes his losing calmly—and so would you if your investment in the track was as lucrative as his! The corn in his throat's been insured against disappearance. . . . Picture cost a bit over a million; stage musical libretto, $100,000. . . . Charlie Ruggles had Victor Moore's original performance to top, and found it hard.

★ ★ ★ ROSE MARIE

THE PLAYERS: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Reginald Owen, Allan Jones, James Stewart, Alan Mowbray, Gilda Gray, George Regas, Robert Grieg, Una O'Connor, Lucien Littlefield, David Nivens, Herman Bing. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Play by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II.

ROSE MARIE shows that a musical film can take itself as seriously as anything else. This one includes murder, Indian ceremonial dances, bits from opera, and, as if that were not enough, there is also some of the loveliest outdoor scenery ever caught by a camera. For dramatic suspense, the film has Nelson Eddy as a mountie who must choose between getting his man (they always get their man—if they can) or spending a lifetime singing duets with Jeanette MacDonald.

If examined too closely, Rose Marie is easily disclosed as an overtheatric, somewhat preposterous display of what goes on beneath the pine boughs of the Northern woods. But taken broadly the film has its appealing moments—a great many of them. And since it is all concocted with the lavishly free hand for which M-G-M is noted, it is not to be easily ignored. Then, too, Rose Marie finds Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in the same lyric form that made their last effort, Naughty Marietta, such a sensational hit.

In this Miss MacDonald is a temperamental prima donna whose wayward brother has just escaped from a Canadian jail, and killed a man doing it. When she sneaks away to the woods to find her brother, she meets and falls in love with mountie Eddy, who is also after the lad—though, of course, for a different reason. That is the basic setup of Rose Marie, and it is a love-versus-duty situation that has done noble work in many past films.

The camera, though, has the uncomfortable trick of spotting flaws in a story that might give the illusion of reality on the stage. But even if Rose Marie, as a tale, never becomes the heart-rending thing it sets out to be, it remains free-flowing entertainment. Crisply directed by W. S. Van Dyke and given majestic natural settings, the film lets Eddy and MacDonald sing almost continuously. And that, it would seem, is quite enough for any picture.

VITAL STATISTICS: Most of this was shot on location around Lake Tahoe, the chorus ladies disrupting the Roosevelt program as being carried forward by the near-by CCCers. . . . Lake Tahoe is near Reno. Most of the company drove over for fun or to contemplate vicariously the joys of the Great Divide. . . . Having incurred the wrath of the punctual Van Dyke by being an hour late on set, Jeanette MacDonald had herself carried on the stage in a real doghouse. Terribly sweet and cute, the stern director just had to forgive her. Being very strong for Gene Raymond, I'm told that the love scenes with Nelson Eddy had an added significance. Both Eddy and Raymond have platinum locks, and Jeanette closed her eyes when she kissed! . . . Nelson Eddy may forswear that much publicized bachelordom. He sings in private these days for Frances Marion, ace screen lady scribe. Nels wears horn-rimmed specs offcamera; is very much the big boy scout in his hearty attack on life. . . . David Nivens missed not having Merle Oberon around on location, but there is strong rumor he's going to have her around forever soon! . . . Allan Jones was a coal miner until he was caught singing at his work and sent to Hollywood. Who ever heard of a happy coal miner? . . . Hollywood didn't bat an eyelash at recent salary disclosures and Nelson Eddy feels he would like to see his name mentioned among the higher bracketeers, the devil with the publicity! . . . After the Hollywood preview, at which everybody applauded everything from the assistant film cutter to the sound recording engineer, Groucho Marx was asked by Moss Hart how he liked the picture. He said: "I was sorry for that deer that scares Jeanette MacDonald. Nobody applauded it!" . . . Hunt Stromberg suffers terribly from arthritis. Will take six months off to kill it or cure it after Great Ziegfeld's released.

SUSPENSEFUL

of Music and Dancing and Death

by BEVERLY HILLS

★★★ THE PETRIFIED FOREST

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Genevieve Tobin, Dick Foran, Humphrey Bogart, Joseph Sawyer, Porter Hall, Charley Grapewin, Paul Harvey, Eddie Acuff, Adrian Morris. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. Play by Robert Sherwood.

NOT so much a moving picture as it is a photographed play, The Petrified Forest is a distinctive film, both in its background and treatment. Set almost entirely within one room, a combination restaurant and service station, this grim little study in futility is not as static as it might be. For one thing, director Archie Mayo has disguised the film's lack of movement with a fluent camera. And for another, the sharply drawn and well played characters are given a dramatic situation of extreme suspense.

The Petrified Forest shows what happens—spiritually, mentally, physically—to a group when it is faced with death. Though the film is too sleekly articulate, and Leslie Howard as the vagabond novelist is a bit too thick with the intellectual whimsey, The Petrified Forest builds surely and effectively to a highly engrossing climax.

World-weary, disillusioned, and hitchhiking his way across the desert, Howard comes upon this isolated house where he meets the one person (Bette Davis) who he feels has a reason for living. Other characters—an ex-football star, an early pioneer, a bored wealthy couple, their chauffeur—crowd the place until it becomes a sort of miniature Grand Hotel. The reason for their being together is that they are trapped by a fugitive killer, superbly played by Humphrey Bogart.

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald as they appear in the film Rose Marie.

With guns staring them in the face, the people begin to talk about Life. And though, as we have said, they talk too much, it is more interesting conversation than is usually found in pictures. The emotional peak is reached when Howard asks the gangster to kill him so that Miss Davis will get the insurance. That this neatly fatal *tour de force* has occasional beauty and pungency cannot be denied. And if its protagonist is too suave, too easy in expounding his lethal points, he has at least, we feel, erred on the provocative side.

VITAL STATISTICS: Author Robert Emmet Sherwood is the world's tallest playwright (6 feet 6½ inches), yet has been termed "Shaw in short pants." Sherwood is sprung from socialineage; hates social pretension; prexied the Harvard Hasting Puddingers; war-served in Canadian Black Watch; made a fortune out of The Road to Rome, his first play, a popularization of Shavian historical playfulness. Sherwood's always straining for an idea in plays but insists on a Belasco base. Was married to niece of Booth Tarkington, by whom one dotter; is now diamond-handcuffed to Madeline Hurlock, ex-Mrs. Marc Connelly. . . . Warners paid $125,000 for play and religiously kept to stage directions, even to screening practically all in one cheap desert set. Thus salaries and original product crush down production costs. . . . Warners shot a happy ending, then ditched it before preview. . . . Picture has an idea in it—considered very unsafe in Hollywood product, the ideal thing being to hit below the belt, not above the eyes. . . . Bette Davis seems under acting influence of Jimmy Cagney, yet her biggest acting moments come with Leslie Howard! . . . With all its equipment and the place's accessibility, there isn't a scene in the film showing Howard and Davis strolling through the Petrified Forest itself!

★★½ STRIKE ME PINK

THE PLAYERS: Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, Sally Eilers, Harry Parke, William Frawley, Helen Lowell, Gordon Jones, Brian Donlevy, Jack LaRue, Sunnie O'Dea, Rita Rio. Directed by Norman Taurog. Story by Clarence Budington Kelland.

FULL of kick-in-the-pants humor, and prettied with handsome sets and the dazzling Goldwyn girls, Strike Me Pink has the energetic Eddie Cantor as a meek little tailor who becomes guardian and manager of an amusement park. It is his hazardous job to protect the park from gamblers who want to install slot machines.

With such paraphernalia as roller coasters, elephants, side-show barkers, and merry-go-rounds right at his hands, Mr. Cantor does not want for gags. For that matter, Strike Me Pink often takes on the aspect of an old-fashioned Mack Sennett comedy. Assisted by Ethel Merman, who certainly is getting around this week, Sally Eilers, Harry Parke, Jack LaRue, and Helen Lowell, Cantor's latest rehash of vaudeville jokes repeats with the same flavor that has won him such wide popularity.

Sam Goldwyn has given this comedy an impressive elegance. But all the richness, I'm afraid, only goes to show up the affair for the flimsy thing it essentially is.

VITAL STATISTICS: Cantor, wiped out by the '29 debacle, is well on way to his second million. Cantor wants it on the line before he contributes the magic of his personality—a quality of which he is keenly aware. Has cut in his pictures besides salary besides $10,000 for his broadcasts (minus expenses for stooges Wallington, Parkyakarkas, the band, writers). All because his eyes bulge! Cantor has the most completely stocked mental gag museum in the world, and after a while begins to believe he thought the originals up, giving no credit to the Neanderthalers. Cantor wants to be comic tops without the tremendous human sympathy of Chaplin, the suavity of Benny, the brilliant originality of Groucho Marx, and is sheerly a dynamo sparking old jokes—which may be enough. . . . Story is that Clarence Budington Kelland wrote Dreamland, yarn from which this flourished, ready-made for Harold Lloyd, who didn't like it when finished. So Cantor bought it. Three writers got screen credit for film play but actually about a dozen had a crack at it. . . . John Murray Anderson created that black-and-white dance scene years ago. He never gets credit. . . . Parkyakarkas, the Jewish Greek, is Harry Einstein in his saner moments. Wrote ads for a Boston furniture store till he got to reading advertising for a cereal build-up over the radio with George Givot in mind. Cantor picked him up and he went places. He goes in for fake psychic tricks offscreen. Gets about $250 a broadcast from Cantor. Probably saved Cantor from slipping from radio eminence and the stooge from dismal abysmal cataclysm. . . . Director Norman Taurog was Cantor's best audience. Laughed long and loud at all of Cantor's gags; never gave him the deadpan or make-me-laugh stuff; didn't let the pathos run away with the humor; didn't let Cantor go smart-aleck.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams.

★★★—Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us.

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Extra! Socko Wins a Fight at Last!

And Ginger? . . . She's Going Places

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Vine Street,
Hollywood, Cal.
Socko O'Brien,
Brooklyn Sports and
Manslaughter Club,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dear Socko:

On the level, when it comes to winning myself swell parts in pictures, that goofy agent of mine is a washout!

Here, grab an order of what happened *last* week! I'm about fit to be tied!

At eleven-thirty,—just as I'm about to quilt myself down for a load of much needed shut-eye,—Izzy Gold gives me a jingle and tells me to report to the Static Lot in the ayem.

"Whats the part?" I asked.

"Val, I tell you," he leads off in his Picadilly accent. "Abe Pelican is shooting a big feature called Murdered for Fun unt he vants I should send him a knockout like you to play the part of a Quveen."

"A queen?" I asked, nearly jumping out of my mules.

"Sure," he goes on. "Its a super-collosal like Ben's Hurr. From this, a star you should make. Vat?"

"Okay," I says. "It's in the bag."

Really Socko, I could hardly cork-off that night thinking how I'd act the part, and when the drug store ticker went off in the morning, I flopped out of bed so sunk I looked like a dishrag. Oh, was I tired?

Well, after going against the orange juice and toast, I trecked to the studio with the full intention of stealing the picture. Was I thrilled! I imagined myself in Garbos dogs. Yeah, and after a two minute chat with the director, my dreams went *phooey!* Instead of becoming the Queen in a Castle like I thought, I had to impersonate some *hard boiled babe* by the name of "Queenie" from the Frisco waterfront. Imagine! Brother, was I fit to be chained? The pay-off was, I had to take the part whether I liked it or not for the simple reason that I was down to a buck-fifteen and no eggs in the egloo. To make matters worse, the radio collector was using my door mat for a sleeping porch.

In case you are interested in the part I played, Socko, here it is:—

To begin with, I was supposed to be wedded to a bum by the name of Mike. Mike beat it off on the briny—when was seventeen—leaving me and the chee-ild flatter than an eel's hips. Well, after four years of feeble groceries and ample hell, I decided to step high, wide and hansome. The result was, I wound up in some dive on the jolly old waterfront.

Well, Socko, the part doesnt sound like much, but I want to tell you, my chassie looks like I'd been run over y a flock of wild eliphants. Whats more, I'm featuring lump on my dome the size of a turnip. Thats what I get for being a Hollywood "extra."

To change the subject, let me give you the low-down on what happend in my rooming house the other night. As I told you in my last letter, Mr. Watson,—my landlord—expected his lawyer to unload his *Perpetual Motion Machine* on a one eyed old dame from Kansas who was richer than an egg nog. Well, when I entered the Watson's living room, I found the stage all set to take the rural investor's for a buggy ride. The kitchen table was in the middle of the room and the goofy looking machine was parked on it. Wrapped around the table legs was a black cloth that made the outfit look like it belonged to Houdini. While Mr. Watson was busy rehearsing his opening speech, there came a knock on the door and in barged the couple from the sticks. Well, I'm not kidding you, they were a yell. The dame wore a three-buck dress that must have been made in a nut hatch. To add to her rayment, she sported a crockery glim that kept staring two points over the port bow. On her head rocked a gay "90" model with a regular farm yard sprouting all over it.

As for her Polish lawyer, he was a toss-up between a fake Yogi and the front man for an esquimo tribe. He wore a large walrus mustash and sported a celluloid collar a horse could jump through. To add to the picture, he had a french phone glued to his hatch and his coat fit him like the raincoat on an army truck. Honest, I dont know what was wrong with his pants, but the tailor that designed them must have had a hangover.

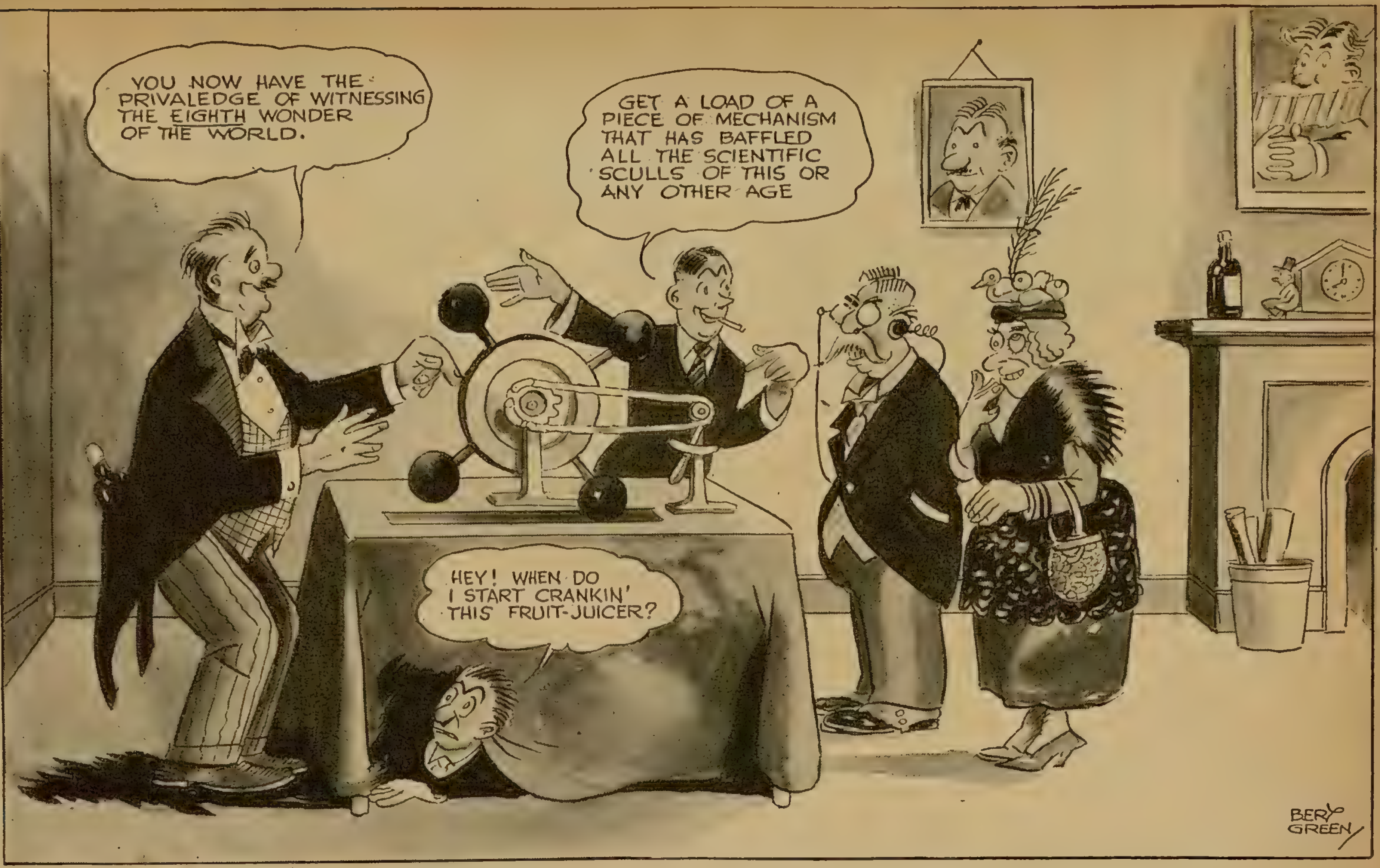
As soon as Mr. Twist—Mr. Watsons lawyer—saw the customer's treck in, he said to Mr. Watson through the side of his mouth:

"Pipe the nest on the sage hens scull. Yeah, an the prarie comedian with the loud speaker plugged to his lug. No fooling, Ive seen some tank-town comics hoppin around the wheat-belt before, but them two gazooneys would sink the navy!"

"My dear Mr. Twist," replied Mr. Watson,—stuffing back some loose shrimp that protruded from his vest pocket,—"I am quite astounded and pained to perceive that a distinguished gentleman—like you—would condescend to criticize and buffoon the shortcomings of these good people who may lack the gigantic interlect such as you possess. Suffice it to say that we have solemn undertaking to perform and negociate."

"Aw, can the malarchy!" cut in Mr. Twist. "Em bimbos are deader than Pharaoh. Listen, if I dont succeed in unloadin this clam opener on em for 50 grand, I'll let you comb my locks with a roscoe."

Then the lights were turned down and Mr. Watson unloaded his speech:


YOU NOW HAVE THE PRIVALEDGE OF WITNESSING THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.
GET A LOAD OF A PIECE OF MECHANISM THAT HAS BAFFLED ALL THE SCIENTIFIC SCULLS OF THIS OR ANY OTHER AGE
HEY! WHEN DO I START CRANKIN' THIS FRUIT-JUICER?
BERT GREEN

"There came a knock on the door and in barged the couple from the sticks."

"My dear Mrs. Olsen Axel," he began, featuring ample dignity, "You now have the privaledge of witnessing the *eighth wonder* of the world, a machine that gathers its inertia from the Heaven's above. A machine that has stumped the scientific wizards of all time. Such men as Franklin, Watt, Marconi, Edison and Teslar, but it remained for ME to—"

At that moment Mr. Twist threw a lever and the thing started off like nobody's business. The old dame got so intregued she bent over to get a close-up and boom,—one of the iron balls flew off and conked her on the dome. Holy mackrel, for a minute I thought it was curtains, but Mr. Twist poured her a shot of antient Scotch cough syrup and when she came too, she lined it for Kansas fit to be tied. After they blew, who do you think climbed out from under the black curtained table? A *midget!* So what?

Listen, Socko, I haven't time to slip you the conversation that took place between Mr. Watson and Mr. Twist after that, but I'll dish it out in my next letter. Honest, it was a riot.

Oh, get this! Do you remember the swell looking guy by the name of Jack Dawson I loaned the six dollars to? The boy who's reputed to be a *second* Fred Astaire? Well, he's *coming home next week*. What's more, he's so greatful he wants to train me to be *his dancing partner!!* Trump that one! Boy, am I thrilled, I cant wait to meet him. Watch for my name in lights, kid, I'm *going places!*

Goo-bye, silly, I'll meet you in the funnies.

Your pal, GINGER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I wins me a fight and looses a thousand bucks for my trouble. Heres what happened:—

As I told you in my last letter, I had a date to step fifteen frames with Pansy Mc Nitt of Mount Gibralter and what I didnt do to him was a shame for the simple reason that the mug crossed me. Mc Nitt bet me a thousand berries *he'd stop me* in the *second round,* but *he didnt.*

When I stepped through the ropes I was in the pink of condition but for some funny reason, I couldnt rate a cheer from the mob if I had snapshots of Joe Louis plastered all over me. Oh boy, but when Mc Nitt barged in, they like to tore down the joint. He was about eight feet high and sported a pair of dukes bigger than a pot roast.

"I thought you said this bimbo aint had a fight in two years?" I says to Jack Downey,—my manager—as he shoved his scull through the ropes.

"That's right," he says, with a bit of a smirk on his pan.

"Well, whats he been doin to rate all the *big beef?*" I asts.

"Doing?" he says, "He's been living in a *lumber camp* carrying around *logs!*"

Well, Ginger, after the first gong I never got so sick and tired of looking at a guy in my life. I was down on the canvas so many times I was beginning to get a headache.

Finally, I came to the conclusion that they was only one way to beat this idiotic tomato and that was to keep him running around until he got winded.

The pay-off came in the third when we clinched. He got a cissors around my neck and says:

"That thousand bucks I bet you was only a *gag*. I ain't got a *dime!*"

After that crack, I blowed up. I just waited my chance to kill him.

"Hey, your *trunks is fallin'* down!" I hollers.

In the flashed of an instant he drops his mits so I whammed him on the smeller with my World Famous *left* and he folds like an omlet. To help matters, his dome hits the ring post and he swalleyed his bridge work. After that, he laid like a street.

Now that I'm a Champ, Ginger, Downey is goin to take me on a trip to Havan to fight some Cuban. So watch for my letters!

Toodle-oo.

Your *champ,* SOCKO.

P. S.

Hey, lay off thinking about that Dawson guy. If theys anybody whats going to learn you to *step,* its *me.* Get me?

More of the revealing correspondence between this very outspoken couple will be published soon.

DOG KIDNAPS MAN: That's News

The Sprightly Story of a Pesky Pooch and a True Test of Love

by PARKE F. HANLEY

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THE mood of reflection was tossing Phil Russell about the bed like a rubber ball. He twisted and dodged to escape his morbid thoughts, but whichever way he turned they were upon him. He hated them and was more than a bit fed up on himself for their bitterness and because they revolved about one whom he must learn to love.

At the moment, in fact, he was in her bed. That is to say, a bed in her house whither he had been invited to enjoy a week end. Enjoy! The word was as alum in his brain.

Resignation from the human race seemed the only decent way out, when there came a rap on his door; a timid, fearsome rap.

"Who is it?" he called. He knew as soon as he asked that he was going to be sorry; by the day's past performance, he was sure to lose.

"It's I," came the reply.

"That, of course, clears up everything," he said to the oaken door. The door opened. "Peggy!" he exclaimed. "What brings you here at this hour?"

"S-sh!" she implored, with a finger to her lips. "Are you awake?"

"Just to think," he commented to the world at large, "I want to marry a girl who can ask a question like that! Now tell me—"

"Don't talk so loudly—and so much," she whispered intensely as she reached for his hand and drew him forth.

She led him to the embrasure at the head of the stairs. Moonlight flooded through the window, clouding her in a phosphorescent glow. He knew all over again why he was the way he was about her. She leaned close to him and murmured, "Barney is loose."

"Whoever he is," he replied, "he couldn't have picked a better night for it."

"This is no time to be frivolous," she chided. "You know—our wire-haired terrier."

"Oh, the pooch. You mean that half-pint of appetite that has been nibbling on me ever since I arrived in Avignon. Say, why don't you feed that tyke? Or is it that I am so delectable?"

"Please be serious!" Peggy begged. "This is vital. Always when the moon is full Barney breaks out. Mother will be heartbroken if he is lost. If you find him she'll be so grateful to you—"

"That will be a novelty," Phil answered, harking back to the lady of his reflection. "She has been treating me ever since I came as if I were a refugee from a leper colony with a little of the infection still clinging to me."

"But I love Barney, too—the little devil."

"Why didn't you say that? I'll bring him back alive—but, mind you, just for your sake. Your mother can do her own dogcatching. Wait until I hop into some clothes."

"You won't have time for that," Peggy said. "You won't need to. He's still on the grounds. I saw him just a moment ago down by the back hedge. I'd get the servants up, but they've been run down to the ankles ever since the week-end party started and it wouldn't be fair. You'll go, won't you, as you are?"

"All these things they say about love must be true," he mused aloud, "when it can make a man go out half-naked to round up a devouring mutt."

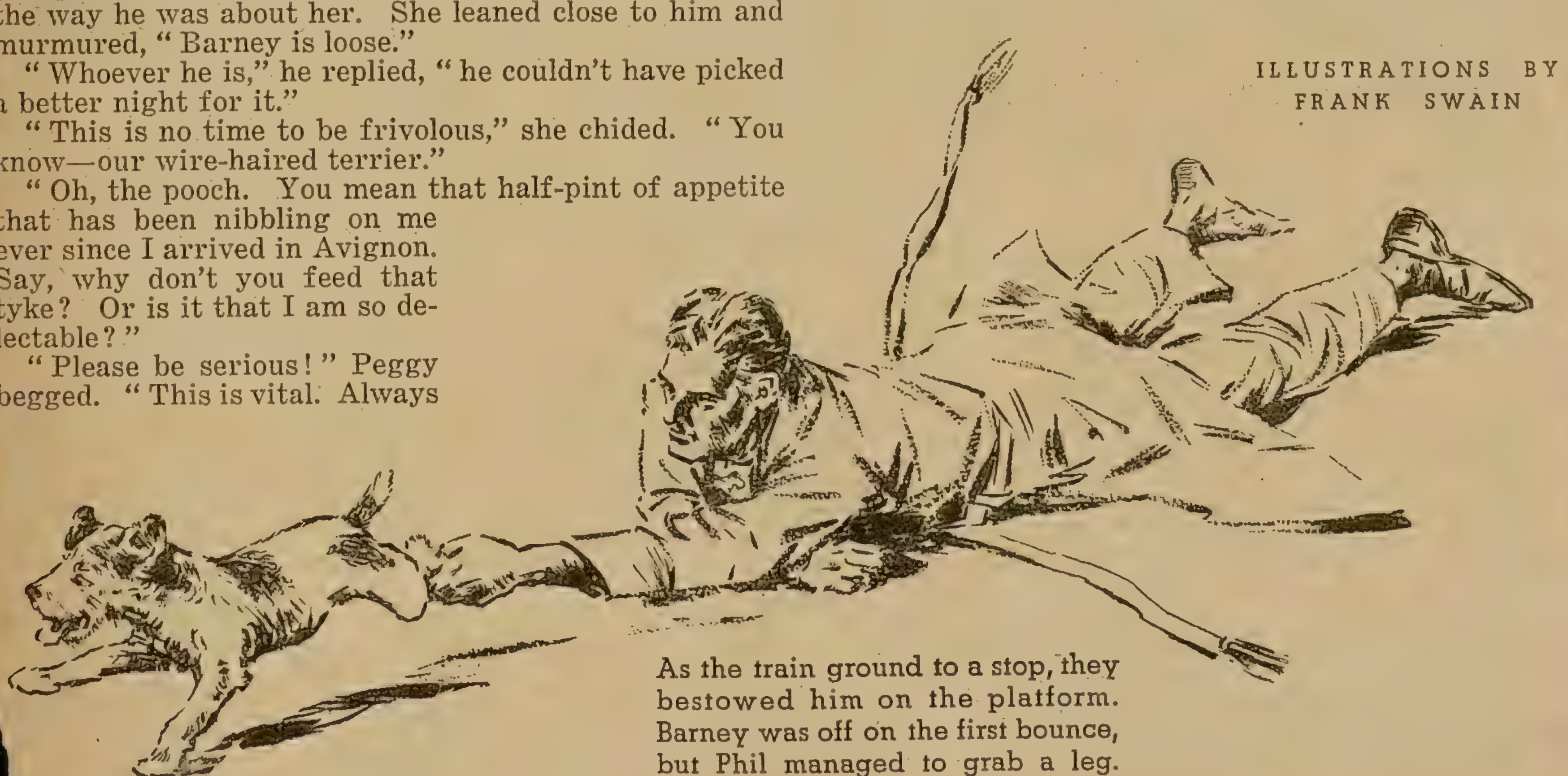
"Phil, you're a darling!"

"I'm pure gold, if you want to know. Hold that thought. When I return with the pup I expect to find it fully developed. What did you say his name is?"

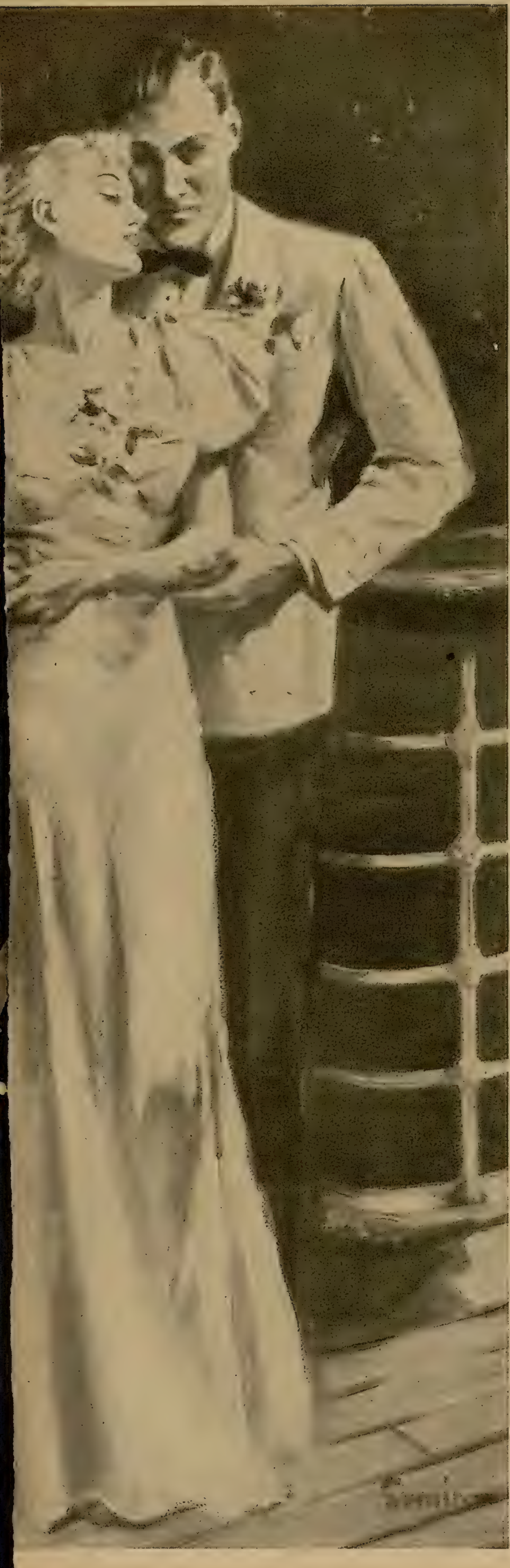
"Barney."

He tightened the belt of his dressing robe, a

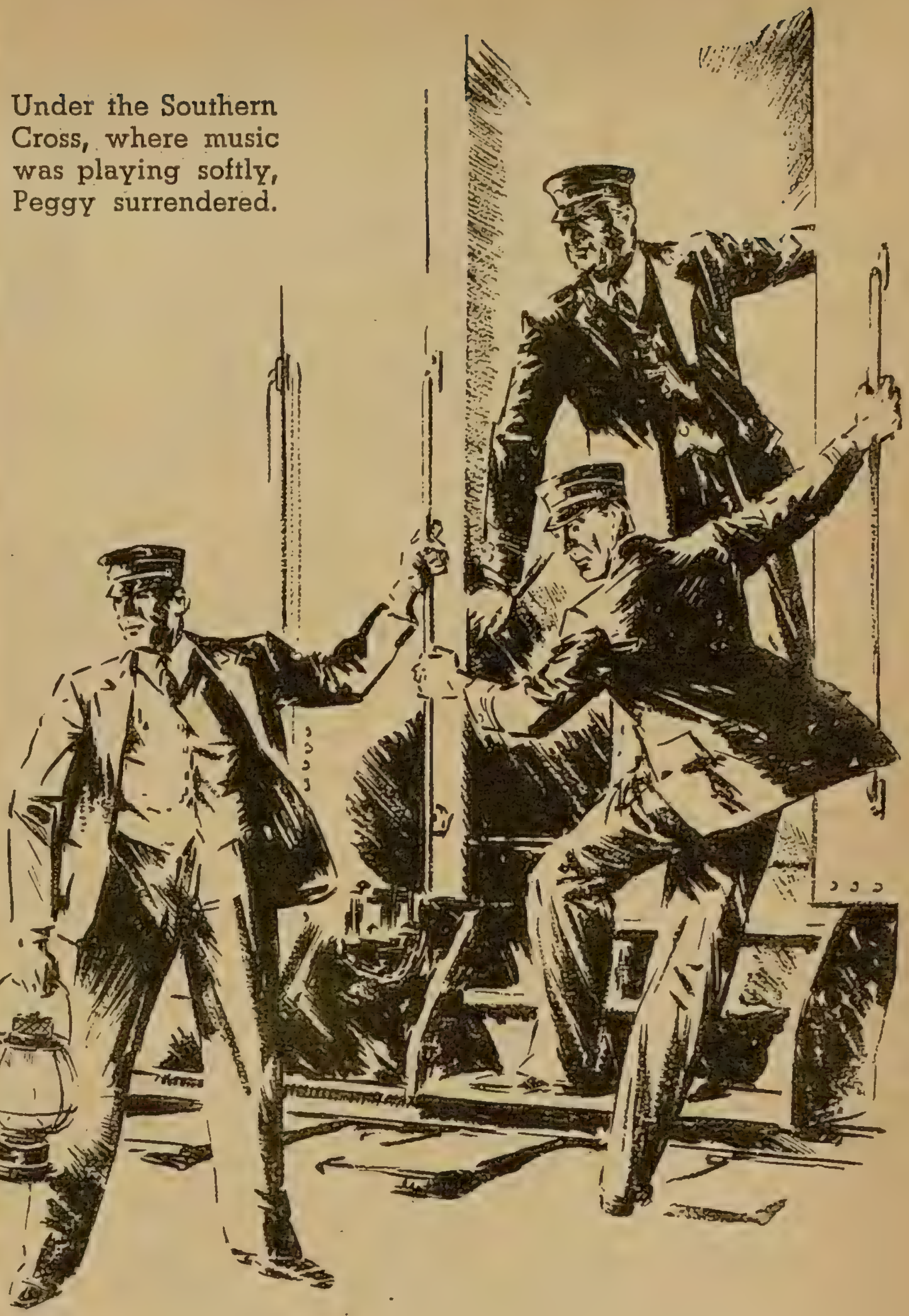
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN



As the train ground to a stop, they bestowed him on the platform. Barney was off on the first bounce, but Phil managed to grab a leg.



Under the Southern Cross, where music was playing softly, Peggy surrendered.



gorgeous thing obviously designed for an ardent Persian. "On to the Barney hunt!"

The outer door closed, and next she saw him in fluttering raiment pass into the shadows.

Soothingly at first, he called: "Here, Barney, Barney, Barney." Then in harsh command: "Barney, come here. At once, I say, Barney!" The voice receded but still was audible: "Barney, you little vile term, you! You fraction of a zero! You dirty little good-for-nothing!"

Then pleadingly: "Come, Barney; Phil will stake you to two nice bites, you—"

To pray for a soul being recklessly spent upon the vagrant breezes, Peggy closed the window and with her hands over her ears retired to her room.

FOR years Phil Russell had envied Frank Buck. Now he had for him nothing but scorn. Buck with his snares, his beaters, and his cages to capture something simple—like an albino elephant, say! When here he, Russell, was, with nothing but his two bare hands, draining his strength, his skill, and his cunning to bring back a varmint swifter than light, as silent as the night, and as elusive as a bat in a darkened room. This fellow Buck. Phooey!

He leaned against a tree to recharge his vigor. The terrier ambled back and grinned. Phil accepted the challenge. Persistence, with him, was almost a curse. That and concentration—the attributes which had brought him so far along as an architect.

Even now he had lost track of time and distance and was likewise unmindful of the fact he was wearing only pajamas and a robe. Through the quiet tree-lined streets he clung to the pursuit of this bobbing midget of a dog.

Every so often Barney backtracked toward him invitingly; but, as Phil swooped, the pup, as if moving on an oiled track, darted out of reach. And so, the hunter unknowing and the prey uncaring, they came smack-dab to the Avignon depot. The tracks were blocked by a dimly lit train, and it looked, at last, as if the end of the trail had been reached.

Avignon is one of those places where, late at night, few passengers embark and seldom does one alight. So the train crew relaxed while the baggagemen rolled their carts to the rear coach. Thus it was that Barney skipped to the vestibule unnoticed. Phil was seen as he followed up the steps of the Pullman sleeper. A porter investigated.

"That was one of my gem-men," he explained as he rejoined his mates. "Maybe he couldn't sleep and just stepped out for a breath of air."

Arms waved and the crew boarded the train. The colored porters, as one man, passed forward to the diner for their nightly crap game. . . .

For Barney the moment was one of high carnival. Shoes in endless profusion and variety, a corridor ideal for romping, and scores of people to awaken! It was a world designed exclusively for a frolicsome pup. With his juvenile mind he decided to savor the dessert first. The choicest morsel was an ornate sandal. His absorption with this delightful prize was his undoing; Phil snatched him up. Barney at once was vocal with lament.

"What the hell is this?" demanded a head protruding from a lower. "Here I'm trying to get some sleep over a flat wheel, and some one stages a dogfight. Have some consideration!"

Phil had. He detached the sorrowing Barney from the sandal and bore him in his arms to the vestibule. A sudden lurch brought an explosion in his brain and a subsequent excavation in the pit of his stomach.

The train was in motion! With every roll of the wheels it was bearing him and his wretched captive farther away from Avignon and Peggy and his bed and—he realized sinkingly—from his clothing! Often he had had nightmares in which he suffered the agony of finding himself naked in a public place. Here, within a few garments, was dream fulfillment.

Now he was rocketing through the night to an undesired destination. It might be Detroit or El Paso or New York. Despondently Phil found refuge in the men's washroom; and Barney, now that all the fun was over, nestled against him and with a happy puppy sigh fell into deep slumber.

Said Mr. Russell to Mr. Russell: "Mr. Russell, you've gone and got yourself in one awful mess!"

What an end to a visit, ill-starred from the moment he drove his car into the driveway of Mrs. Kingslake's home! Come to think of it, what an end to a cruise!

UNDER the Southern Cross, where the hills of water were mounds of sliding jet, where music was playing softly in languorous rhythms, where ship's bells sounded in distant corridors, Peggy had surrendered. Conditionally. If at the end of the voyage, she had told him, he could convince mother— For this final conquest he was visiting them at their home in Avignon.

Confidently he had promised Peggy he would come away with her mother's ear in his teeth and her in his arms. Self-sufficiency vanished when he met the lady with the trucklike chin and driving power to match. His first thought was that Peggy must have been left on her doorstep as an infant.

She was polite to him, Mrs. Kingslake was; too polite, too frostily polite. With a gelid smile she introduced him to worthier men. She didn't, of course, say that, but the implication was there.

He whispered to Peg dubiously, "I've looked over the competition and, frankly, I'm worried. How—"

"If I doubt you," she said, "I'll have to be ashamed of myself. Where are your analytical powers? There are just two brands here: incipient souses of incessant witticism, and others given to talk of art and high unpatriotism. You are weakening!"

"I'm not at all," he protested. "If it comes to that, my notion of my own superiority is comparatively unpolluted; but—"

"Oh, you've been looking at the girls," she charged.

"I'll say I have—those young things in chiffons when they weren't in shorts. I looked at them only in sadness. The best your generation of females can aspire to, so far as I am concerned, is place. No, Peg; I'm a one-woman guy."

"Well spoken, lad, and like a Yale man. I'm convinced."

That was that interlude. However, from the hour of his coming, he seemed to be fated. Before he took to his bed for forgetfulness there had been nothing but assorted woe. He had, for example, contradicted mother with facts and figures on various reactionary statements; his much too palpable bulk had crashed a fragile and much cherished Louis Something chair; and, sin of sins, he had taken Peggy away bodily, without proper apology, from a ponderous person of demonstrable wealth and honorable inclinations. The ponderous one had the spats and the smirk; all he needed was an aisle and a minister. And a bride, to be sure; Peggy preferred.

Phil had some talk with Peggy about his rival before he betook himself to his room.

"THAT'S ma's candidate, isn't it?" he asked.

"Does that matter when you know you're my nominee?"

"How'm I doin'?"

"With me, swell. But, darling, thus far you're merely a file on mother's exposed nerves."

"And that, with you, will make a difference?"

"Phil dear," she remonstrated, "you must understand. You really don't like mother, but that's because you don't know her. She is, actually, a great person. If she has ideas for me, it's because she thinks I will be happier. Ever since father died, mother and I—well, it has been grand. She's a swell egg, when you know her. If I were to let her down now, I'd be unhappy all my life—as I know she'd be, too. I won't, Phil—even for you—I won't hurt her."

"You mean you'd give me up for mother's sake?"

"In a word, yes," she replied despondently.

"Peg," he said, "I understand and I *will* try; but the situation demands some kind of a break."

"For us, Phil, there must be a break. Remember your old football—what is it? motto, slogan, or rallying cry: 'Don't wait for a break—make one.'" . . .

And so it stood. Now, whizzing into the unknown, he understood that Barney's adventuring had not been the terrier's own idea. Peg had forced the break. And, hell, how he had fumbled it!

He took his self-reproach out on the wire-haired. "If I told you what I think of you, Barney," he muttered venomously, "it would stunt your growth."

A large presence blocked the door. "Can't get to sleep, eh?" it said with expansive cordiality. Then, of a sudden, friendliness evaporated.

"You can't keep a dog in this coach. It's against the rules. Take him back to the baggage car and check him."

He might as well have asked the French to pay the war debt. "This pup doesn't go out of my hands," Phil defied as he looked up. It was the Pullman conductor—a Mr. Gilgas, it eventually developed.

"I must be firm about this," said the conductor firmly. "Here—give me the dog and I'll send the porter back with the check. What is the number of your berth?"

"I have no berth," Phil said.

"Then," demanded the railroad man reasonably, "what are you doing in this car?"

"Barney and I are stowaways."

"And your baggage?"

"We have none."

"Your ticket?"

"None."

Limits to understanding can clog even transportation intelligence. "No ticket, no baggage." Gilgas was exhibiting great patience. "Tell me where you are going and I'll sell you a fare."

"I don't know where I'm going and I haven't any money for a passage."

"Come, sir, fun's fun. If you've had a drop too much you can sleep it off before morning."

"Conductor, please understand me," Phil protested.

"I have told you nothing but the truth. To come down to cases, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you what I'm going to do, and right now," said Mr. Gilgas. He grabbed for the emergency cord and was about to jerk it when he looked again at his watch.

"I've a good mind to—"

Phil had no wish to be cast adrift in unfamiliar country in his informal garb. Diplomacy was the note.

"Conductor," he conciliated, "you will not believe my story—in fact, I hardly believe it myself; I'm hoping I fall out of bed any minute now. You see, it was this way."

And he went into his Odyssey slowly, carefully, and conscientiously. He dragged his finer nature for manifestations of sincerity as he unburdened himself. Mr. Gilgas, glancing ever and anon at his watch and eying the stop valve greedily, heard him through. The recital ended, he gave his verdict:

"You were right, young fellow—"

Phil sighed with relief. In a goofy world here was one reasonable individual.

"—I don't believe you."

Whereupon Mr. Gilgas let down the bars of a grief which had saddened him ever since he took up railroading. It had to do with miscreants who tried to defraud his beloved road. There was much he had to say about hobos, dead beats, scalpers, ticket cheaters, and their ilk. The worst of them were, in at least two particulars, better than his present encumbrance. Other offenders had the good grace—even granting the bad ethics—to stick to the rods or, at the peak of effrontery, to the day coaches; none had been so shameless as to ride in indecent dress.

He talked until his bushy mustache took on muscles.

PHIL shook Barney to wakefulness. "You're having too good a time," he complained. "Suppose you listen to this fellow for a while. I'm tired."

"Tired, are you?" rasped Mr. Gilgas. "You'll be much more tired before I get through with you. Off you go—now!"

"Aw, go shine your buttons," retorted Phil, indifferent to consequence.

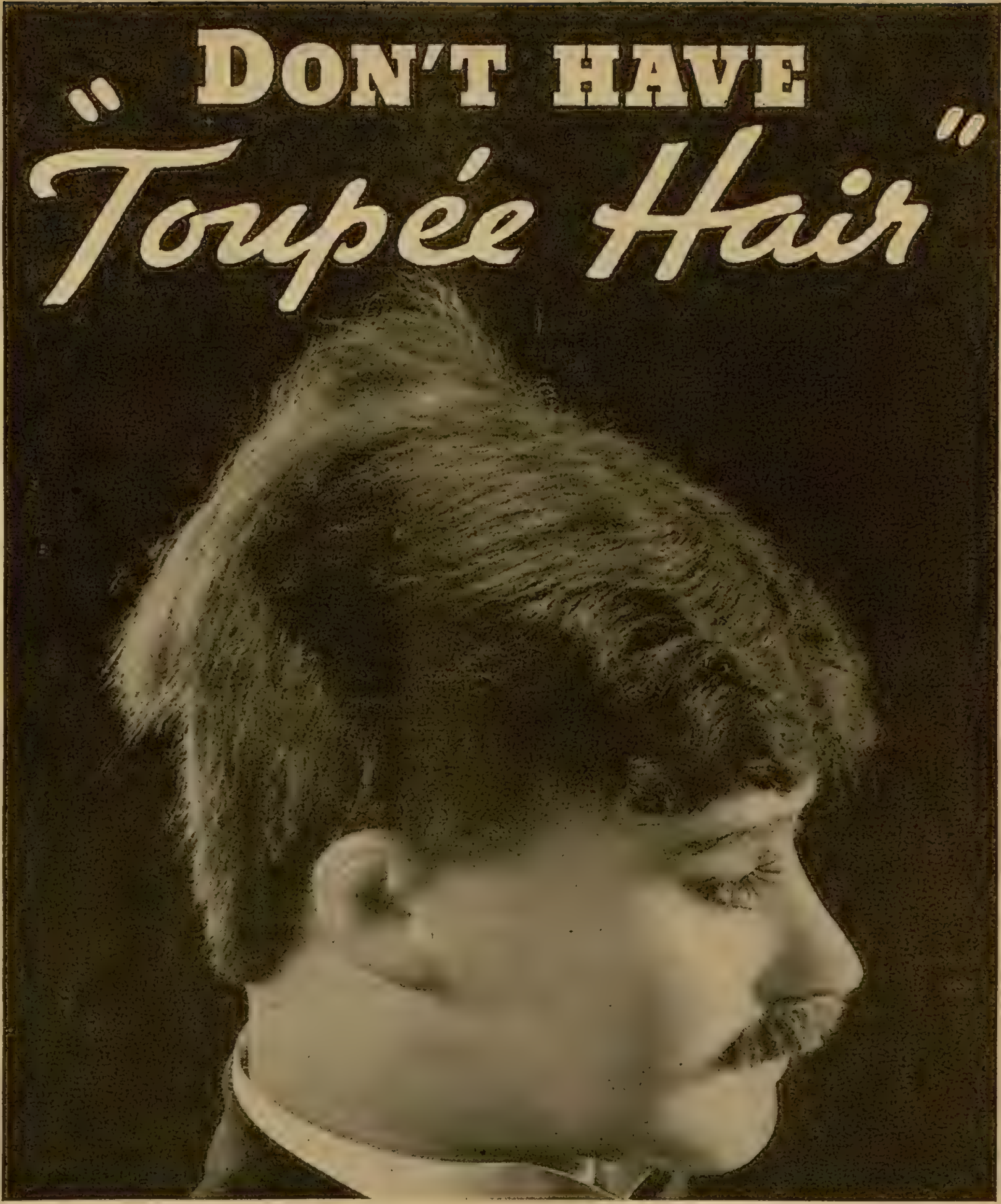
Mr. Gilgas looked at his timepiece and again the hand reaching for the valve was stayed. Reluctantly he gave up his intention.

"It's a mighty good thing for you, young fellow, we're twelve minutes behind now," he said. "But we stop in twenty minutes, and off you go. If it weren't so late I'd have the railroad dicks take you up."

"Where is this stop?" Phil asked.

"You'll find out," the conductor said darkly. "I have to go through the train now. But I'll be back. You stay here until I return."

A colored porter appeared, to take up custody. The usual geniality of his kind had been warped by a succession of snake eyes and a brisk dressing down from the conductor. He glared at his charge with dislike.



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REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Phil gazed at a bare foot. It proved to be his own. "George," he said, "I must have cast a shoe back there in the car. Get it for me, please."

"Ah cain't do that," the porter answered sourly. "Here I am, way back on my shoe-shining, and the boss-man says I'm to do nothing but watch you."

Presently a brakeman stood at the curtain door, and then the train conductor, and finally Mr. Gilgas. The train was slowing down.

"There's no need of this," Phil said loftily. "I'll get off."

"We'll see that you do!" the brakeman promised.

They closed in and, as the train ground to a stop, quartered him. Like a sack of flour they bestowed him on the platform. He arrived at his journey's end, end over end. Barney was off on the first bounce; but Phil, stunned and bruised as he was, managed to grab a hind leg.

"I didn't come all this distance," he pronounced viciously, "to inflict you upon an innocent town."

"How do you like it, dead beat?" bawled the Pullman conductor.

Phil picked himself up and felt for broken bones as the train crew embarked.

"Hey, Pullman!" he shouted to the grinning official as he flung his other slipper. "I'll pray to the end of my days that your watch goes wrong."

He never knew the depth of this inspired damnation. A railroad man may bear up under the infidelity of a wife; in time he might recover from the dereliction of a daughter; with fortitude he can meet wreck, bridge washout, or derailment. But a distrust in the accuracy of his timepiece is incalculable catastrophe. His reviler didn't know it, but he had broken Mr. Gilgas's spirit; he had practically blasted a career. Upon a meritorious man he had wished something compounded of a jinx, a hex, a widow's curse, and the most blasphemous moments of the Black Mass.

Phil was more concerned with the fact that the town he had dented rejoiced in the name of Gloriana and, furthermore, it was forty miles from Avignon.

"I'm inclined to believe," Phil gloated silently, "I hold the cross-country record for dog hunting. That is one for mother's book."

Oriented, his course was clear. He would seek out a garage and get him a car back to the Kingslake home, with Barney secure in his arms. Failing that, he would seek quarters in a hotel, there to await rescue. It was the first hopeful moment of an hour that had been, in its lesser sense, hectic.

He held close to the shadows of Main Street's one-story store fronts.

"In a few minutes now," he comforted Barney, "we'll be homeward bound."

SUDDENLY and smashingly they were both hurled to the ground. A policeman cushioned on Phil's shoulders asked of another sitting abaft his diaphragm: "What do you think we've got here?"

"Can't be a burglar," the other answered: "he ain't got tools."

They cogitated.

"It goes without saying, though," said the first, as he eased himself to more comfort, "he's desperate, or there wouldn't be a general alarm."

"I hope I don't annoy you fellows by just lying here," Phil interjected.

"Oh, no; that's all right," said the hefty policeman.

Announcing

Liberty's Amateur Page

to be conducted by

MAJOR BOWES

Here at last is the chance of the innumerable amateurs who don't sing, play instruments, or imitate birdcalls, but do write or draw! This Amateur Hour in print will be conducted by the genial Major and will be complete even to his gong—a silent yet none the less fascinating counterpart of his Amateur Hour on the air!

It's coming in Liberty's earliest possible issue. Now is your time to write or draw something to send in! All bona-fide amateurs are invited to submit, as contestants:

Short short stories, not over 500 words in length. Short poems or jingles. Jokes. Epigrams. Wisecracks. Cartoons. Caricatures. Comic drawings, etc.

Each week Liberty's readers will vote, by mail, on the efforts that appear on Liberty's Amateur Page. Each week their votes will award:

A first prize	$25
A second prize	10
Three additional prizes, each	5

In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. The closing date for each week's contest will be the date printed on the cover of the issue involved. Instructions for voting will be included on each Amateur Page.

Apart from these awards, no amateur will be paid for his or her effort, even though it has been printed. And no material submitted will be returned. The page will be open only to those who have never done writing or drawing for pay. Everything submitted must be entirely original.

Address all communications to

Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

"Ouch! Get away from me, you tarnation critter—"

Barney was back! As a compassionate ally he returned to his fun-loving companion. With a hot moist tongue he bathed Phil's face to convey that public enemies must stick together.

"Would it be asking too much," the supine victim said, "if I request that you go ahead with hanging me or shooting me or whatever you are going to do? Anything, as long as you let me up."

"I'll tell you what let's do," said the shoulder cop. "Let's all go down to headquarters and have a nice cozy chat. The lieutenant loves company."

Phil faced an impassive and unpleasant desk lieutenant and once more went into explanation.

The policemen were in stitches.

"Put him in the cooler, Tommy," said the lieutenant, "before I break a blood vessel."

Overcome almost to helplessness, the policemen shoved him toward the iron gate.

"As an American citizen," Phil resisted, "I claim the right to telephone."

"Sure—go ahead," the lieutenant agreed. "But lay off the gags, will you, like a good feller? And reverse the charges."

AFTER a long pause his number was put through.

"Is this the Kingslake home?" Phil said. "Who is this? Who? Oh, Fredericks. Fredericks, will you please call Miss Peggy to the wire? Never mind who this is. Just tell her it's a man who wants to talk to her about a dog. She's waiting for this call."

While he held the wire the policemen tittered expectantly.

"Peggy? . . . Thank heaven, it's you. . . . Yes, this is Phil; yes, I have Barney; yes—no, we won't go into that now. I'm in the can. I'm locked up. In Gloriana. . . . Wait a minute—

"Say," he said to the mirth-glutted bluecoats, "where is this place?"

"In Connecticut," laughed the lieutenant.

"In Connecticut," he snarled. "But where in Connecticut— Hold on, Peg, I'm getting the dope—

"Listen, darling," he resumed. "It's forty miles northeast of Avignon. On State Road Twenty-eight. And when you get to Gloriana, start from the depot and head up Main Street. Stop where you see the green lights in front of the door. That's the hoosegow; that's where I am. . . . What? I don't know—suspicion of burglary, resisting arrest, maybe lunacy. It isn't murder, though, unless it happens before you get here. . . .

"Barney? He's in for mayhem. The law allows him one bite. He took enough for a litter. . . .

"Peg, drive my car. And that reminds me. Will you pack my bag? My wallet is under the pillow—bring that. I'll need it before I get through with this. . . .

"Yes, I know you don't know the roads. But this flatfoot says that if you stick to Highway Twenty-eight until you get to Gloriana you can't miss it. Don't forget the bag. You're an angel. I want to tell you I love you, but these cops have had more laughs than the law allows. Good-by, dear; I'll be waiting for you."

"Into the cooler with him, Tommy," the lieutenant ordered. "That dame will never show up. That's a stall. But it certainly is a great act, buddy."

Reeling with glee, the policemen started him for the cells.

"The mutt stays here," Tommy said.

"He comes with me," Phil retorted stoutly.

"Oh, let him have the ki-ki," the lieutenant relented.

Eternity came and went and then the cell door opened. Tommy tossed in his suitcase.

"The dame's outside," he said succinctly. "Some doll!"

Dressed and, for the first time since Avignon, in his right mind, Phil was led back to the lieutenant. He found him and Peggy on excellent terms. She was gay, he coyly officious.

"It's okey-dokey, Russell," the lieutenant said. "The little lady has squared it."

Phil relinquished his embrace of Peggy. "Do you mean I can go now?"

"Yeh. Get the hell out of here," he answered with brusque pleasantry. This unlooked-for geniality produced, irrelevantly, a great idea.

"Wait for me at the car, Peg," Phil said as he turned back. "I'd like to have a private word with you, lieutenant."

"Sure," he replied. "I can spare it." He winked at Peggy, and as Phil wheeled he saw her left eye drooped in response.

That puzzle, Phil decided, could wait. Now he engaged the officer in another.

With many gestures, diagrams, names, and numbers they worked it out.

"I NOTICE," he said to Peggy as he shoved himself behind the wheel of his car, "you're one of those girls who can't resist a uniform. Well, I'm going to fix all that."

"I don't understand—"

"The only lucky thing that happened to me tonight—outside of this moment," he continued as he gave Barney to her, "is that the pup didn't find an aviation field. If he had we'd probably be well on our way to New Zealand by this time. He and I—"

"You haven't answered my question," she persisted. "Where are we going?"

"To ring some doorbells—two, to be exact."

"Oh," said she in full.

"I'll teach you not to have me marked as a fugitive from justice."

"But, Phil," she demurred, "after you had been gone for ages, it seemed, I called up the police to help you. They must have misunderstood, because Mr. Quinn—that's the nice man back of the desk—says they sent out a general alarm. You're wanted all over Connecticut, so far as I can understand, and they are watching every crossroad—"

"Wanted!" He pondered this. Then, as an afterthought, "Am I?"

"Don't you know?"

He didn't answer; he was looking carefully at street signs. He saw one marked Warburton and he swung the car to the right.

"No, it's the left," she corrected.

"What's to the left?"

"Number Six seventy-two."

"Oh, so," he charged with quick suspicion, "you've been here before."

"No, Phil," she answered quietly. "I'm a stranger here myself."

This young lady might ask you a lot of embarrassing questions

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ALL OTHER THINGS being equal wouldn't you prefer to protect your eyes with lamps bearing the mark of electrical leadership? *All other things being equal,* wouldn't you prefer to buy a lamp whose sight-saving qualities and economy of current consumption are protected by constant research and development? Of course you would! *But all other things are not equal.* "Any lamp bulb" may easily mean one that grows dimmer and dimmer with use, though the current consumption stays the same. "Any lamp bulb" may mean an inferior lamp that burns out quickly, or that blackens easily. Buying "any lamp bulb" may mean, actually, that if the merchant who sold you the bulb wrapped it up in a dollar bill, the light it gave, for the current it consumed, would make it a costly bargain in the end.

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**Based on actual letter from our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

"Then how do you know where the town clerk lives?"

"I asked," demurely she replied.

He stopped the car. "I want to know," he said, "who's running this?"

She said simply, "I am."

He opened his door, pulled her under the wheel, and re-entered on the other side. "All right, Bright Girl, go ahead and run it."

"There never was any other idea in my mind," Peggy said as she stepped on the starter.

After a pause he said: "I suppose I have nothing whatever to say about this?"

"Only to make the proper responses; and," she added threateningly, "I'll see that you do that. Now then, first we go to the town clerk's home for a license, and then we go across the railroad bridge to Clark Street to the justice of the peace. Correct?"

"So far, yes. Say, Peggy Kingslake, what is this—a shotgun wedding?"

"I hadn't thought of it just that way, but that is exactly what it is going to be. Remind me of that after we get the license."

"The excitement must have me down, but I don't get all this. What is it about?"

"You think you can trifle with my affections, do you?"

"What?"

"You think you can compromise me—"

"Compromise you? But, Peg darling—"

"That's what I said—compromise me. You sent me to your room to get your bag, didn't you? Knowing all the time that some one like Sally Evans would see me coming out. You know what that means!"

"But I wasn't there; and besides—"

"You didn't need to be for her to make gossip. By the way, my bag is in the rumble seat with yours. I suppose you didn't know that after I was compromised I would have to go to my mother and tell her that to save the family name she would have to give her consent."

"Peggy, you didn't—she didn't?"

"I did and she did. Here we are. While you are making out the papers I have some telephoning to do."

The sleepy town clerk was setting out his forms while Peggy telephoned:

"Police headquarters, please. . . . Headquarters? Is this Lieutenant Quinn? . . . This is Miss Kingslake. Peggy Kingslake—remember? . . . That's nice of you. You have been so kind, could I impose on you for another favor?

"Now, what I want is this: Could I borrow a couple of your policemen for a few minutes? . . . Yes, to stand up with us—what a quaint way of putting it! . . . How can I ever thank you? And will you have them meet us at Judge Foster's house in fifteen minutes? You will! That's splendid. Thank you ever so—

"And oh, lieutenant, will they wear their revolvers? . . . That's ducky. That's all I wanted to know, and we—"

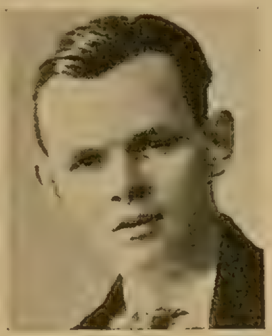
Phil looked up from the line which inquired if he was entering into matrimony of his own free will.

"Peg," he called, "tell them to bring along a pound of porterhouse for Barney!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—His middle name is Mervil; he fathered twins, and may be heard Tuesday nights from 8.30 to 9 (C. B. S.). Can you identify him from the boyhood photo at the right?

2—Venus's flytrap is what?

3—Which Canadian province produces the most stone?

4—What is the only animal that must be taught to swim?

5—Who said, "It must be pure as an angel, strong as love, black as the devil, and hot as hell"?

6—Are World War veterans still eligible for United States government life insurance?

7—Who is called "father of the blues"?

8—How many germs are carried by the average housefly?

9—When within the past thirty years were the most disastrous storms on the Great Lakes?

10—What is considered the rarest animal in captivity?

11—When was Hauptmann convicted of the murder of the Lindbergh baby?

12—What dye is made from sea snails?

13—Who is recognized as the founder of elementary education as it is known today?

14—Dried whole milk combined with extract of wheat and malted barley is called what?

15—Are Royal Canadian Mounted Police expected to enforce Provincial laws?

16—What rank in the United States navy equals that of brigadier general in the army?

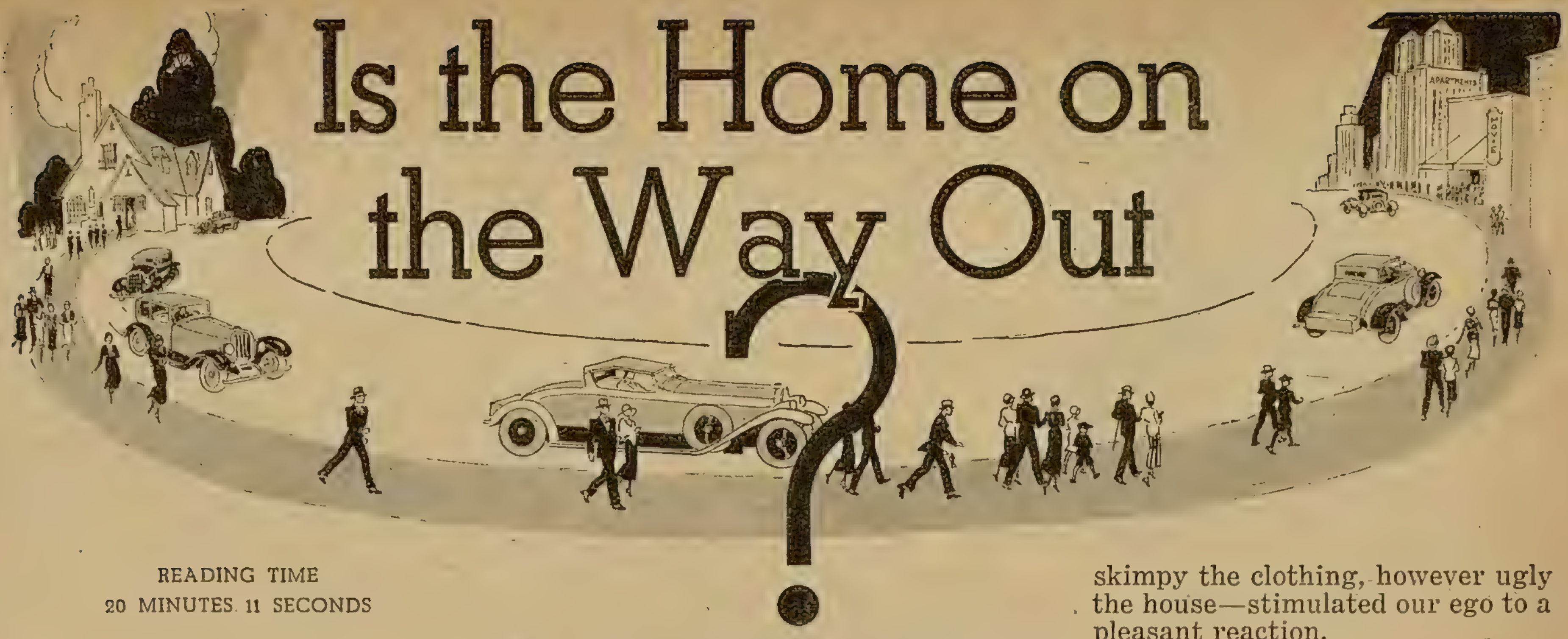
17—Where is Gull Island; Oyster Island; Dyre's Island; Bucking Island?

18—Will the year 2000 A. D. be a leap year?

19—Early watchmakers used the bristles of hogs for what purpose?

20—What American poet died the year he was appointed United States Minister to Berlin?

(Answers will be found on page 64)



Is the Home on the Way Out?

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

Modern Ways, Changing Times Are Leaving It Behind: Let's Salvage It, Says

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

BE it ever so humble, there's no place like home." We still sing it with misty eyes and swelling hearts. But a more modern ditty runs: "Any old place I hang my hat is 'home, sweet home' to me!" It may cause no heartthrobs, no nostalgia. But to thousands it expresses their conception of a home.

And why not? Witness the trend of construction during the feverish years 1921-28, while there was still money with which to build. The ratio of newly constructed one-family dwellings dropped 23 per cent, while that of apartments skyrocketed 24 per cent. Apartment houses represented 38 per cent of all family dwellings, and duplex dwellings 17 per cent.

But why worry? Is it food you want? It's only a few blocks to a restaurant, tearoom, or drugstore counter. Clothing? Haberdasheries and department stores are just around the corner. Shelter? There are thousands of hotels in the country.

Do the children need recreation? Supervised public playgrounds and municipal swimming pools have elbowed out the back yard. Character building? How about the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts? Hygienic training? The school report card checks how often the child brushes his teeth and when he goes to bed. Is it a watchful eye over his health? The visiting nurse and the school stand at the elbow of the parent.

Even in life and in death the home has lost its drag. The hospital receives the newborn soul; the mortuary chapel stages the setting for the last sad rites.

Yes, the home, the old home, seems on the toboggan. No longer is it necessary as workshop, food factory, nursery. All the uses it once served may now be as well or better served elsewhere. Once the horse and buggy were succeeded by the automobile, it was too easy to get away from.

Charades and croquet could not compete with the movies; company dinners with the country-club terrace.

But were these, after all, the things that made the home? When we think back to the home of our youth, what is it that brings the lump into our throats? Was it the pies and cakes we ate? The dresses or knickerbockers we wore? The roof that protected us? No.

If the food and clothing or shelter were responsible for our sentiments, we would evaluate that food, clothing, shelter. We would compare our homes with other homes which gave better food, clothing, shelter. We would be critical. But we are not. Instead, we subscribe to that sentiment: "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Now, why is that?

Because that home—however poor the food, however skimpy the clothing, however ugly the house—stimulated our ego to a pleasant reaction.

How did it do it?

First of all, by giving us a sense of importance. However little we may have counted on the school ground, at home we did count. A sore throat upset the household; a cry brought mother from the kitchen to us. Bad behavior made her unhappy. A good report card was praised at the dinner table. We felt ourselves persons.

Nor was this all. There our emotions had an outlet. Ego could expand to alteregoism. We gave love as well as received it. Demands were made on us for sacrifice. This, of itself, gave us a pleasant sense of importance. We contributed to a larger good.

Perversions of these emotions in some homes there were, of course. Some injustices. In some homes one dominant personality forced others into inferiority complexes; in others, one child was favored above the rest. But in most homes a fair balance was struck between egotism and altruism. Criticism was balanced with appreciation, demands with understanding. Thus certain needs of the ego were satisfied.

Now, these needs of the ego do not cease with childhood. The adult, too, has them. Nor has he ever craved satisfaction for them as he does today. In other times the craftsman had satisfaction from his skill, the farmer from the fertility of his fields, the housewife from the family's dependence on her for food, the merchant from his reputation. In small communities, too, the individual counted. His idiosyncrasies were noted, his opinions respected.

Today these methods of satisfying the ego increasingly fail us. To many men and women they are utterly denied. What satisfaction in his work, for example, has a man who checks into a factory at 8 A. M. and turns a lever for eight hours? A man whose job is a small segment of an operation begun in the brain of a man he has never seen, or is the result of a decision of a board of directors in a far city.

What sense of individual importance has the man housed in an apartment building with several hundred others who are no more aware of his existence than the elevator car? On the street he weaves unknown through crowds of strangers. Crashes a subway swarming with human ants. Enters a store or office or factory in which he is one of thousands. Takes his pleasures with other thousands of strangers.

What opportunity has such a man for the exercise of altruistic emotions? His charity is given by assessment against his pay envelope for community chests. With his fellow workers he is in close competition for advancement. He dare not let himself be too friendly with them. The mechanization of industry, the concentration of population in large cities, the standardization of social

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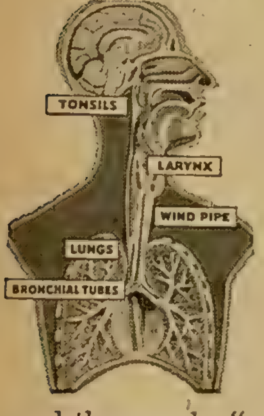

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

habits, all militate against the expression of his ego through his work or intercourse with his fellows.

Yet the ego is a persistent fellow. It will not be denied. The human being fights hard against becoming either a robot or an ant.

Psychologists tell us that one of the chief causes of crime is the frustration of personality. Yet the whole tendency of our system is to suppress the individual.

But wait. Let us suppose that after the subway crush the man finds waiting for him a little spot where what he thinks is important, where he can and does affect the happiness of others, where he can become altruistic. The spot may cover but two small rooms in an apartment house or even a tenement house, but if inside its walls he is king of all he surveys, if there his opinions, his needs, are all-important, his self-respect as a human being may be saved, his dignity retrieved.

This, then, is something the home still provides. Something as necessary, as vital to the survival of human beings as the provision of food, clothing, and shelter. It offers sanctuary to the ego.

But how this changes our conception of the home! What new demands it puts on it! For in the old home this satisfaction of the ego was a by-product. Its primary function was that of a workshop to satisfy physical needs. Now that these needs may be—and are—largely satisfied elsewhere, what was once a by-product of the home becomes its objective.

And how may the old home, designed for a different purpose, be adapted to this objective? Not by coaxing back into it the baking and the sewing. Not by measuring the housewife's success in her quarts of jelly and jam. Not by pursuing the ideal of the dusting housewife. On the contrary, more and more must the food and clothing preparation be pushed out of the home. New inventions, prepared foods, ready-made clothes must be utilized. The day must come—and quickly—when the best housekeeper is that housekeeper who housekeeps least.

FAR above all else, what this home must offer is an atmosphere of peace. There, jangled nerves must find waiting them an oasis of quiet, and this it can be only if the housekeeper herself has so ordered her day that her cares and worries are out of the way, only if she has prepared for the family homecoming as for a daily ritual. Only those who have to spend their days under the strain and stress of business demands realize what it means to come into a quiet pool of silence.

Exit, therefore, from this new home the housewife who greeted her husband at the door with a recital of her achievements and her woes. No more the focusing of family attention on her never-ceasing battle with dirt, emphasized by the cyclonic spring housecleaning. This battle becomes merely incidental. Henceforth the housewife must justify herself not by works but by psychic satisfactions.

This, however, is but a beginning. It merely establishes the medium in which the ego may expand. How it may expand is another question. The answer is simple: By doing what it pleases. The home must become the place where individual desires, tastes, even whims, may be humored. And to arrange this is *not* simple. In one home may be several individuals. How, then, may each express himself without doing violence to the ego of the others? Yet, be arranged it must, even though it alter completely our old idea of the home which ran by clockwork, where meal hours were sacrosanct, duties were definitely allocated, conformity to rules demanded.

IT is not, however, as impossible as it may seem. What it means is that the home must adapt itself to individuals, not individuals to the home. The tired business man, for example, may be permitted to sprawl upon a chair, leave his papers on the floor, even have his dinner on a tray beside his chair if he so desires it, once the other members of the family have abandoned their old concept of a home as the place where you conformed to custom and a family moved as one. Breakfast may be served at all hours to suit individual desires. Dishwashing may be postponed. Books may be left on tables if it is once accepted that the appearance of a room is secondary to the service rendered individuals who use it.

Such a use of the home calls, however, for structural changes in the plant as well as a different viewpoint. The kitchen, for example, must shrink, as it has already done in apartments. But, unlike all too many apartments, the sleeping rooms must expand. They must cease to be mere receptacles for a collar button and a tired body. They must provide space for cramped spirits to stretch themselves. They must invite repose, permit opportunity for the expression of individual taste—above all, they must become territory sacred to one presence—a place to be utterly controlled by and at the service of the owner. Privacy above all else they must provide.

Privacy is something the American home, to date, has not provided. There has been, in fact, a rather steady movement away from it in the past thirty years. First we omitted the doors. Then we widened the arch between living room and dining room and halls. Finally we made them all into one huge living room large enough to accommodate all our acquaintances at once. Grand, this, when we gave a party. But what about the rest of the time, when the family must all sit together within the walls of one room or retire to a shared bedroom or a mere cubicle?

To make possible individual rooms of any size the common room or rooms must be contracted. Far better to abandon altogether a separate dining room and eat, English fashion, in the living room or, farmhouse fashion, in the kitchen, than to sacrifice the private rooms so as to have space for occasional hospitality purposes.

Not that it will be easy for the housewife to secure them. Any woman who ever tried to get a kitchen sink where she wanted it knows just what we will be up against.

Is there, then, no general family use to which the home may be put? Assuredly. Through it the individual establishes his contact with society. Consider once again the man who leaves his wife at eight and works until four or six o'clock, coming home too weary, often, to do more than read his evening paper. What can he know, what learn, if anything, beyond his own specialized business?

The day of the cracker-box forum in the corner grocery is gone. He meets few people outside his own office or shop. Their standards and viewpoint are the same as his. It does not offer meat for discussion. True, there are the radio, the movies. But what appeal do these wholesale-distributed productions make to his individuality craving the personal approach? Nor can he answer back. Opinion, denied expression, dies stillborn.

BUT suppose his wife has been to her club, suppose she tells him what Mrs. Smith said about pacifism. At once he rises to protest. Suppose a daughter, fresh from her modern history course, joins in. An argument ensues. Opinions are generated. Once more the man is a thinking animal. Slowly emerges a larger view, a detached, over-all view, wider values than those gained from his day-to-day struggles to keep his economic foothold. He is again a citizen of the world. Thus the home relates him to the community.

Even men—and women, too—who work in larger fields with wider contacts than this workingman, are today so specialized, so concentrated on the task in hand that they, too, require the home forum for the widening of horizons, the awakening of a stifled social sense.

Constantly we are being told that civilization faces a crisis. Civilization is always facing crises. It is a law of its development. Robots cannot meet crises. They can be met only by men who believe in themselves. Thus have men lifted themselves through the ages. In the occupations of many men and women today there is nothing to kindle that faith. But in the home is the possibility of raising the temple where he may find this faith.

Is it not worth while, then, salvaging the home? Is it not time to set to work to make it serve this human need? Self-sacrifice, ingenuity, adaptability, all this it will take to make the modern home serve the needs of modern man. But is it not worth it to make the spot where we hang our hats in reality home, sweet home?

THE END

Don't Cut YOUR CORNS

Serious foot infections often result from taking chances with old-time methods—razors, caustic liquids or harsh plasters. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and you'll always be safe and sure. These thin, soft, soothing, healing pads instantly end pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender spots on the toes and feet; stop shoe pressure; prevent sore toes and blisters.

Safely Remove Corns, Callouses

Separate *Medicated Disks* are included in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for safely removing corns or callouses. In a short time they loosen and lift right out! Get a box today. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores.

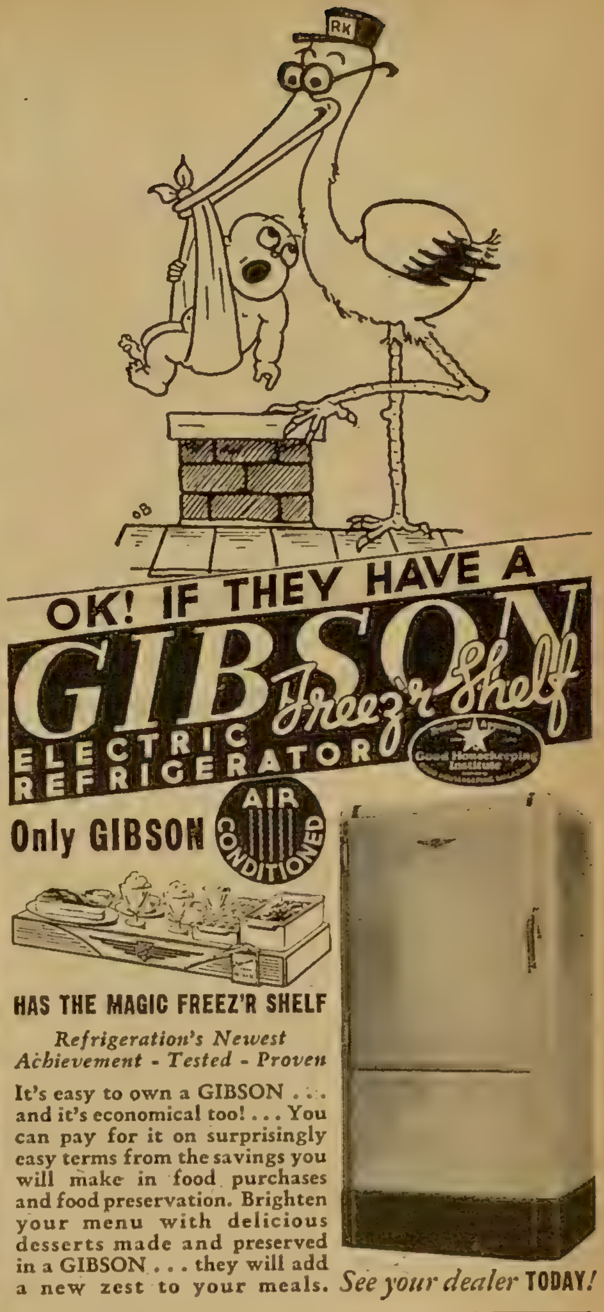
—2 KINDS—

New DE LUXE, *flesh color* . . 35¢

STANDARD WHITE, *now* . . . . 25¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!


OK! IF THEY HAVE A GIBSON *Freez'r-Shelf*

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Only GIBSON AIR CONDITIONED

HAS THE MAGIC FREEZ'R SHELF

Refrigeration's Newest Achievement - Tested - Proven

It's easy to own a GIBSON . . . and it's economical too! . . . You can pay for it on surprisingly easy terms from the savings you will make in food purchases and food preservation. Brighten your menu with delicious desserts made and preserved in a GIBSON . . . they will add a new zest to your meals. *See your dealer* **TODAY!**

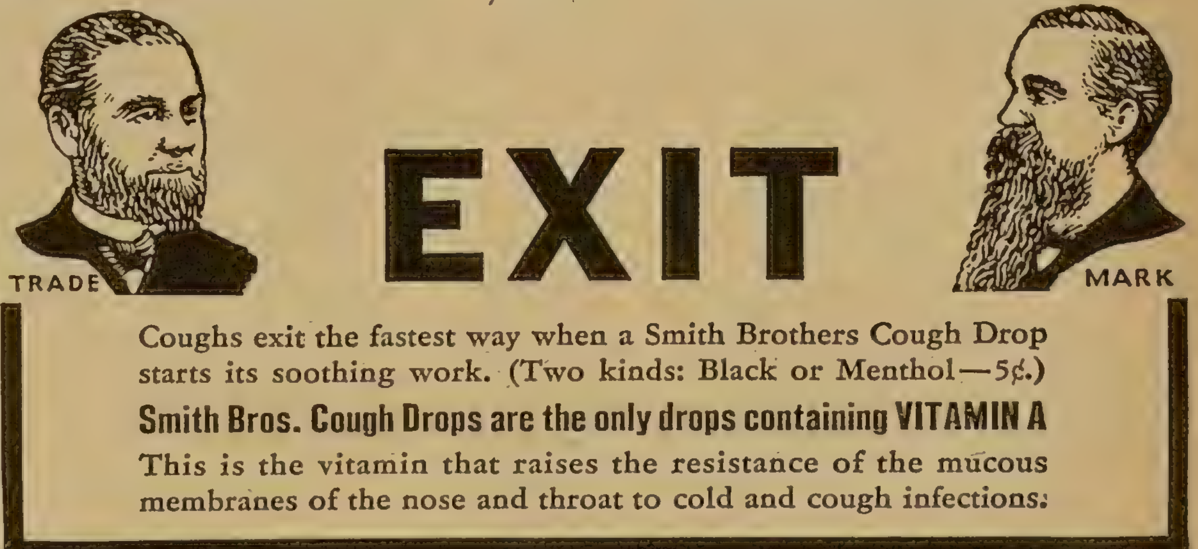
More Jinky Winners

(Continued from February 15)

Anna Clark, Lawrenceburg, Ind.; H. Clark, Forest Hills, N. Y.; Ruth B. Clark, Fowler, Ind.; Anna Clarke, Lawrenceburg, Ind.; Cherry M. Clarke, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. Frank Clay, Knoxville, Tenn.; Bess B. Cleaveland, Washington C. H., Ohio; Evalena B. Clum, Albany, N. Y.; Anne Cochrane, New York, N. Y.; Estella M. Coffey, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Josef Cohen, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Dorothy Coin, Manhattan, Kan.; Mrs. H. S. Cole, W. Halethorpe, Md.; J. S. Cole, New York, N. Y.; Ralph Coleman, Virginia, Ill.; Agnes Colley, Zanesville, Ohio; Muriel Colson, Wakefield, Mass.; W. H. Comfort, Frederick City, Md.; Gaynelle Conaway, Los Angeles, Calif.; Lily Connell, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. C. Conner, Orlando, Fla.; Lily Connolly, Dallas, Tex.; I. E. Connor, Swampscott, Mass.; Mary Conner, Orlando, Fla.; Mary Lou Conrad, Tiffin, Ohio; B. Converse, Copeland, Kan.; Mrs. Jack Converse, Sierra Madre, Calif.; Florence Coombes, Cleveland, Ohio; F. E. Cordingley, Philadelphia, Pa.; Natalie Corlisle, Houston, Tex.; George Cornellio, Philadelphia, Pa.; Olive Cornog, Portland, Oreg.; L. A. Cotten, Chapel Hill, N. C.

William Cotton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gladys Coverdell, Portland, Oreg.; Mrs. C. D. Covrells, Beach, Va.; Mary Cowden, Peoria, Ill.; Jessie Cowen, Waverly, Tenn.; Florence K. Cox, Davenport, Iowa; Fred Cox, Providence, R. I.; G. P. Cox, St. Paris, Ohio; James T. Cox, Davenport, Iowa; Katherine Crabbe, Atlanta, Ga.; Louise Craig, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. C. R. Crandall, Berkeley, Calif.; R. W. Crews, Thomasville, N. C.; Guy Creighton, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mrs. Sam M. Craig, Anderson, S. C.; Mrs. Wash. Crim, Winchester, Ky.; Mrs. R. E. Crook, Saginaw, Mich.; Mrs. Wilhelmina Crosslin, Chandler, Okla.; Mrs. H. E. Crum, Springfield, Mass.

Esther Csont, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Mrs. M. Culotta, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. Robert W. Cunningham, Edgewood, R. I.; Donald A. Curran, W. Somerville, Mass.; C. D. Curren, Elmira, N. Y.; Virginia E. Custer, Norristown, Pa.; Gertrude Cutting, Somerville, Mass.; Joseph Dailey, Redondo Beach, Calif.; Fred Dallenbach, Eustis, Fla.; Mrs. Harley Dalton, E. Radford, Ill.; Mrs. E. S. Damon, S. Portland, Maine; Jean Daniels, Oakland, Calif.; Nell Daniel, Tulsa, Okla.; Emmet D'Arcy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; William A. Datzick, El Paso, Tex.; Mrs. Leonard Daugherty, Haines City, Fla.; Mrs. C. H. Davis, Des Moines, Iowa; E. L. Davis, Jr., Austin, Tex.; Mrs. Fannie Davis, Carthage, Mo.; H. N. Davis, Boston, Mass.; Nora Davis, Dayton, Ohio.


TRADE EXIT MARK

Coughs exit the fastest way when a Smith Brothers Cough Drop starts its soothing work. (Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

JAFSIE *and the* FINAL

The Mysterious Emissary—The K
Hour—More New, Revealin

by Dr. JOHN F

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

COLONEL LINDBERGH wondered—how tragically he little knew!—why the kidnaper should have troubled to have his son's sleeping suit cleaned. This sleeping suit, Jafsie says, cannot have been a duplicate procured by an impostor from the newspaper description, because that description was wrong in every detail except the size.

The ransom note enclosed with the sleeping suit refused Jafsie's request to be taken where the baby was, and demanded another ad signifying willingness to pay in advance. Colonel Lindbergh was willing; Jafsie felt that some one should see the baby before the money was given up. Colonel Breckinridge brought to Jafsie's home a package containing $50,000 in bills. After a few days Jafsie had it placed in a special bank vault. It was later, he believes, that Morgan employees—not Colonel Lindbergh—arranged for the recording of the bills' serial numbers. He disclosed last week that Colonel Lindbergh's cash balance, after he raised the $50,000 originally demanded, was less than $3,500.

The "Jafsie" ads were already attracting attention, though the newspapers had not yet discovered who the advertiser was, when at a charity bazaar in the Bronx Jafsie put on sale some of his collection of violins. A woman who looked Italian came and priced them—and whispered to him furtively: "Nothing can be done until the excitement is over. Meet me at the depot at Tuckahoe Wednesday at five in the afternoon. I will have a message for you!"

PART SIX—"THE $70,000 IS READY"

AS swiftly as she had come, as swiftly as she had spoken her amazing message, she was gone. She walked to the door, opened it, and stepped out into 200th Street, vanishing from my sight as she turned east.

Like blows, her words impinged upon my consciousness. Other customers were staring at me as I stood there, anxiety written on my face, then raced across the floor, pulled open the door, and peered cautiously out in the direction the woman had taken.

I saw her cross Webster Avenue, looking neither to right nor to left. She headed for the uptown stairway of an extension of the Third Avenue Elevated that travels north to the Williamsbridge section. I watched her climb the steps and disappear into the station.

It would have been simple enough to follow to overtake her.

Why didn't I?

For the same reason that I did not attempt to follow the kidnaper after our meeting at Woodlawn Cemetery. For the same reason that I did not attempt to trace either telephone call from him received at my home.

Throughout, Colonel Lindbergh, Colonel Breckinridge, and I instinctively refused to do anything that might give the kidnaper cause for alarm and destroy the contact we were maintaining with such difficulty.

My very position as intermediary made any direct or independent action impracticable. I can truthfully say, then, that it did not even occur to me to follow the mysterious woman caller that Saturday afternoon.

Wondering about her got me nothing. I was convinced, at that moment, that she too was connected with the kidnaping. If the kidnaper's story of a "gang" were true, she might well be one of the two "womens" acting as nurses for the baby.

Word from the kidnaper was overdue. He had already used four methods of communication—the mails, the newspapers, the telephone, and a note delivered by a taxicab driver. The cab driver had been an unwitting agent. But this woman, if she had been sent by "John," could scarcely have been an innocent emissary.

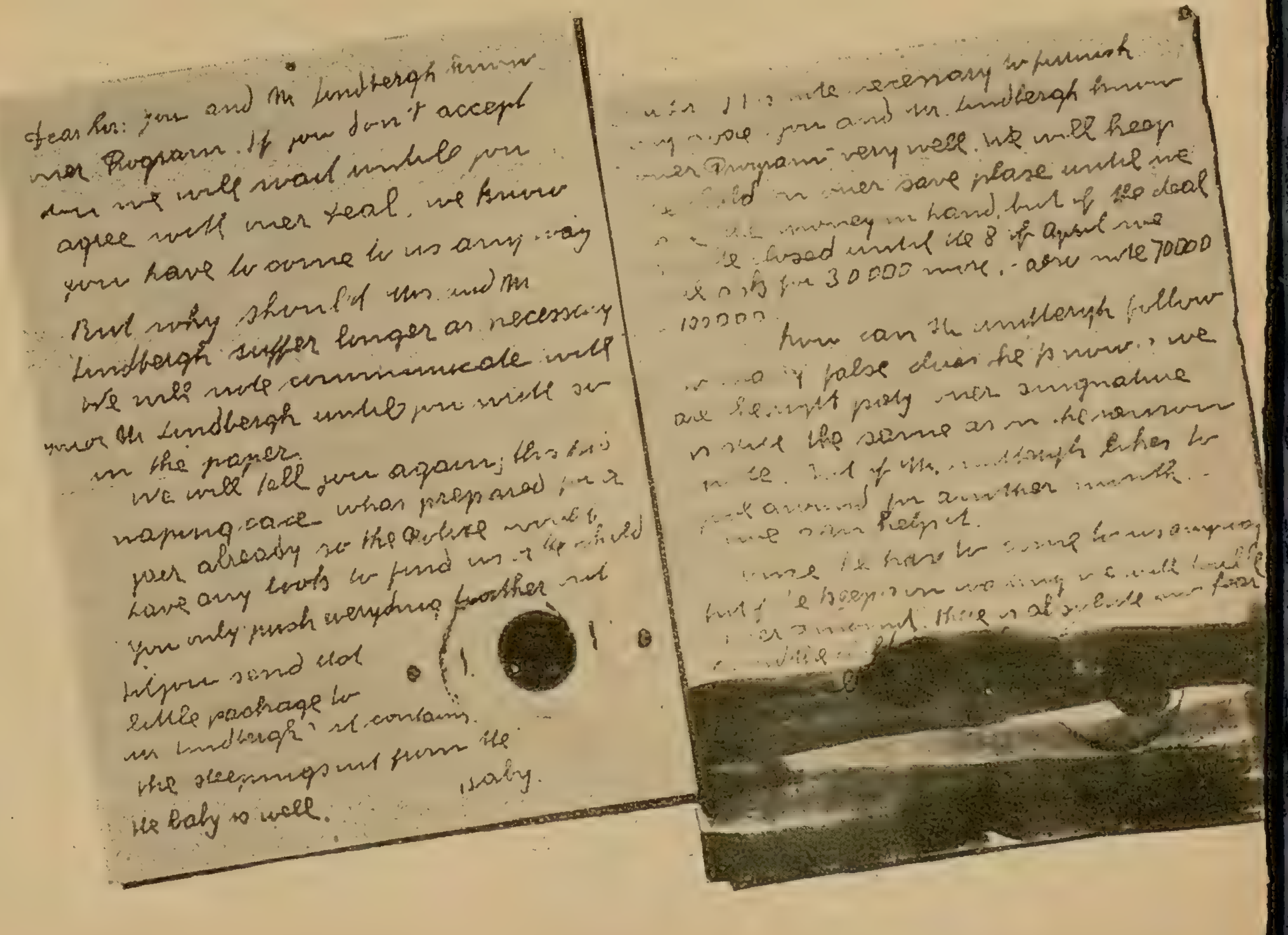
I discussed this new development with Colonel Breckinridge that night. He was as puzzled as I was.

"You'll go to Tuckahoe?"

"Of course," I replied. "However, since we've had no word from John and cannot be sure he sent her to me,

© Acme

Above: John Hughes Curtis, who claimed to be in contact with the kidnapers—thus disquieting not only Jafsie but the mysterious "John" himself. At right: The ransom note that was an ultimatum, and the one refusing a "simple code" and threatening to raise the amount to $100,000.



dear Sir: you and Mr Lindbergh know
our Program. If you don't accept
den we will wait until you
agree with our deal. we know
you have to come to us any way
But why should Mrs. and Mr
Lindbergh suffer longer as necessary
We will not communicate with
you or Mr Lindbergh until you write so
in the paper.
We will tell you again; this kid-
naping case whas prepared for a
year already so the Police won't
have any looks to find us or the child
You only push everything farther out
If you send that
little package to
Mr Lindbergh it contains
the sleepingsuit from the
baby.
the baby is well.

[illegible] not necessary to furnish
[illegible] code. you and Mr. Lindbergh know
our Program very well. We will keep
[illegible] child in our save plase until we
[illegible] money in hand, but if the deal
[illegible] closed until the 8 of April we
[illegible] for 30000 more. - also not 70000
100000.
how can Mr. Lindbergh follow
[illegible] false clues he knows we
are the right party our singnature
is still the same as on the ransom
note. But if Mr. Lindbergh likes to
fool around for another month -
we can help it.
Once he has to come to us anyway
but if he keeps on waiting we will double
our amount. there is absolute no fear
[illegible]

ENDEZVOUS

er's Ultimatum—Facing the Zero
t on the Lindbergh Case

ONDON

we'd better try the Home News with another special notice." I showed him one I had drafted:

> Inform me how I can get important letter to you. Urgent. Jafsie.

It appeared in the Sunday edition of the Home News.

Monday morning the postman rang my bell and handed me several letters. Among them I found the one we had been awaiting.

Partly printed, partly written, it was addressed: "Mr. Dr. John Condon, 2974 Decatur Ave., New York." It was postmarked March 19, 7.30 P. M., from Station N and bore two one-cent stamps.

I went into the house, tore it open, and unfolded the message. It was more than a message. It was an ultimatum:

> Dear Sir: You and Mr Lindbergh know ouer Program. If you don't accept den we will wait untill you agree with ouer deal. we know you have to come to us anyway But why should Mrs. and Mr. Lindbergh suffer longer as necessary We will note communicate with you or Mr Lindbergh until you write so in the paper.
>
> We will tell you again; this kidnaping cace whas prepared for a yaer already so the Police won't have any look [luck] to find us or the child. You only puch everyding farther out did you send that little package to Mr Lindbergh? it contains the sleepingsuit from the Baby. the baby is well.

It bore the symbol signature.

Colonel Breckinridge was at my house an hour after I had phoned him. Neither of us liked the tone of this last communication. But what disturbed us more than anything else was that the kidnaper apparently had not seen our latest ads in the Home News.

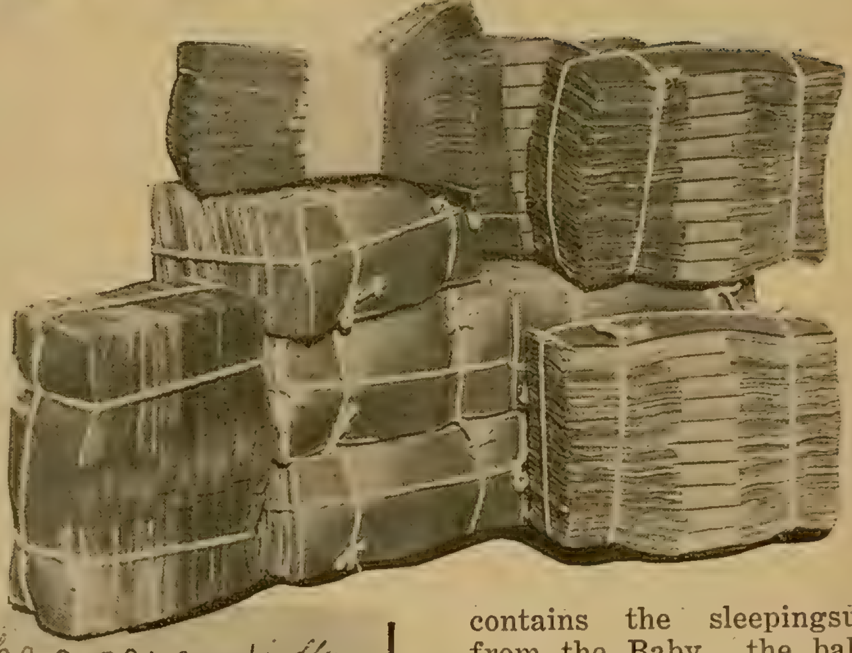
He was exhibiting impatience over a delay for which we were not to blame. Our own nerves were frayed by that same delay and by an added worry of which he knew nothing—the aroused suspicions of the newspapers.

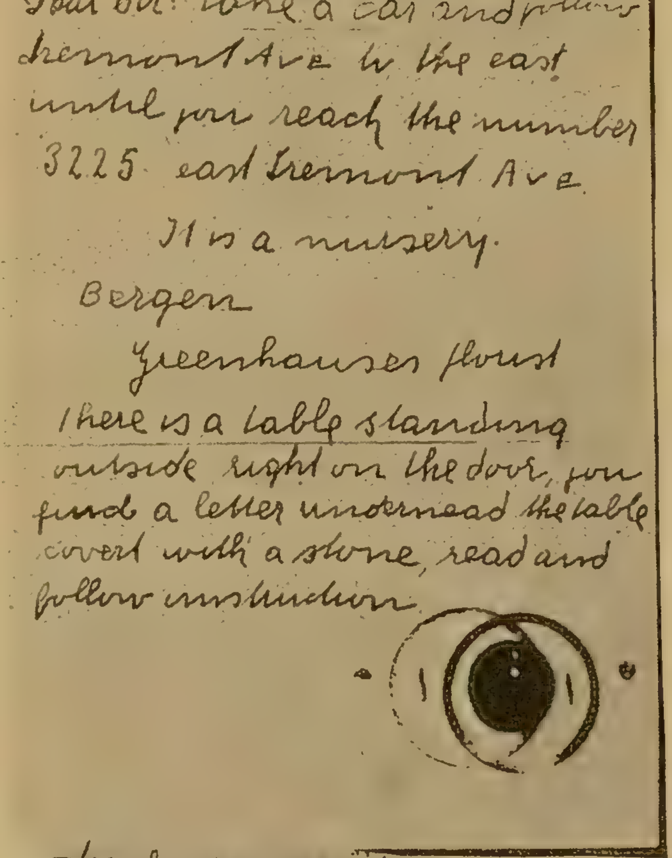
Colonel Breckinridge, pacing the floor, turned to me: "Prepare another ad, Doctor. We'll run it for three or four consecutive days. Tell him we've received the sleeping suit—make it 'package.' Tell him we accept his terms and will pay the money *at once!*"

"Shall I say we shall expect to see the baby first?"

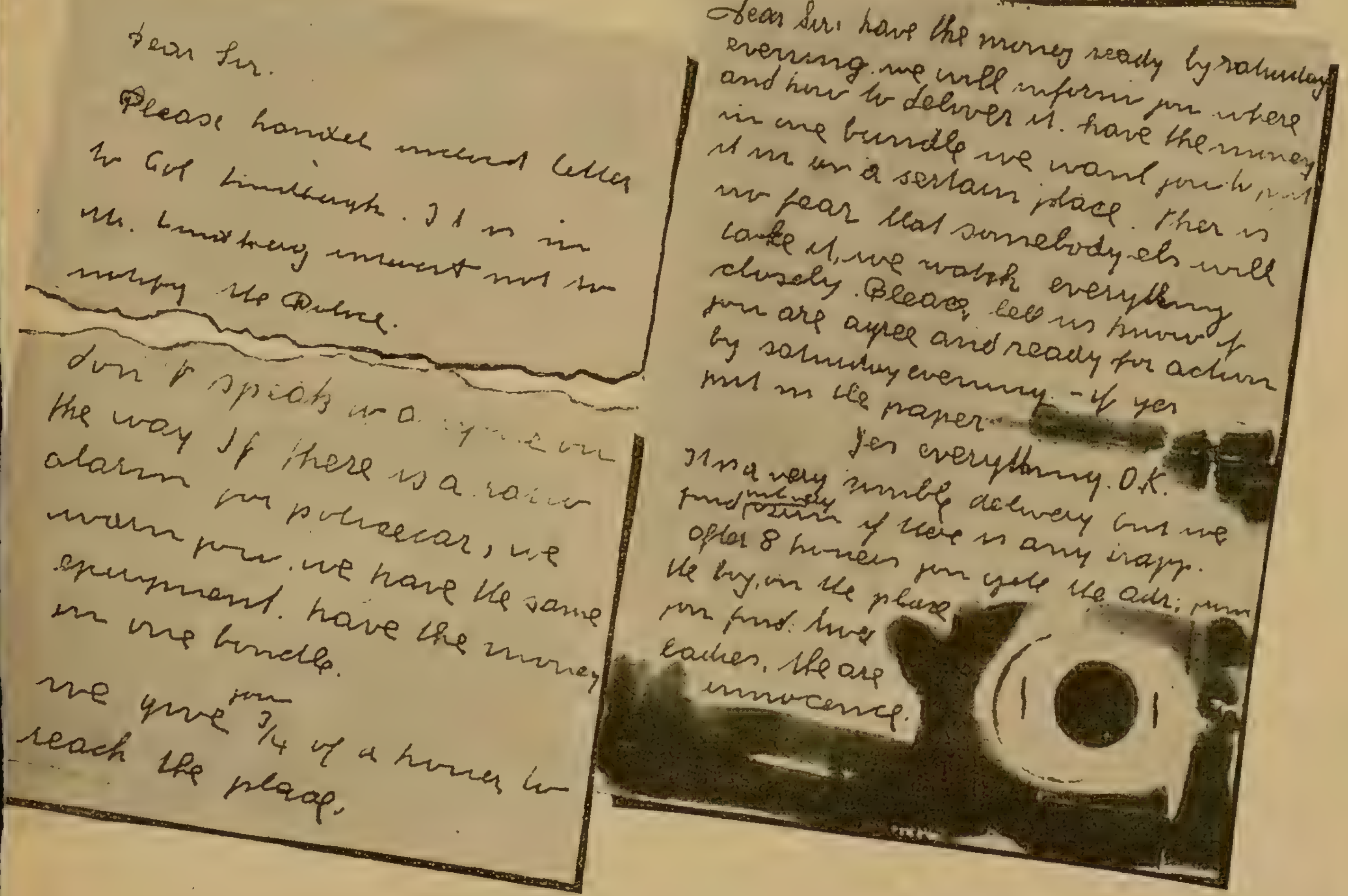
"No!"

For the only time in





dear Sir: take a car and follow
tremont Ave to the east
until you reach the number
3225 east tremont Ave.
It is a nursery.
Bergen
Greenhauses florist
there is a table standing
outside right on the door, you
find a letter undernead the table
covert with a stone, read and
follow instruction.



dear Sir.
Please handel inclosed letter
to Col Lindbergh. It is in
Mr. Lindberg interest not to
notify the Police.

don't speak to anyone on
the way If there is a radio
alarm for policecar, we
warn you. we have the same
equipment. have the money
in one bundle.
we give you 3/4 of a houer to
reach the place.

dear Sir: have the money ready by saturday
evening. we will inform you where
and how to deliver it. have the money
in one bundle we want you to put
it on on a sertain place. Ther is
no fear that somebody els will
take it, we watch everything
closely. Please, let us know if
you are agree and ready for action
by saturday evenning. - if yes
put in the paper
Yes everything O.K.
It is a very simble delivery but we
find out very fast if there is any trapp.
After 8 houers you gote the adr. from
the boy, on the place
you find two
ladies. the are
innocence.

Left: The kidnaper's notes arranging about payment of the ransom. Above, at left: The note, delivered by an unidentified taxi driver, that directed Jafsie as to his first move toward the final rendezvous. At top: Packages of bills making up $50,000 and duplicating the ransom as it was paid.

those days of treasured friendship, a hint of anger got into his voice.

"What is the use of insisting," he demanded, "upon an arrangement which the kidnaper refuses to sanction? He told you at Woodlawn that you could not see the baby first. He has persistently ignored pleas for a C. O. D. arrangement. Yet you've suggested from the start that not a cent be paid until we see the baby."

"Yes," I acknowledged softly. "I have."

He came over, put an arm about my shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I can see both your position and your point of view. It's the only sensible point of view. You're not in a very pleasant position. Neither am I. I am Colonel Lindbergh's legal counsel. And he's my best friend. He's relying upon both of us now. And it's three weeks today since he's seen his son. An iron man couldn't stand up under this kind of suspense much longer. He wants all this over with—wants his son back!"

"I'll get the ad ready," I said. "I'll do it your way."

Colonel Breckinridge shook his head.

"Do it the right way. Your way. Insist upon seeing the baby first. Colonel Lindbergh won't relish further delay, but we've got to try once more."

The new ad read:

> Thanks. That little package you sent me was immediately delivered and accepted as real article. See my position. Over 50 years in business and can I pay without seeing the goods? Common sense makes me trust you. Please understand my position. Jafsie.

CAREFULLY worded as that ad was, it created comment upon its appearance in the Home News on Tuesday, March 22. The strange "Jafsie" ads were being followed eagerly by a mystified public and press.

I was called to the telephone at least three times when reporters for metropolitan dailies—alert and sensing a possible connection between my offer to act as intermediary and the continuance of the "Jafsie" ads in the same newspaper—eagerly made inquiries.

I resorted to evasion and denials, praying fervently that this growing menace to our negotiations would not result in contact-destroying publicity.

But from the kidnaper came no word. Wednesday morning and afternoon passed without a communication from him.

Al Reich was busy that day, and since I do not drive a car myself, I asked one of my daughters-in-law to drive me to Tuckahoe. She knew nothing of the incident of the woman who had come to the bazaar.

We reached the railroad station with time to spare, and I stood in a conspicuous spot on the platform. My daughter-in-law got out of the car shortly after five o'clock and came over to stand with me.

Here is a typical newspaper report of my visit to the Tuckahoe station platform:

> On Wednesday evening Dr. Condon and Al Reich went to the Tuckahoe depot of the New York Central Railroad to keep the appointment with the "violin prospect" of the bazaar. The woman was waiting there, but she announced merely, "You will get a message later. Keep advertising until you hear more," and she hastened away.

That report, published months later, crowds a lot of inaccuracy into one paragraph.

The truth of the matter is that the woman never appeared. I saw nothing of her again at any time.

What is the true explanation of her? To this day I do not know. She did appear at the bazaar; did cautiously give me a message; did make a definite appointment, and failed to keep it.

True, her message to me that Saturday was vague. It did not employ the word "Lindbergh," "kidnaping," "baby," or "John." Yet when the reader realizes that this woman could scarcely have learned of my connection with the ransom negotiations unless she learned of it from the kidnaper himself, and further considers that at the moment of her appearance we were awaiting a message—overdue—from the kidnaper, it seems logical to believe that her words to me were in connection with the case.

ONE possibility—and the most likely one, in my opinion—is that she was a direct agent of the kidnaper, sent to reassure me. Yet I would like definitely to make clear at this point that she in no way resembled Mrs. Anna Hauptmann.

There are two other possibilities, as I see it today. An enterprising newspaper might have suspected that I was Jafsie, and have sent this woman to the bazaar with a vaguely worded message which would mean nothing to me unless I actually were in communication with the kidnaper.

If her mission was to elicit a tacit confirmation of my activity in the case by trapping me into keeping the Wednesday appointment at Tuckahoe, then it worked. But no newspaper ever made use of the incident until months later, when it was used to bolster a false rumor that I was protecting a "woman in the case." This gained strength, of course, from the fact that there really was a woman with me on the Tuckahoe station platform. But she was my daughter-in-law, who had no connection with the case in any way.

The third possible explanation of the affair is that a mentally weak or deranged woman, knowing nothing of the case, happened into the bazaar and, with the furtive manner which the deranged so often like to employ, gave me the message. But that explanation stretches coincidence to a pretty fine point.

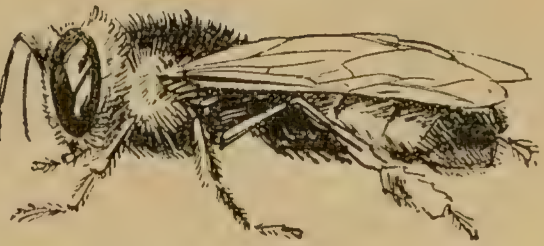
The ad I had drawn up ran Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. There was no response.

Cognizant of the fact that the ever-present threat of newspaper exposure was growing greater with each passing day, Colonel Breckinridge and I drafted a new ad which appeared on Saturday, March 26. It read:

> Money is ready. Furnish simple code for us to use in paper. Jafsie.

There was no answer on the following day, Sunday.

'Tisn't So by R. E. Doan



BEES do not take honey from flowers. They suck nectar, which goes into a honey sac, where certain juices from glands in the bee's body are added. These juices practically convert the cane sugar of the nectar into grape sugar.

REFRAINING from scratching a mosquito bite does not stop the itching. The real reason for not scratching it, or any other skin irritation, is to prevent greater infection. If you have a strong and obedient enough mind, you can disregard the itching, or think of something else, and thus prevent the itching sensation from reaching the mind. This does not really stop the itching; it merely avoids its mental effects.

YOU NEEDN'T force yourself to drink large quantities of water. A normal person can rely upon his natural thirst to determine the amount of water to drink. It is quite possible to harm yourself by forcing the drinking of too much water. Normal thirst and a readily available supply of water are all that is necessary for the normal person.

THE YEAR 1900 was not in the twentieth century. It was the last year in the nineteenth century, and 1901 the first in the twentieth. Each century starts with the year 1.

SYNTHETIC and imitation stones are not the same. Synthetic stones are composed of the same chemicals as the real stone. Imitation stones are made to resemble the real but are not necessarily of the same chemical composition.

Monday morning I had the front door of my home open before the postman reached the veranda. I almost pulled the batch of letters he had for me from his hands. There was nothing among them from the kidnaper!

Our nerves were near the breaking point by this time. What was wrong? Why didn't he reply? Hadn't he seen our ads? Had something happened to the baby?

This was the first time that an entire week had passed without instructions from the kidnaper.

Another disquieting story—just one more thing which threatened to snap the thread of our slender contact—appeared in the newspapers that week.

From the South came the account concerning a man of considerable prominence in his home town of Norfolk, Virginia, who supposedly had established contact with the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby. He was a shipbuilder. His name was John Hughes Curtis.

Colonel Breckinridge reassured me.

"You are the only person," he said, "who has produced a shred of evidence to indicate actual contact with the kidnaper. Don't let these newspaper stories upset you. It is true that others have reached the ear of Colonel Lindbergh. But Colonel Lindbergh and I are working with *you*. We have been, from the start."

The mail next day brought word from the kidnaper. It was far from encouraging. Obviously irked by the delay, and conscious that he held all the cards in this grim game, the kidnaper had played a trump. He threatened to double the amount of ransom originally asked for if negotiations were not terminated *within ten days*.

His letter follows:

> Dear Sir: It is note necessary to furnish any code. you and Mr. Lindbergh know ouer Program very well. We will keep the child in ouer save plase until we have the money in hand, but if the deal is note closed until the 8 of April we will ask for 30000 more. —also note 70000—100000.

His next sentence indicated that he too was disturbed by the news that three Norfolk citizens, headed by John Hughes Curtis, reported contact with the kidnapers.

> How can Mr Lindbergh [he protested] follow so many false clues he knows we are the right party ouer singnature is still the same as on the ransom note. But if Mr. Lindbergh likes to fool around for another month. —we can [can't] help it.
>
> Once he has to come to us anyway but if he keeps on waiting we will double ouer amound. there is absolute no fear aboud the child. It is well.

This note, like all the others I received, bore the symbol of the interlocking circles.

Colonel Breckinridge looked at me glumly as we finished reading it. "That's that," he said. "The kidnaper won't correspond with us in code. He's asked for action and he's taken the one step to insure getting it—raising the ransom. I'm going to my office. I'll get in touch with Colonel Lindbergh. I think I know what his answer will be. This case is practically over."

In the living room with its drawn shades Colonel Breckinridge and I waited that evening for the arrival of Colonel Lindbergh. It was nearly midnight when he arrived, coatless, wearing the same disguise—amber-colored glasses and a pulled-down cap—that he had worn before.

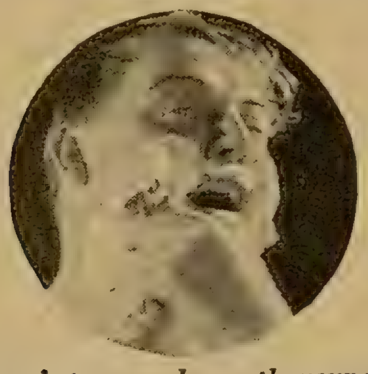
He seemed in excellent spirits as we began our conference in the living room. I was glad—and more than a little sorry, too—to see him in such spirits. I could understand his father's enthusiasm at reaching what seemed the end of the trail. But that same enthusiasm presaged defeat for me in a course I was determined to follow as far as possible.

He finished reading the kidnaper's letter.

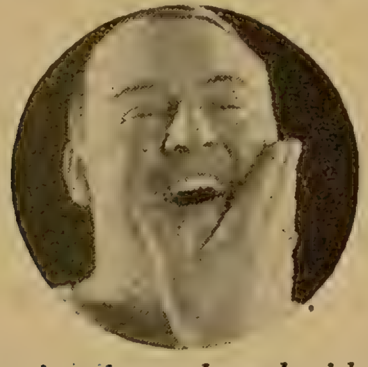
"The seventy thousand dollars is ready," he announced. "It's up to you, Doctor, to get it to the kidnaper before he raises the amount a second time. I'm sure it can be accomplished. Put an ad in the paper announcing that we accept the terms and stand ready to pay the money at once."

These 3 actions make men call Ingram's THE WORLD'S BEST SHAVE

1 *Ingram's strips the oily coating from your whiskers and softens them to the skin-line.*



2 *Ingram's tones and smooths your skin so the razor glides without scuffing or scraping.*



3 *Ingram's cools your shaves; banishes burning and stinging, prevents after-shave soreness.*

EVERY TUBE AND JAR OF INGRAM'S HAS IN IT THREE SPECIAL SHAVING AIDS, PUT THERE TO DO THREE THINGS THAT MAKE SHAVES QUICK, CLEAN AND COOL.

Each time you use Ingram's, they give you this help —

1st, soften whiskers thoroughly, right down to the skin-line, but hold them erect for easy shaving.

2nd, tone the skin — smooth away little wrinkles — so your razor glides without a scuff or scrape.

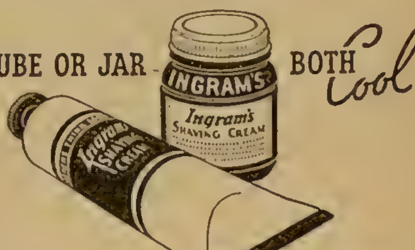
3rd, cool your face and cool the shave. No razor-sting, no burn, no after-shave irritation.

Every man gets a lucky shave at times with any shaving cream. But Ingram's shavers get "the world's best" every day! And Ingram's treats all whiskers alike. It softens them, takes out the pull, makes them meet the razor without resistance.

"Bluebeards" — men who can't get by without two shaves a day — find Ingram's a special friend. And all shavers find it inexpensive. For this cool shaving cream is concentrated. It goes further. Three months of shaving in every tube or jar.

Your druggist has Ingram's. Or, mail the coupon right now for a trial tube.

TUBE OR JAR



BOTH Cool

TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-26
636 Fifth Ave., New York City

I want better shaves! Send me a 10-shave tube of Ingram's, free.

Name...

Street...

City......................State..............

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

My side glance found Colonel Breckinridge. But he did not return my look. I realized that the rebellious course I contemplated would be difficult.

"Colonel Lindbergh," I began softly, "all three of us know that the kidnaper can dictate his own terms. I grant that. But the very fact that he holds all the cards permits him to make a slight concession.

"There is no reason why he could not take me to the baby. I am willing to be the prisoner of whoever has the baby until the ransom is paid. He knows that I would do nothing to try to trap him. We are sure that he and his gang have your baby. Why, then, shouldn't he furnish the one positive proof that will confirm everything he has told us so far?"

Colonel Lindbergh looked at Colonel Breckinridge, who said, "The best answer to that, Doctor, is that the kidnaper has repeatedly refused—and still refuses—to take you to the child."

"And," Colonel Lindbergh added, "if the amount of ransom is raised again, I'm afraid—"

"I don't think there's any danger of that," I said quickly. "He set out to obtain fifty thousand dollars. I still think he'd take that amount. Let's look at it from our standpoint, not his. If we make it clear to him that one sight of the baby will immediately guarantee payment of the money, he'll capitulate."

Colonel Lindbergh shook his head.

"He's refused that from the outset. Yet he's proved that he is the man who has the baby. We have no other course except to follow his demands."

"But it's so utterly unfair!" I persisted. "We know he has the baby—yes. But how do we know he'll keep his promise? I do not like the assignment of paying over fifty thousand dollars of *your* money with nothing but the word of a kidnaper, a criminal, in return."

Colonel Lindbergh chose his next words carefully:

"Nor do I like sending you on such an assignment. This time it will be dangerous. You have a family, and your family does not approve. You are, however, the one person for that assignment. You are cool, unafraid, active. You have seen the kidnaper and will know that the money reaches the right hands. Yet I would like you to feel that should you wish to withdraw even now, I shall respect you no less—"

"It isn't that—it isn't the danger," I protested. "I am thinking of you, of your interests. I too have children, Colonel. Two boys, a girl. I love them as you love your son. Yet I wouldn't pay him without seeing *my* child. Don't pay him without seeing *yours*."

An awkward silence filled the room. Colonel Lindbergh's face was flushed, set in grim determined lines. He shook his head.

I shot a hopeful glance at Colonel Breckinridge. He met it squarely, smiled gently and said quietly, "Sorry, Condon. You're overruled."

Before Colonel Lindbergh slipped out of my house in the darkness at three thirty o'clock in the morning, we prepared and put into the mail our unconditional acceptance of the kidnaper's terms. This ad read:

> I accept. Money is ready. Jafsie.

The ad, appearing in the newspapers on Thursday, March 31, drew a swift reply. The next morning the postman handed me a letter from the kidnaper:

> Dear Sir.
> Please handel inclosed letter to Col. Lindbergh. It is in Mr. Lindberg interest not to notify the Police.
> don't speak to anyone on the way. If there is a radio alarm for policecar, we warn you. we have the same equipment.
> have the money in one bundle.
> we give you ¾ of a houer to reach the place.

An enclosure addressed to Colonel Lindbergh, which I was to see later, contained these instructions:

> Dear Sir: have the money ready by Saturday evening. we will inform you where and how to deliver it. have the money in one bundle we want you to put it in a sertain place. ther is no fear that somebody els will take it, we watch everything closely. Blease lett us know if you are agree and ready for action by saturday evening.—if yes put in the paper
>
> Yes everything O.K.
>
> It is a very simble delivery but we find out very sun [soon] if there is any trapp. After 8 houers you gett the adr. from the boy. on the plase you find two ladies. the are innocence.
>
> If it is to late we put it in the New York American for Saturday morning. Put it in New York Journal.

Within an hour Colonel Breckinridge was at my home. Within another hour, Colonel Lindbergh, risking his first daylight visit to my residence, arrived.

It was arranged immediately to insert the requested ad:

> Yes. Everything O. K. Jafsie.

Colonel Lindbergh wrote out for me an authorization to deliver the sum of seventy thousand dollars "to whomsoever in his [my] judgment" I believed to be the kidnapers of young Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

"I have conferred," he told me, "with a committee made up of officials of the Department of Justice, the State Police, and the New York City Police. They are unanimous in their advice that the money be paid at once. Some of them wish to post men near the spot after we have learned where the ransom delivery is to take place. I am not permitting that. No effort will be made to trail or capture the kidnaper. The only thing we have left to fear is an eleventh-hour chance that the newspapers will get wind of things. I hope that will not happen."

"I do not see how it can," I said.

"Good," he replied. "I shall be back here, then, before tomorrow evening. Thanks again, Doctor, for everything you have done. I shall not forget it. I want you to know, too, that I did not merely ride roughshod over your suggestion of the other night that no money be paid until my child is seen by one of us. I've given it all much thought. And I know that your suggestion is a sensible one."

He smiled at me wanly.

"But these negotiations have taken so long. And I'm afraid that we shall anger the man who took my child; that he will lose patience." He concluded softly: "Mrs. Lindbergh wants the money to be paid."

"I understand," I told him. "And I think, too, despite my objections, that the kidnaper will keep his word and return your son. He hasn't failed yet to keep any promise he has made."

That evening Colonel Breckinridge, Al Reich, Myra, and I sat in the living room of my home.

The proximity of the zero hour affected each of us in various ways. Al was silent. Colonel Breckinridge was happy, almost enthusiastic. I was cheerful, talkative. Myra was nervous. It grew late and I was not sleepy. She rebuked me quietly.

"Dad," she said, "don't you think you'd better go to bed and get some sleep, some rest?"

"I'm not sleepy, nor tired," I replied.

Colonel Breckinridge sided with my daughter: "You've got an important job ahead of you. Myra's right. We've got to watch your health."

"I've never seen a doctor nor had a sick day in my life," I argued.

Al Reich raised his six feet three from the chair.

"I'm going home. You go to bed."

I've long known the uselessness of arguing with Al.

"I'll go to bed," I promised.

On the following afternoon Colonel Breckinridge and Al Reich drove to the home of Francis D. Bartow, partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. There they met Colonel Lindbergh and obtained two packages of currency. Together they drove back to my home with the larger package, containing $50,000. Colonel Breckinridge followed them in another car with the additional $20,000.

I produced the box which I had had made according to the kidnaper's instructions. Colonel Lindbergh unwrapped the package containing $50,000. It was tied with cord and bound with wrappers of the sort used in banks. It fitted neatly into the box; but when he attempted to put in the remaining twenty thousand, he saw that the lid could not be closed.

Looping the cord about the box, he attempted to force the money down into it. The pressure of the cord and his right knee split one edge of the box.

" It can't be done," he said. " We can't make one package of it."

" That's all right," I said. " Rewrap the twenty thousand dollars separately." I had an idea the success of which depended upon that being done.

When he had put down the lid of the box, he asked:

" Shall we lock it? "

" No," I answered. " If I know anything about John, he'll want to look at the money. And I don't want him to have the key to that box. I'll keep it. The key will be just one more bit of evidence against him if he is ever found, later, with the box in his possession."

There was nothing left for us to do now but wait. Mrs. Condon, nervous and apprehensive, was in her room. Ralph Hacker, my son-in-law, tried to raise Myra's spirits. Despite the blinding hope that within the next few hours he would reclaim his beloved youngster, Colonel Lindbergh himself detected her deep-seated fear for my safety. He called me into the hallway.

" DOCTOR," he told me, " you are the one logical person to obtain my son for me. Perhaps no one else can. But your family is frightened. I have no right to ask you to do this. If we fail, the newspapers and even your own friends may turn against you. I realize that. I'll always back you up, for I have absolute faith in you. But even I cannot prevent unpleasantness from happening if we fail. Should you wish to withdraw—"

I shook my head.

" Let's not talk of failure," I suggested.

I went back into the living room. Colonel Lindbergh went out to his car. When he returned, eager, in excellent spirits, I noticed that his suit jacket was buttoned now; it had hung open in front before. I wondered about it, then forgot it.

At seven forty-five o'clock that night the doorbell rang. I nodded to Myra. Wordlessly, a trace of fright in her face, she got up and started for the door.

Hearing her open it, I could restrain myself no longer. I followed her. Over her shoulder I saw a man in a taxi driver's cap turn and start down the steps. His cab was pulling away from the curb as I tore open the envelope she handed me. The note bore the kidnaper's symbol signature. We read:

> Dear Sir: take a car and follow Tremont Ave to the east until you reach the number 3225 east Tremont Ave. It is a nursery. Bergen. Greenhauses florist. there is a table standing outside right on the door, you find a letter undernead the table covert with a stone, read and follow instruction.

Colonel Lindbergh finished reading the note. " Ready, Doctor? " he asked. " I'll drive you over."

" I'm ready," I answered.

Al Reich drawled a suggestion to Colonel Lindbergh:

" Hadn't you better take my car, Colonel? It was used on the other trip. A strange car might make them panicky."

" An excellent suggestion," Colonel Breckinridge remarked.

Colonel Lindbergh took the ignition keys which Al handed him.

" Thanks, Al," he said.

Myra had gone for my hat and coat. She came into the room with them, helped me on with my coat. Colonel Lindbergh had gone to the hall to pick up the money.

" Be careful, dad," she whispered.

I kissed her lightly, assured her:

" There's nothing to worry about. I'll be all right."

" But with all that money! " she said.

I knew that men carrying less money had been shot. But I was not worried.

I hurried outside to the car, got in beside Colonel Lindbergh. Al and Colonel Breckinridge wished us good luck as we pulled away from the curb. Looking back, I saw Myra etched in the rectangle of light made by the open doorway of my home.

The engine of Al's car sputtered as we slowed down to make a turn, and young Colonel Lindbergh leaned over,

MORNING AFTER-
Just another boiled shirt wrung through the wringer!
THEN HE GOT RID OF THOSE MORNING-AFTER BLUES
JUMPING JEHOSHAPHAT-NO CUSTOMER'S WORTH A HEAD LIKE THIS! NO MORE PARTIES, NO MATTER WHAT BUSINESS I STAND TO GET
EXCUSE ME, SIR, MR. BROWN THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED THIS BROMO-SELTZER
• AND VERY SOON •
GOSH, BROWN, THAT BROMO-SELTZER WAS A LIFE-SAVER. LAST NIGHT'S PARTY IS JUST A HAPPY MEMORY NOW
BEST STUFF IN THE WORLD! STOPS HEADACHES FASTER—SETTLES YOUR STOMACH AND SOOTHES YOUR NERVES
BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

DOCTORS find Bromo-Seltzer stops a next-morning headache *faster* than any other remedy they tested. It also calms a touchy stomach, soothes nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in your blood caused by overindulgence.

Ask for Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in the medicine chest at home.

He Stumbled over a MAN-EATER in the Dark...

Soldier of Fortune lives to tell the story of a jungle combat between man and beast.

"It was a black, moonless tropic night," writes Gardner K. Hussey, "but I trudged along the familiar jungle path in the dark with assurance. It was the path from my timekeeper's shack to the house where I slept. Without warning I stumbled and fell headlong. There was a hissing noise followed by a sharp click. I scrambled to my feet and reached for the Eveready Flashlight in my belt. . .Within three feet of me was a huge thrashing *alligator*, his jaws snapping like castanets.

"If my light had failed at that moment, if it were not for the *fresh*, strong Eveready Batteries in my flashlight, they would probably have found some of me on that path next morning. I might even have lived . . . but not with all my arms and legs.

"Nearby was a boiler-room. I made for it and with the aid of a slice-bar finally finished that ghastly survivor of the prehistoric beasts.

"I think there are perhaps two morals to this story:

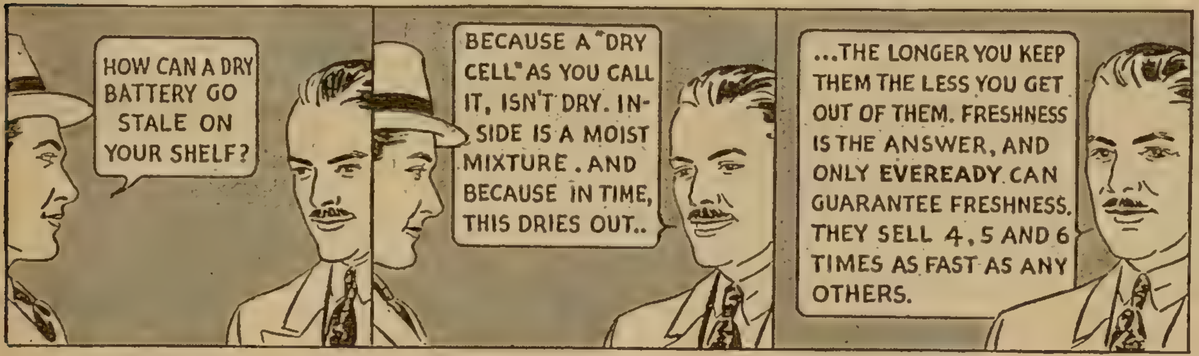
"First, I owe life and limb to fresh Eveready Batteries, that gave me light when I had to have it.

"Second, if I had been using my flashlight on that trail, I would have entirely avoided the fright of my life. No one needs to tell me now that unexpected perils lurk in familiar paths."

No 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. INC
APRIL 1936

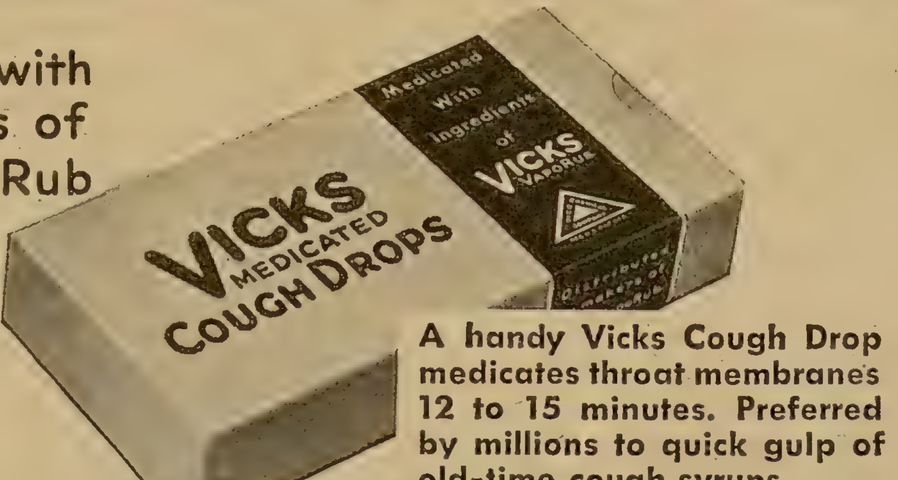
EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

Once more the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE


HOW CAN A DRY BATTERY GO STALE ON YOUR SHELF?
BECAUSE A "DRY CELL" AS YOU CALL IT, ISN'T DRY. INSIDE IS A MOIST MIXTURE. AND BECAUSE IN TIME, THIS DRIES OUT..
...THE LONGER YOU KEEP THEM THE LESS YOU GET OUT OF THEM. FRESHNESS IS THE ANSWER, AND ONLY EVEREADY CAN GUARANTEE FRESHNESS. THEY SELL 4, 5 AND 6 TIMES AS FAST AS ANY OTHERS.

ADVERTISERS: Liberty is sold the same way you sell your goods—over the counter in the market places of America.

Medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub


VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS
Medicated with ingredients of VICKS VAPORUB

A handy Vicks Cough Drop medicates throat membranes 12 to 15 minutes. Preferred by millions to quick gulp of old-time cough syrups.

his right hand seeking the choke.

Instinctively I looked at him. He was hunched over, and the lapels of his coat spread wide at his forward movement. The light from the dashboard threw its soft rays upon him, and I saw then the reason why his buttoned coat had attracted my attention.

Instinctively I sucked a sharp, worried breath between my teeth.

There, on the left side of his chest, was the brown leather of a shoulder holster from which protruded the ugly black butt of a revolver.

Why did the revolver worry Jafsie and what came of his anxiety? He will explain next week as he tells the facts—vitally different from a widely believed hearsay version!—about how he got "John" to be content with $50,000, gave him the money, and received from him written "directions" for recovering the baby. Jafsie will also give his answer to the much discussed question about the "man with a handkerchief." This installment will be an eye opener—and NEW EVIDENCE is in store for you in a later one!

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **MARY POPPINS COMES BACK** by P. L. Travers. Reynal & Hitchcock.

Delightful reading for children of all ages who like fairy tales, relating further adventures of Mary Poppins—the most whimsical thing since Alice in Wonderland.

★ ★ ★ ½ **THE PURSUER** by Louis Golding. Farrar & Rinehart.

Fascinating story of two men; of hatred, murder, and revenge, with a rare psychological angle.

★ ★ ★ **SONGS FROM THE SLUMS** by Toyohiko Kagawa, interpreted by Lois J. Erickson. Cokesbury Press.

The poetic reaction of a Japanese convert to Christianity, who has achieved distinction as a social worker, to his native slums. Quaint, colorful, effective.

★ ★ ★ **PROPHETS AND POETS** by André Maurois. Harper & Brothers.

A creative criticism of nine great creative English writers—Kipling, Wells, Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Joseph Conrad, Lytton Strachey, D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, and Katherine Mansfield—by an accomplished Frenchman. Scintillating without setting the Hudson on fire.

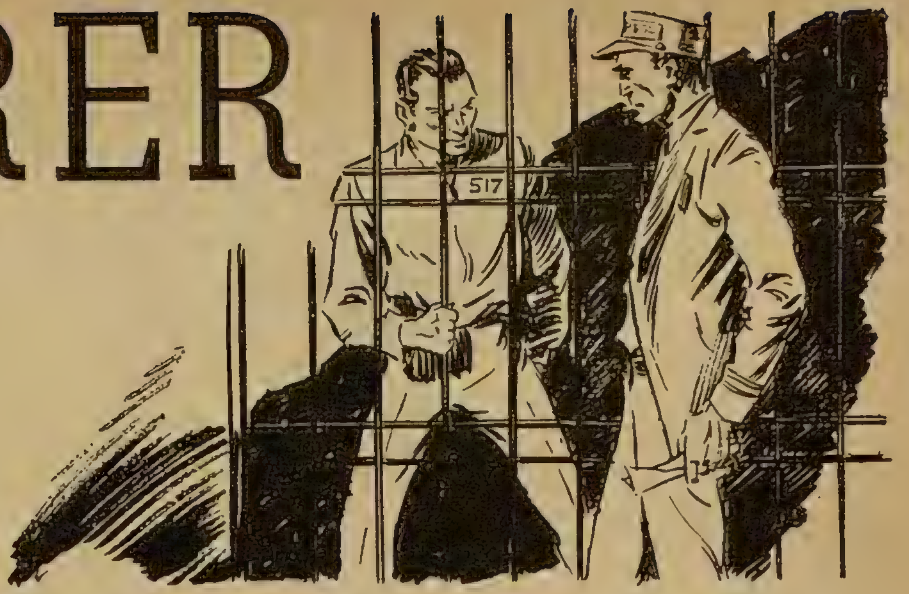
★ ★ ★ **THE LUCK OF THE BODKINS** by P. G. Wodehouse. Little, Brown & Company.

This is a hilarious story of a motion-picture president trying to smuggle a fifty-thousand-dollar necklace.

★ ★ ½ **THE MOON'S OUR HOME** by Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart.

A movie actress and an explorer-writer win their way to love over perfume.

MURDERER



Liberty's Short Short

by

HAROLD HAMILL

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

"Do they give you dope when they take you to the chair?" asked Stanley Kirt through the bars of his cell in City Prison.

"I don't know," answered Keeper Thompson. "I've heard they do, and then I've heard they don't."

"They'll have to give me something to get me there."

"You're not convicted yet."

"I will be, Jim." The inmates called the guards by their first names, but discipline didn't seem to suffer because of the informality. The five-story structure on the average housed only about two hundred prisoners.

The conversation continued for a few moments, and then Thompson, saying, "Keep a stiff upper lip, Stan, and get some sleep," walked away.

Kirt was convicted three days later of murder in the first degree and sentenced to electrocution. He wasn't guilty. He hadn't even taken part in the holdup—a one-man job. But a customer who was about to enter the cigar shop as the bandit fled had identified Kirt as the slayer.

Kirt knew that he was a potential murderer. In one of the two robberies for which he had served time he had almost pulled the trigger. It just hadn't been necessary.

Any day now he would be moved to the death house at Sing Sing. An appeal would be futile, he'd decided, even if there were funds. There was only one hope: Break jail. He didn't want to burn, not at twenty-four anyhow. Tonight he would have to kill Keeper Thompson, who would take over the fifth tier at midnight for eight hours.

Kirt had three narrow saws smuggled in to him by a crony who tonight would leave a stolen car in the dark street behind the prison and a rope over the wall. Fortunately there was no outside guard. He also had a rope of sheets long enough to reach from the fifth tier to the grass. And two stilettos fashioned from large spoons—the only eating utensil the prisoners were allowed.

Thompson had been mighty decent to him all along. They'd had lots of talks. It was hard to kill a "right" guy like that. But it was no worse for Thompson to die in line of duty, Kirt told himself, than for him to die for something he hadn't done. He hated to be the instrument, but if his lawyer hadn't bungled the case it mightn't have been necessary, he argued in extenuation.

Kirt's mother had testified truthfully at the trial that at the time the crime was committed her son was eating dinner with her at home, miles away from the scene. And the fool attorney in his summation to the jury had said: "Maybe his mother lied for him. I think my mother would have lied for me to save my life." And then had based the defense on a strong plea of mistaken identity. "The identifying witness admitted he saw the bandit for only the flash of a second. He didn't see the defendant. He saw another man. He has made an honest error in his testimony, but a horrible one. Each of you has made mistakes of identity. You have gone up to people you thought you knew, only to find on close inspection you were confronting a total stranger. When you gentlemen have erred on a face that's been familiar for years, how dare this witness . . ."

Subsequently, in reply to Kirt's enraged protestations, the attorney had said: "Clarence Darrow used virtually the same summation, including the mother business, in freeing two alleged murderers in the Bronx."

Kirt looked at his watch in the night light from the corridor. A quarter of twelve. The exhaust from the radiators should neutralize the sound of the sawing. Not for Thompson perhaps, but Thompson would be dead. One cell bar should be enough. Then two of the window bars across the narrow corridor—but they were much thinner.

The new shift was coming on. Thompson was ascending the steps.

"Hello, Tom."

"Hello, Jim."

"What's the count?"

"Thirty-one. Did you forget the slip?"

Thompson explored his pockets. "Here it is. I've signed it."

"O. K., Jim. Good night."

Thompson always signed the slip before making his count, but if there was a discrepancy, the keeper could report it before the other guard could change his clothes and leave.

Instead of making a continuous count, Thompson always divided it into four parts, jotting down on a paper or old envelope the figures for each of the four sections of the square tier, and adding them up on completing his tour.

Presently he was standing outside Kirt's cell. "Thirty-one," he said, marking the figures down. He walked to his chair and started reading a tabloid.

When the keeper made his next count, in an hour, Kirt decided, he would call him and plunge a spoon-knife into his heart. From past observation he figured that as Thompson stood against the bars his heart would be just below the fifth crossbar. Kirt arose, walked to the bars, and practiced the death thrust. He consulted his watch. Eleven after twelve. He suddenly knew he couldn't wait. He'd call Thompson, say he had gas and ask for tablets. Thompson had gotten them for him before.

"Jim! Jim!" In a loud whisper.

"Who's callin'?"

"Five seventeen."

Thompson in a moment was standing before him, holding the upper bars.

"What's wrong, Stan?"

"That indigestion again."

"Too bad. I'll get you—"

The keeper scarcely uttered a sigh as he died, while Kirt, through the bars, eased the body to the floor.

As Kirt turned to get a saw, he caught his name on an unstamped envelope that had fallen from Thompson's hand. Grabbing it and tearing it open, he read, over his attorney's signature:

> The head keeper wouldn't let me see you because it's so late. So I'm leaving this note. A bandit shot by the police tonight confessed before he died that he committed the murder for which you were convicted. I haven't told them here. I want you to have the thrill of breaking the news. I'll move tomorrow to set aside the verdict.

THE END

Vox Pop

Giving Away the Secret of the Short Short

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Listen, Vox Pop! I know I won't live a week after this is published, but I've got to protect you folks and the great Amerikan Publik. I got a friend that saw your add for short shorts. He says that all a man needs for a short is to build over an Oh Henry or one of the classiks and tack on a big name. He is going to send you this stuff under the name of Paschaderm Julius Seizeher. Paschaderm, because it sounds big, like an elephant. Julius Seizeher, because nearly everybody has heard of that guy.

He's going to take one of those Desert Songs that seem to be a favorite with you birds and call it: The Gem of the Ocean. Sure, it starts out different, but it's the same old story.

He starts an Admiral out across the desert with a tractor. The hired help leave the outfit, taking all the water.

The Admiral is playing wet nurse to a baby. He tries to teach the Kid how to open hatches and stuff like that, but the kid don't understand and squalls all the time. The Admiral thinks the Kid is hungry, so he dumps a package of oats, some sugar and a can of milk into the radiator and starts out. When the tractor gets to boiling, why the Admiral removes the hose from a fire pump and siphons out the gruel for the Kid. A stunt like that is a cinch for an Admiral, because the first thing you learn in the navy is to siphon alcohol off a can of shellac.

Now here is the little touch that would make you folks lay right down and cry. The Admiral's nose knows where the ocean is, so he keeps going. That's the reason they are called Admirals, because everybody admires the way they can drink so much liquor and still find the way back to the ocean.

After the hard trip across the desert, why the Admiral is kinda shakey in the legs just like a sailor should be when he gets back to the pond. The Admiral drives the tractor out on the beach. He don't throw the Kid into the surf to wash the sand out of his eyes. No, sir! The Admiral wants a drink. You wouldn't believe it, but the Admiral wants a drink of water. He pulls out a rope and does a "cowboy" on a Blower Whale.

Now, Vox Pop, get this: A Blower Whale is the same thing to an ocean that a cactus is to a desert. The cactus is called the "water barrel" of the desert. The Blower Whale is called the siphon of the sea. The water that squirts from a Blower ain't a bit salty. He extracts the salt to make the sardines taste better.

Well, the Admiral drags the whale up on the beach and runs the tractor right up his tail until he gets to the whale's belly. Yeah, you guessed it. The whale starts to blow. The Admiral holds the Kid out in front of the tractor and gives him a showerbath, then they both get a drink.

There you are!

Now, Vox Pop, the rest is up to you. Watch out for Paschaderm, he's a slicker.—*R. Gordon Ratcliffe.*

TALKING OF RECIPES—

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Referring to the Recipe in Rhyme in Liberty of January 11, 1936, *re* Oysters, by Mrs. A. Ayres, ask her to try this one:

An oyster is a succulent thing
And, rightly treated, a dish for a king.
But when you want to make a stew,
Don't cook them, please—just heat them through
In their own juice, then add them to
A bowl of milk, made hot to simmer
With butter, salt. And there's your dinner!

—*M. V. Z. Belden.*

ASHLAND, ORE.—Does any one ever really attempt to eat the messes concocted (on paper) by the Princess Kropotkin? If so, do they survive?

I admit there are many excellent and expensive ingredients in her recipes, but oil and water are not the only things that won't mix. It is my opinion that she has a bad dream, then turns it out as a recipe.—*Mrs. D. S. Milne.*

THAR HAIN'T NO ED DOHERTY

AKRON, OHIO—Was I embarrassed when I eagerly read the account of Edith Maxwell by Edward Doherty in January 11 Liberty? I'll say I was! I wonder if you paid him for that article. That story of his is a pipe dream or is copied from Fox's Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Ha-ha! I'm sure that some of the accents, etc., he used could have come from no other source. I never heard any one down there use "yo'" for you, "war" for was or were, or "hit" for it. Neither do I get what he means in reference to "hog back." That's a new one on me.

Mr. Doherty says the Maxwells lived in a three-room house in Pound, Virginia, and says "it was bigger than any of the mountain shacks and better in many ways." Farther along in his article he speaks of at least five rooms in the Maxwell home.—*Almon T. McKay.*

[Mr. Doherty replies: Since Mr. Almon T. McKay, the Akron, Ohio, mountaineer, has exposed me, I might as well confess that the Virginia mountaineer didn't even mention hog back. What he really said was, "Sure, 'tis the swateheart av a mornin', an' all the little childher are playin' in the trees."

Darn it, reading Mr. McKay has made a skeptic out of me. Thar hain't no mountains in Virginia. Thar hain't no mountaineers. Thar hain't no Edith Maxwell. Thar hain't no Ed Doherty.]

AS FOR TUT'S CURSE—

WINTER PARK, FLA.—I would advise the melodious Lida (January 11 Vox Pop) to take a short course in the four sciences, chemistry, biology, geology, and astronomy, and she will get rid of superstition such as curses past, present, or future.

Last summer I explored Egypt for the second time. I put my profane hands on Tutankhamen's last resting place, the sarcophagus itself, and if I die within the next eleven years Lida will be convinced the curse still stands!

I am living in a country of brigands, assassins, and speedsters, and it is possible that in the near future the curse of modern civilization may get me; but all other curses mean nothing to me. That oft quoted curse, "Death shall come on swift wings to him that toucheth the tomb of the Pharaoh," is cut from the whole cloth of falsehood. It is not at present, and never was, on or near the tomb.—*L. W. Lord, M. D.*

TIGER'S IMPOSSIBLE RIDE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Well, Vox Pop finally landed me! Must be something to the old department when you can arouse me to get in the nutty forum.

In Liberty's January 11 installment of Marching Madmen, by W. J. Blackledge, the author has produced a new type of engine and engine crew. They surely don't (or didn't) pay much attention to the eight-hour law when the train that carried Tiger and his pal from Mersina to Port Said can run so far without stopping.

That engine was some engine, to run from dusk of one day until dawn of the second day without taking on coal or water, and the engine crew really had superendurance.

Another thing I tried not to swallow in that story was Tiger's ride on the iron "buffer" (as he calls it). I've ridden on the bumpers many a time, but I certainly never sat on them and played jockey, as I never had any thoughts of suicide.—*William B. Garner.*

THE NEWS BEFORE IT HAPPENS, IN LIBERTY

New Haven, Conn.—After I read Wanted—A New Deal Among Nations, by Colonel House (September 14 Liberty), I observed that Sir Samuel Hoare, Mussolini, and Koki Hirota, Japan's Foreign Minister, alluded to the plan more or less favorably; and I also read that the House article was broadcast in Germany.

The seed must have taken root, for today I read in a dispatch from London that "deals on colonies may give Germany Portuguese islands in Africa."

At last the dawn of sensible, peaceful disposition of territory to meet the need of national expansion!

Surely, Liberty should be proud of its part in the new order of the day, and I, for one, offer my congratulations. —*John George Gates.*

COUNCIL BLUFFS MAD AT ONE OF ITS WRITING CITIZENS

Council Bluffs, Ia.—I get weary of opening your magazine and reading attacks on the Roosevelt administration in Vox Pop, but when I read the letter in your January 11 issue from the esteemed Joe Smith of our fair city I was so mad that I actually felt myself boiling inside.

I sincerely trust that the readers of your magazine do not consider the asinine comments of Mr. Smith as typical opinions of the remaining 42,147 citizens of Council Bluffs.

The United States seems to be filled with political morons craving for the limelight, who are ever ready to condemn public officials and their policies and yet invariably fail to offer any suitable solution or remedy for existing evils.—*A Council Bluffs Booster.*

FARM OR FLAT . . . 4-H CLUBS

Eureka Springs, Ark.—Have been much interested in the Macfadden editorials, but the one in the issue of January 11, Calamitous Neglect of Our Youthful Citizens, must have been prepared hurriedly. He does not get down to the root of the country's youth trouble.

As I see it, these thousands of young people of both sexes now out of employment would nearly all refuse to go on a small acreage in the country, not because they dislike the country but simply because they feel that they do not know a thing about getting a living out of the soil.

The trouble with our country at the present time can be traced almost entirely to its educational system. The sole exception to the trend of education to rush all students through all the schools and land them in the cities is the work of the Agricultural Department through the 4-H Clubs. The country boys and girls who take up that work are gaining a lot of information about getting a living from the soil, and are learning to love the wide open spaces instead of the steam heat of a two-by-four flat.

If Mr. Macfadden wants to do something worth while for youth—and I know he does—let him get back of the ideas being put out through the 4-H Clubs, so as to give every child an opportunity to really know how to make a living from the soil.—*F. A. Parker.*

RAISING WAGES 25 PER CENT

Los Angeles, Calif.—Arthur Smith of Portland, Oregon, in January 4 Vox Pop, uses about the only argument opponents of the Townsend Plan can produce. They just call its advocates fools.

If farmers can use 5 per cent of the returns from a crop to fertilize their land, and make a big profit by so doing, why can't business do likewise? That's what the Townsend Plan is.

By putting 2 or 3 per cent of all transactions into a fund, they produce a billion dollars a month extra business. Just a business fertilizer.

When the laboring man invests his 3 per cent in this fertilizer fund, it makes his job secure—not only secure, but it is sure to raise his wages 10 to 25 per cent.

When I first heard of the plan I laughed at it, as Mr. Smith does; but as I studied it I became convinced it was sound.

That is the reason it is growing so fast. As people study it they see its feasibility.—*Leon Westmoreland.*

BEVERLY A BIG SISSY?

Memphis, Tenn.—It seems to me that Liberty's Hollywood correspondent, Beverly Hills, imbibed too freely of Yuletide cheer, as she made two mistakes in her January 11 review. That no sober person was she is evidenced in the fact that she said (first) that Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes appeared in Roberta; and (second) that Ronald Colman appeared as Charles Darnay in A Tale of Two Cities.

You will notice I refer to Beverly as *she.* I know that she is either a woman or a mighty big sissy!—*Charles Montgomery.*

MAKE MAGAZINE OF VOX POP

Detroit, Mich.—Have read Liberty since its birth. Enjoy it immensely, especially Vox Pop and Beverly Hills. May I suggest that you issue (monthly at first, then weekly) a separate magazine entitled Vox Pop, containing the letters you receive over and above those printed in Liberty?

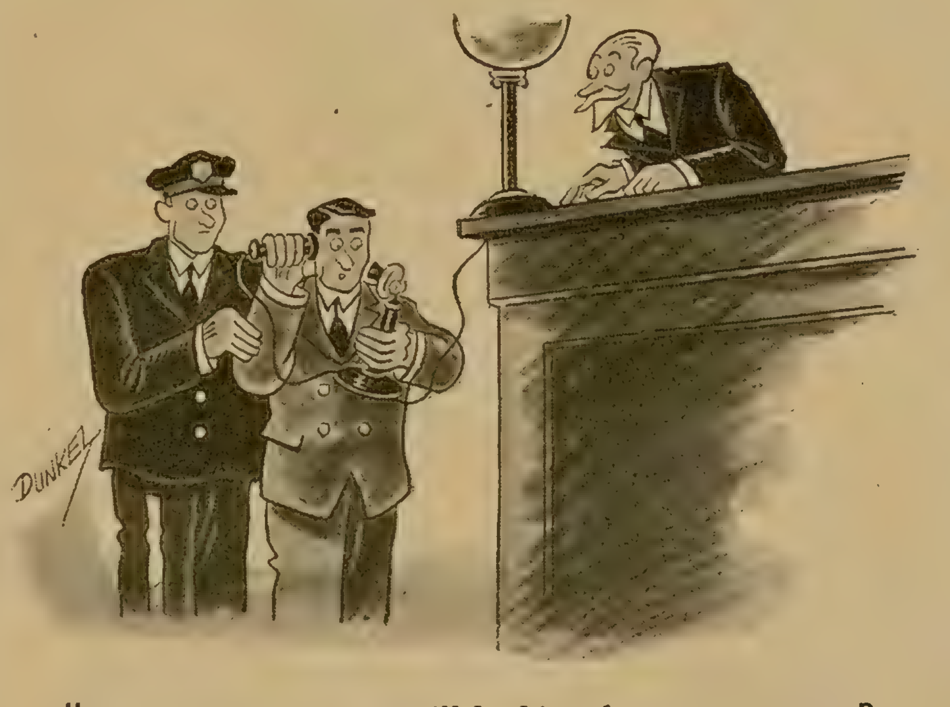
Encourage your readers to write you on any subject. Charge a nominal price, say fifty cents a year, for this publication, so that it will be self-supporting. Very soon the circulation will be so great that advertisers will be attracted. Try it out!—*James C. McCabe.*

MENCKEN IN RED INK

Douglassville, Pa. — I am constrained to write you at this time because of the departure of Colonel Lindbergh, with his family, seeking a safer land than ours to live in and rear his remaining child.

Press comment and press statements attributed to our solons in the halls of Congress prompt me to do so. To this end, I want to direct your attention to Liberty of July 28, 1934, and the contribution of H. L. Mencken, What to Do with Criminals.

May I suggest that you republish it? Don't wait for a popular demand. Few readers perhaps remember it; fewer still have preserved it. So print it immediately—and *in red ink.* There's the best, most direct and truthful solution to what to do with criminals.—*Guy L. Moses.*



"Hello, Fred, are you still looking for an apartment? I wanna sublet mine for a coupla years!"

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

COCKTAILS with Rosa Ponselle in a setting of uncanny gloom. (It was the afternoon all our uptown New York electric lights went out and stayed out for hours.) A sputtering candle threw weird shadows across the Ponselle drawing room. Rosa wore a black dress with big black sleeves. Always sensitive to stage effects, she flapped her arms like a bird of omen and spoke to me in a voice of tragedy.

"It is not cheerful," she said, "to be all the time dying. In Carmen I die, in Norma they burn me to death, in Traviata I die again, and in The Three Kings I get strangled. Twenty-eight of my thirty operatic parts end with me dead! It is not cheerful."

ROSA PONSELLE

For opera she had to unlearn the Naples dialect of her Italian-American childhood, had to acquire the purest language of Italy. Never can she get through a concert engagement without singing O Sole Mio. Every audience demands it. Once a landlady put her out for practicing so much in Italian. "We're all Irish here," said the landlady. "If you had sung Mother Machree a few times, maybe the neighbors wouldn't have minded."

Cooks, declares Rosa, can be more temperamental than opera stars. Example: A famous chef in the South refused to cook her a rare steak at four in the afternoon—a steak happens to be the only thing she can eat before singing at night. "Steak at six o'clock, yes," roared the temperamental chef. "Steak at four o'clock—never!"

Her realistic Carmen has won her new glory this year. She told me her legs were black-and-blue from being knocked down by José. With a grin she added, "But I left good marks on his hand where I bit him."

● Last year, when a certain Wall Street house discontinued operating, one member of the firm retained a small office in the vacated suite. Recently he was discovered at his lonely desk—playing game after game of solitaire.

"It's my wife," he explained with a shy smile of self-depreciation. "She's younger than I am. She says she wouldn't have married me if she had known I was going to retire from business and stay home all day. She wouldn't stand for that."

Therefore, every morning at ten he goes to work like an active broker. All day he plays solitaire. At four in the afternoon he pulls the roll top on his old-fashioned desk down over his unfinished card game. Hurries to catch the train for his suburban home. His wife raises Cain if he is late for dinner.

This is a true story.

● Gloria Bristol runs a beauty parlor *for men.* I asked her what kind of beautification the men require.

"Bags taken out from under their eyes," she said. "They tell us they get those bags through overwork or lack of sleep."

"They're telling us!" says I.

Men go to Gloria also to have their eyebrows separated. It seems that men whose eyebrows grow together in the middle are suspected by their girl friends of being too violently jealous.

But most of Gloria's masculine customers come to her for facial treatment. They want that schoolboy complexion. She has one client nearing sixty who craves to marry a girl of eighteen. His girl thinks he's away somewhere taking a rest cure. Actually he is at Gloria's every day — growing younger and younger!

● A woman friend of mine tried reading aloud to a woman friend of hers who was sick (with nerves) in a hospital. The story being read was one of Joseph Hergesheimer's latest. They had trouble keeping track of the names of the feminine characters in the story. The names were awfully pretty but hard to remember. Names like Celina, and Honora Pryme, and Lane Butterwithe, and Hera Waite. It was a swell story but, as I say, the names imposed a bit of a tax on one's memory. After several sessions of reading back to see who was who, the invalid began to toss about in a weak frenzy.

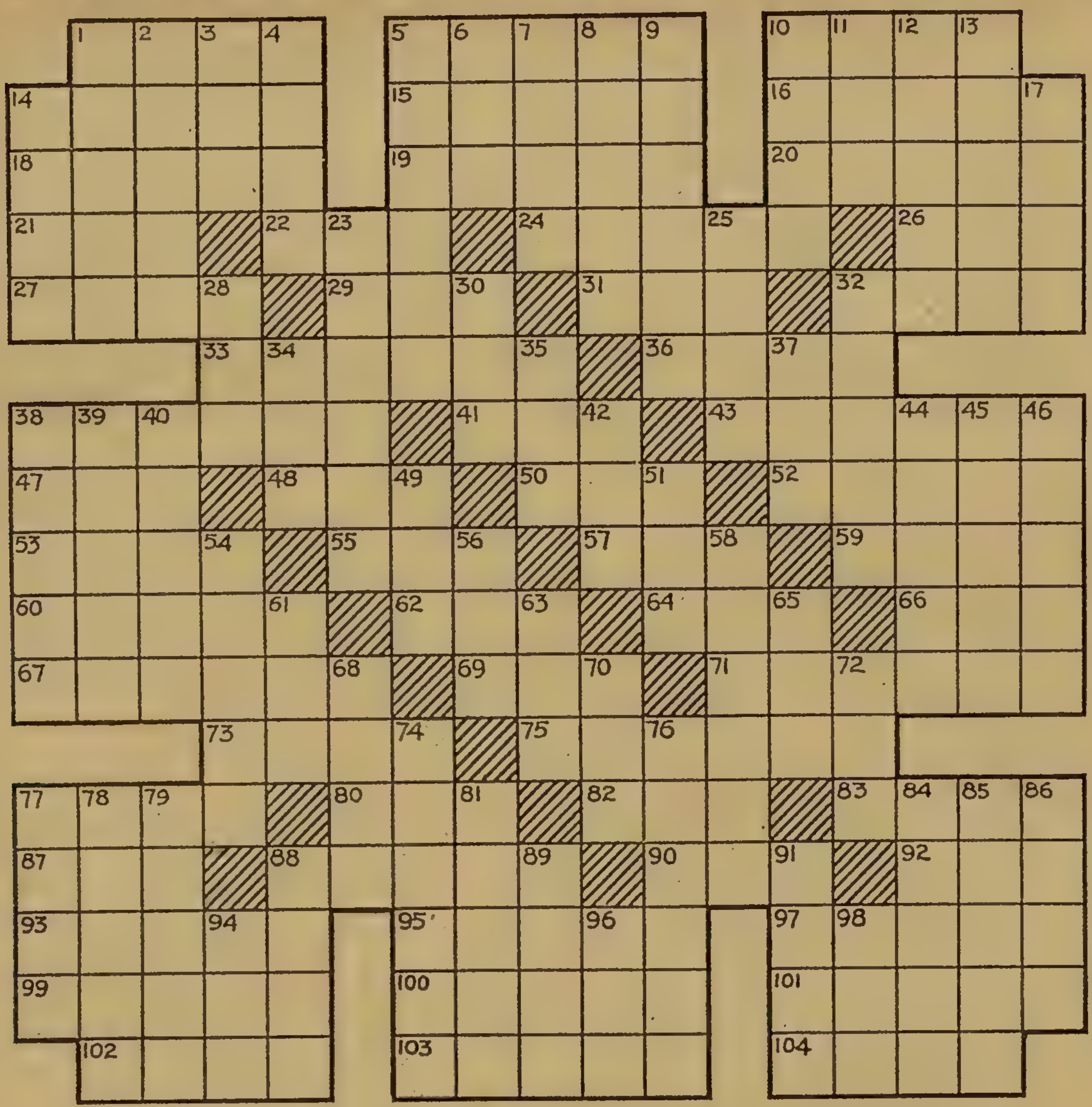
"Oh, dear me!" she wailed. "I've just had one nervous breakdown. Why can't he call *some one* Nelly?"

● Brownstone Fronts and Saratoga Trunks, a fascinating book by Henry Collins Brown, pictures New York when the great metropolis was a mere neighborhood. Delightful reading for all who are interested in old American ways. (Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

● The Swedes excel, I think, at buffet supping. Here, from the buffet-supper book of a Swedish lady I know, is her old family recipe for veal-liver pâté:

Grind 1 pound calf's liver and ½ pound fat bacon twice through meat grinder. Add 2 tablespoons finely chopped ham, 1 chopped onion lightly fried in butter, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, a little mace. Mix with the yolks of 2 eggs and the stiffly beaten whites. Put mixture in well buttered mold, cover with bacon slices, stand in pan of hot water, cook 1½ hours in slow oven. Let cool in the mold. Turn out, chill thoroughly, garnish with lemon quarters. Serve with a salad of chopped cranberries, celery, chicory, and lettuce.

CROSSWORDS

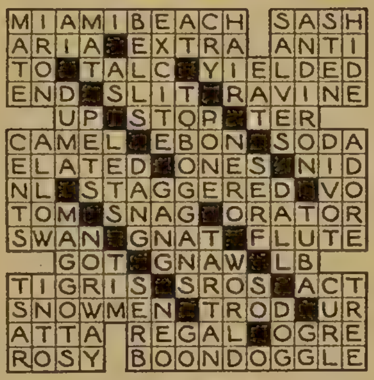


HORIZONTAL

1 To breathe quickly
5 Of the sun
10 To open widely
14 Man's name
15 Obliterate
16 Of an area
18 Winged
19 Elevate in rank
20 Rent
21 Entangle
22 Woman's name
24 Carousal
26 Japanese coin
27 Pillage
29 A pronoun
31 Comprehend
32 Withered
33 Assert
36 Slender
38 A part of a saddle
41 Wander about
43 Rocks
47 Salutation (Latin)
48 Lair
50 Egg of an insect
52 Moved stealthily
53 Classify
55 An affirmative
57 Disfigure
59 A Mohammedan noble
60 A separate article (pl.)
62 Put on
64 Religious recluse
66 Suffix: act or action
67 A serious discourse
69 Part of an apron
71 Planted by strewing
73 Heroic poem
75 Glues
77 Gone by
80 One in a superior position in life (slang)
82 Any monkey
83 A faction
87 Skill
88 Extreme excitement
90 Bustle
92 Inferior
93 Former sultan's decree
95 An anesthetic
97 The poplar
99 A bird
100 Staggers
101 Satiates
102 Stitches
103 Quench
104 Former allowance for waste

VERTICAL

1 Pertaining to one of the poles
2 Size of type
3 A snare
4 A plant
5 Placid
6 Danish money of account
7 A den
8 Equines
9 Female sandpipers
10 To fret
11 Form of to be
12 Edible seed (obs., pl.)
13 Part of a loom
14 An incline
17 An unaspirated consonant
23 Term used in tennis
25 Lampreys
28 Edible root
30 Instigate
32 Struck
34 Conducted
35 Bear young
37 Pronoun
38 City in Kentucky
39 Elliptical
40 Measure of length
42 Obscure
44 A wanderer
45 Strike out
46 Withered
49 Man's nickname
51 Color shade
54 An insect
56 Weep
58 Corroded
61 Soak up
63 Pinch
65 Born (French)
68 Baseball team
70 A bleat
72 A certain shape
74 Overlays
76 Scanty
77 Couple
78 Tapestry
79 Part of a cask
81 Pepper plant
84 Puff up
85 Heavenly body
86 Couples
88 Marshes
89 An ostrich
91 A kiln
94 Condensed moisture
96 Horned animal
98 Roman god



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MIAMIBEACH SASH
ARIA■EXTRA ANTI
TO■TALC■YIELDED
END■SLIT■RAVINE
 UP■STOR■TER
CAMEL■EBON■SODA
ELATED■ONES■NID
NL■STAGGERED■VO
TOM■SNAG■ORATOR
SWAN■GNAT■FLUTE
 GOT■GNAW■LB
TIGRIS■SROS■ACT
SNOWMEN■TROD■UR
ATTA REGAL■OGRE
ROSY BOONDOGGLE
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Answer to last week's puzzle

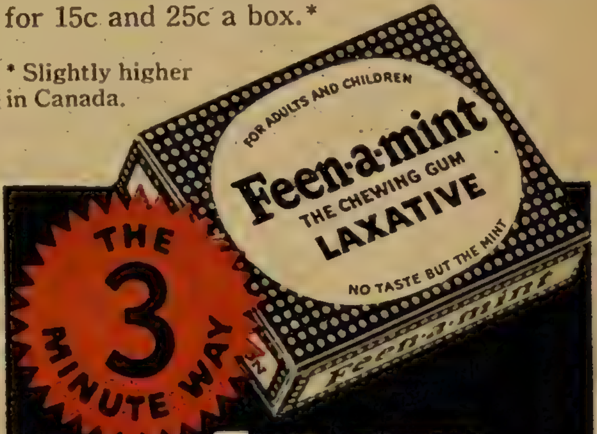
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"LAST NIGHT I FELT HEADACHY AND BILIOUS—
TODAY I FEEL MARVELOUS

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!"

"How wonderful FEEN-A-MINT is! Last night I felt sluggish and all in—generally run-down. I chewed FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars! FEEN-A-MINT is so easy to take, too. It's pleasant, non-habit-forming, yet completely thorough—so different from harsh, old-fashioned, "all-at-once" cathartics. Those three minutes of chewing certainly make a difference." FEEN-A-MINT is the proper laxative for the whole family. It tastes just like chewing gum. The children love it as much as the adults. Get a family supply of FEEN-A-MINT at your druggist's for 15c and 25c a box.*

* Slightly higher in Canada.



THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE *difference!*

STORMY HEART

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

YOUNG Jard Shellstrom, a senior at Princeton University, returns to the family ranch in Oregon, the Halfmoon Cross, determined to learn the truth about his father's mysterious disappearance—a shock that caused the death of his mother. He meets lovely Mavis Calhoun, daughter of his father's most hated enemy and the one person he feels certain holds the key to the mystery. Mavis, however, bears none of her father's bitter hate for the Shellstroms. She warns Jard of a vigilante group to which her father belongs, and advises him to leave the country before he is harmed. Other sinister warnings come from Robert Van Wyck and Toby Thurm, both Calhoun men. But Jard is determined to fight it out. With the help of the two Graham brothers, Nort and Phil, and hitchhikers Joe Leigh and his alluring sister Chloe who volunteer their services, the groundwork for a powerful defense is made.

Joe is sent to Portland to hire a small army of unemployed men after Calhoun warns Jard that if he doesn't leave the country in three weeks he must suffer the consequences. A few days later Calhoun's men are unsuccessful in a bold attempt to wreck one of Jard's supply trucks. Then comes a new fear, the possibility that Nort Graham is a Calhoun spy. Chloe overhears him talking to Toby concerning some violence planned for that night.

In the morning they find the new branding chute, corrals, and a tractor in ruins. Meanwhile new complications have arisen. Chloe, knowing that Mavis is extremely jealous of her attentions toward Jard, hints that she might be one of her father's spies. This new fear, together with an unsigned note warning them of their last three days of grace, is followed by Calhoun's attempt to buy off Jard's men, numbering well over a hundred. But Terry Flynn, a loyal volunteer, deceives the Calhoun visitor into believing they have only half that number. Then Chloe disappears. Jard, believing her held at Calhoun's house, goes there alone and is made a prisoner. But while bargaining for his release, he sees a chance to escape and makes a desperate break.

PART FIVE—A GHASTLY FIND

JARD hurled himself at the great sun window with the force of a boulder shot from a catapult. Head bowed and hunched into his coat collar, arms folded and hugged tight to his chest to protect his hands and wrists, he went through the window—and most of the glass went with him. He struck the ground like a ball, rolled over, and came up running.

By the time Calhoun and the others shook themselves out of their stunned surprise and crowded pell-mell to the window, Jard was in his roadster and the engine was roaring.

Calhoun fired at the tire of the right rear wheel, but the car whirled suddenly and raced away.

Jard returned to the Halfmoon Cross in three minutes less time than he had taken to come from it to Calhoun's house. Terry and Joe came running to meet him as the roadster rocked to a halt and Jard leaped out.

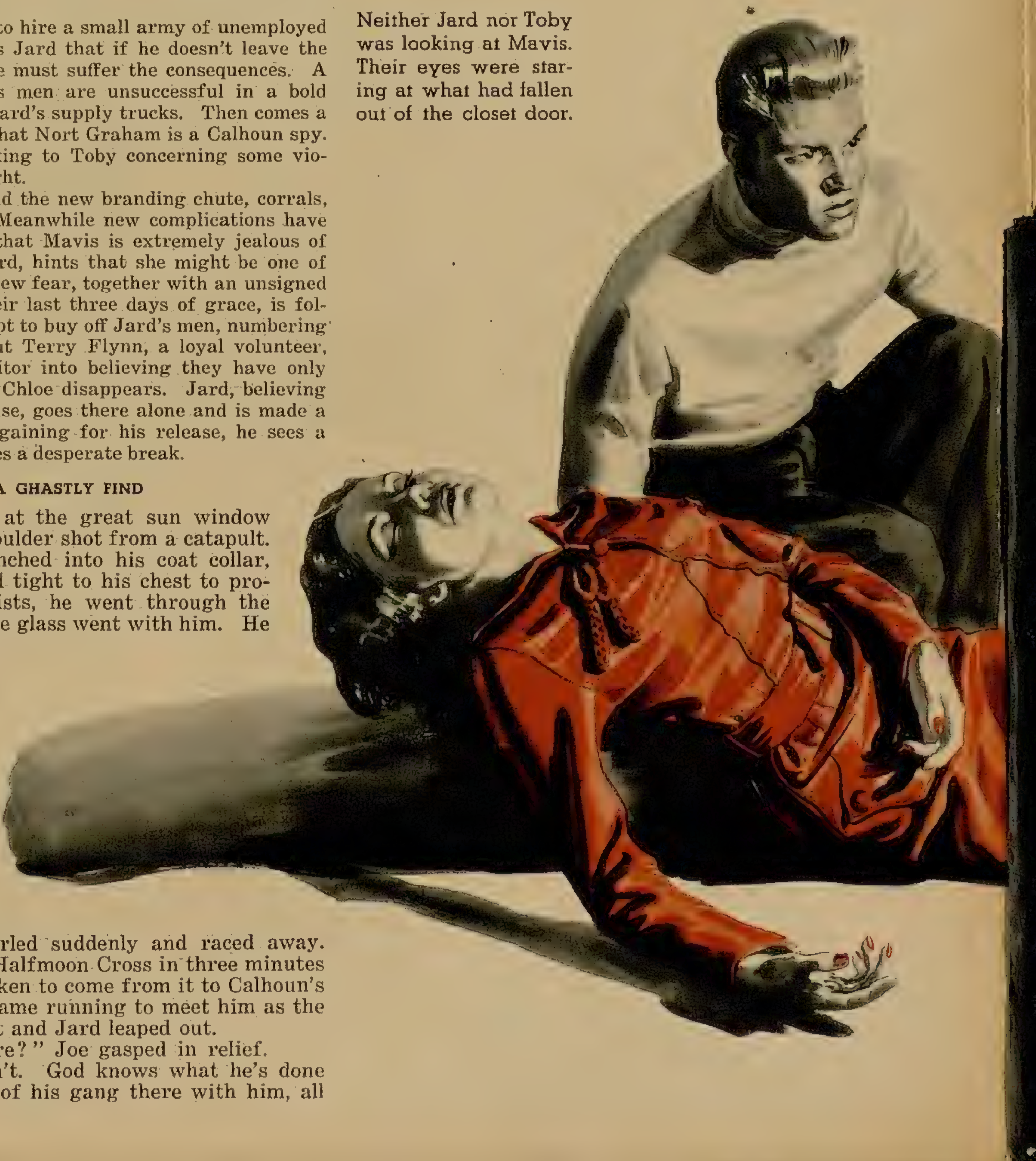
"You—you were there?" Joe gasped in relief.

"Yes. But *she* wasn't. God knows what he's done with her. He had five of his gang there with him, all right. They tried to hold me. I broke through a window. Calhoun is raging. He'll be down here tomorrow night with enough men to blow us all to hell. We've got to be ready for him!" . . .

Calhoun bent over in a chair with a laugh diabolical enough to chill a listener's soul. And facing him, in another chair, infinitely relishing the situation, was Toby Thurm.

"So *you've* got her!" Calhoun was saying. "Toby, you're better than I thought you were. Where you got her?"

"Never mind," said Toby. "So long as I don't tell, you can say honestly and with conviction that you don't

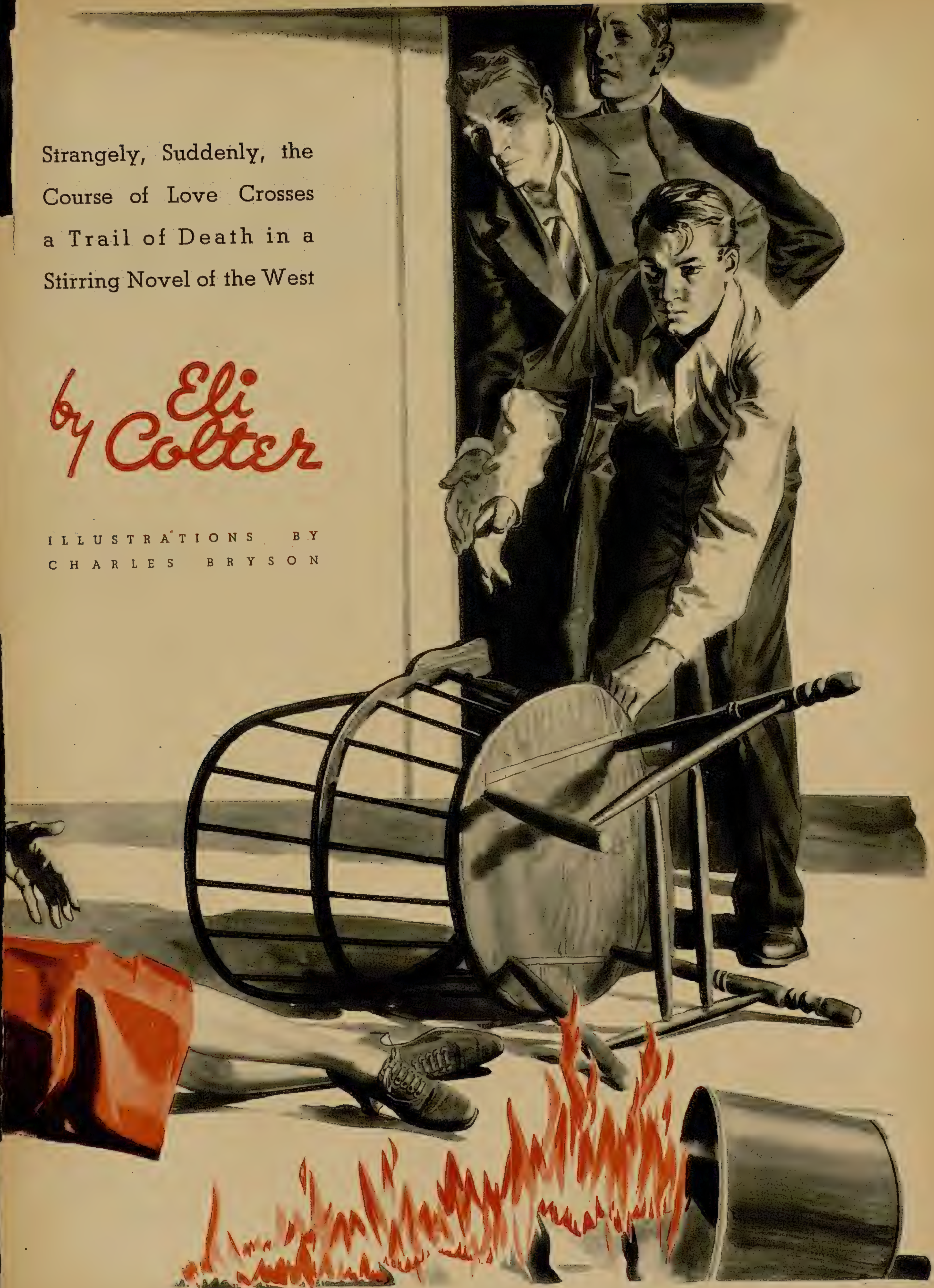


Neither Jard nor Toby was looking at Mavis. Their eyes were staring at what had fallen out of the closet door.

Strangely, Suddenly, the Course of Love Crosses a Trail of Death in a Stirring Novel of the West

by Eli Colter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON



know. I've got her safely put away, and that's enough. As I told you over the telephone, Jard's men are gone. You have only to find some way of getting rid of those three or four friends he has there, and you have him cold."

Calhoun straightened in his chair and looked around at the other men in the room. "We'll make a good job of it this time, eh, Rob?"

"Tomorrow night?" said Toby, getting to his feet.

"Tomorrow night?" Calhoun grinned. "*Tonight*, Toby! Now get back there and keep an eye on that ranch, so you can let me know of the least significant happening. Get along!"

Toby drove straight to the Halfmoon Cross, rolled down the highway past the house, and stopped. Along the field next the highway where Jard's father had planted the poplar windbreak Toby parked his car in the shade, and started along the fence.

Joe saw him and called Jard out of the barn. "There's your old friend Toby Thurm coming toward the house, Jard."

Jard stepped out of the barn and gazed toward the trees. "Yes, it's Toby, all right, Joe. I'll go meet him and see what he wants."

Jard passed the barn and crossed the Lombardy lane in front of the garage. Toby slowed to a halt as Jard approached.

"Hello, Toby," Jard hailed casually. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I was coming to see you." Toby's brilliant eyes passed quickly over Jard's face. "You did that pretty smoothly, Jard. Calhoun thinks all your men are gone. In fact I told him myself that they were all gone. So you're going to have the whole damn country down on your neck within the next twelve hours. Did you know that?"

Jard started. "Within twelve hours? No. Calhoun said he was giving me till tomorrow night."

"They're coming after you tonight. How many men have you left here? Fifty or sixty of them, haven't you?"

"My men deserted," Jard answered curtly.

"Oh, you needn't stall with me." Toby shrugged his massive shoulders. "I know. I know everything that's been going on, and I'm here to put you wise. Let's go on in the house where we can sit down and talk. I'm tired."

"I wouldn't believe you under oath, Toby!" Jard's reply was cold and uncompromising. "But I'm willing to hear what you have to say."

While Joe, Terry, and Red stood near the barn door and watched, curious and uneasy, Jard led the way to the living room and waved Thurm to a chair.

"All right, Toby. Get it off your chest. You're the one who has explaining to do. What was the object in your meeting Nort Graham up there in the hills?"

"How did you learn that I'd met Nort?"

"You were seen, Toby, by some one who reported it to me. Where did Nort go? What became of him? You know too much, Toby. You know so damned much that I'd wring your neck to get it out of you, if I didn't know that no amount of punishment could make you talk."

TOBY stretched his long legs, easing a little the clubbed foot that often grew weary. "I came here as a friend. You can take it or leave it. Do you care to know who wrecked your corrals and branding chute and banged up your tractor? Calhoun wasn't alone in it, Jard. He had Halpole, Abe Ochre, Zan Brenner, and Wark Hassalo with him. There are six more men in Calhoun's picked gang: Skunny Leech, Van Wyck, Doc Larribee, Moe Frazier, Turk Randal, Ben Young, and Jess Freeman. Van Wyck don't really count as one of the eleven: he's simply the other half of Calhoun. That's the lot that ganged up on your father."

Jard's body suddenly was tense. "What do you know about my father?" he demanded harshly.

"I know that those twelve men ganged up on him and did something with him. There's some evidence of what they did right here in this house."

"But we've gone over the whole house! There's nothing to give us the least clue."

"Yes, there is," Toby contradicted flatly. "You haven't found it, that's all. I came here to help you find it."

"I thought you were Calhoun's spy!"

Toby's smile distorted his face, bitter and burning with hatred. "I am—his paid and threatened spy. But he doesn't own my soul. I'm not—"

"Keep still a minute, Toby." Jard turned his head, listening. "A car just stopped in front of the house."

He went to the front door. A silver coupé stood before the grilled gates and Mavis's slim red-garbed figure was running up the walk.

"Oh, Jard! Jard!" She threw herself into his arms. "Jard, you have to do something!"

Jard drew her along the hall in the curve of his arm. "Toby's in here. He was trying to tell me they were coming tonight, but I wouldn't believe him."

MAVIS halted short in the doorway of the living room, and her gaze leaped to Toby's intent and anxious face. "You *can* believe him. He's telling the truth. They're coming tonight." She turned in his half-embrace and looked up into his face. "Oh, Jard! You have to go! They're coming after you—and you with your men gone—"

"They aren't all gone," said Toby quickly. "He has more men remaining here than there were in the lot that left here."

"Oh! Have you, Jard?"

"I have, Stormy dear."

"But that won't save you!" Mavis protested vehemently, sinking into the chair to which he had led her. "I tell you, there'll be still men enough coming to outnumber your forces almost two to one. You haven't a chance. I won't let you stay! I won't let you deliberately commit suicide!"

Jard bent over her, his hands on her shoulders. "You can't help yourself, darling. *You* can't do anything."

"Oh, can't I!" Mavis's voice rose furiously. "Don't be too sure about that, Jard. I can do plenty! I'll go to Mart Wister and swear out a warrant for your arrest! I'll swear that you attempted violence on me. I'll swear anything to make a warrant valid. And Mart will believe me. I'm Oliver Calhoun's daughter—he'll be afraid not to believe me. He'll be here in record time with enough men to take you. Before night comes I'll have you in jail." She sprang to her feet.

"Oh, no, you don't!"

Jard leaped after her as she tried to dart past him, and both his outflung arms went around her, gripping her close. She struggled frantically.

"After a threat like that, I don't dare let you out of the house."

Her hands beat at him. "You can't keep me here. You can't do it!"

"Oh, yes, I can, Stormy—and I'm going to. I'm going to lock you up till you cool down." He carried her, still struggling and kicking, into the hall and down the hall toward a closed door. Reaching out with one hand behind her back, he shoved open the door, pushed her through the doorway, flipped the key out of the keyhole, closed the portal and locked it.

"Oh, you idiot!" Mavis pounded her clenched fists against the thick wooden door panels. "You let me out of here! You let me out of here this instant, or I'll set the house afire!"

Jard grinned. He leaned against the door, his arms folded across his chest. Toby emerged from the living-room door and stood a few feet down the hall, gazing at Jard with humorous eyes.

"Stormy Weather!" Toby chuckled in a subdued voice. "You'd better let her out of there, Jard. She'll wreck the whole damn house!"

Jard shrugged. "She'll have a hard time of it. That's dad's old room. It's pretty stout."

The two men fell silent, listening. They heard her pounding again on the door panels at Jard's back, but Jard made no sign. Then for a short space there was silence in the room beyond—the room that had been Halvor Shellstrom's private sanctum, combination den, office room, and retreat. There was no door leading into or from it save this door that opened into the hall. There were three large mullioned windows in the room, but outside the windows there were heavy steel crossbars set into the stone. In that room Halvor Shellstrom had kept his ready cash and things of personal value.

The family had laughed when he had had those bars put up; but Halvor had only grinned back. "My private jail," he had retorted. "I've always wanted a room with bars over the windows, and now I've got it. Anybody who tried to get into this room would be out of luck."

JARD was remembering that now as he leaned against the heavy door. Then he heard Mavis moving. He turned his head to speak through the door.

"Come on, Stormy. Be a good kid. Promise me that you won't go doing anything crazy, and I'll let you out."

He heard the small objects on his father's desk rattle as she moved them; then the rustle of paper, a thin scratching sound, the slight breathy hiss of flame in paper.

"You can bet you'll let me out!" Mavis's voice rose close to the door at Jard's back. "I've set the house afire! Get some water and let me out of here before it gets too big a start. I mean it! The house is afire! You'd better move, Jard!"

Through the cracks around the door Jard could already smell faintly the odor of burning cloth and paper, but he did not move. "You're not getting out of there till you promise me that you won't try to interfere with my actions, Stormy. Put out the fire yourself."

Mavis knew that he meant what he said. A little fear shot through her voice. "I can't put it out! All that paper in the wastebasket is blazing. The curtains are already afire!"

"Jerk the drapes down and smother the flames."

He heard her leap from the door, heard a drape pole come down with a crash, and a little flurry of furious movement. Then her voice cried at him again:

"Jard Shellstrom, are you going to let me out of here?"

"Are you going to promise me to mind your own business?"

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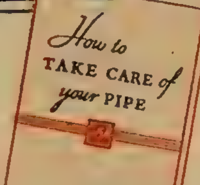

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"No, I'm not! I'm going to get out of here and save you from your own bullheaded insanity! I jerked the drapes down. I'll jerk down everything else I can get my hands on! I'll wreck the room if you don't let me out of here!"

Toby Thurm's voice rose in a stage whisper: "You'd better let her out, Jard."

Jard didn't answer. Inside the locked room there came another noisy clatter as a second drape pole crashed to the floor. The room became a vortex of wild movement. They heard Mavis snatch up a chair and hurl it at one of the windows, heard the shattering of the glass, the cracking of the chair itself as she battered it in impotent frenzy against the crossbars. She picked up another chair and began battering at the fine-grained panels of the wall.

Then a sudden silence—a peculiar chilled silence that had in it something appalling.

Then a scream rent the air—a wild rising scream of utter horror. The scream choked out. Within the room there was the thud of something falling limp on the floor.

"That's no bluff!" cried Toby.

Jard whirled and pounded on the door. "Stormy! Stormy! What's the matter?"

No answer. Only the silence, thick and somehow ghastly. With a muttered oath, Jard inserted the key in the lock, turned it, and threw open the door. Toby was at his heels as he made one step across the threshold and stopped short. His face paled and his eyes widened. A choked cry died in his throat.

Across the room Mavis lay huddled on the rug in a dead faint. The litter of the wreckage she had wrought was scattered about her.

Not three feet from her the wall was open. Under her furious battering, one of the wall panels had been forced back, revealing a dark closet.

But neither Jard nor Toby was looking at Mavis, nor at the opened closet. Their eyes were staring, transfixed, at what had fallen out of the closet door almost at Mavis's feet.

IT was a familiar and wrinkled suit of clothes. And in the clothes, held partly together by them, was the grinning skeleton of a man. Jard stood rooted for a moment, involuntarily took a step backward, then went slowly across the room. Footsteps came running up the back stairs, into the house, through the kitchen, and Joe's voice rose calling:

"Jard! Jard! What's the matter?"

Toby turned as Joe and Terry rushed down the hall to halt before the door. "Mavis—sort of went on a rampage. Tell you everything in a minute."

"Good God!"

Joe stared at Jard, who was stooping to lift Mavis from the floor—at the girl—and lastly at the skeleton lying a few feet from her.

Jard rose to his height, to face them across Mavis's limp and senseless figure held against his breast. "Get some water, Joe, and help me to bring her out of this."

Toby stepped to Jard's side as Jard deposited Mavis gently in a chair. "Joe and I'll take care of Mavis. You take a look at things—over there."

Jard nodded silent acquiescence and went slowly toward the open closet door, his fascinated gaze on the remains that had fallen from the closet. For an instant he stood staring down at them. His face was without color as his eyes fixed on the skull.

THE bone of the skull was crushed in on one side, cracked all the way across the back.

"God!" Jard ran his tongue across his dry lips and dropped to one knee. He reached out one hand and pushed back the coat and vest. He started back at what he saw. There was no bullet mark on the bones anywhere, but the sternum was crushed inward. He wet his lips again with his tongue, got to his feet, and backed away from the skeleton, still staring down at it dazedly.

Joe and Toby were giving their attention to Mavis, with Terry standing helplessly and awkwardly by. Mavis finally stirred and shuddered and tried to sit up.

"Keep still, Stormy," Toby said in a terse undertone. "You've done enough damage for one day. He'll thank you for it later. But right now you keep still."

Jard raised his head and slowly turned to face the four of them. He gestured toward the skeleton.

"Battered to death," he said hoarsely. "God, how they must have beaten him!"

"It is—isn't it—" Mavis stammered, her dark face very white.

"Yes, Stormy darling. There can't be any mistake. I know the clothes. I know the watch that's dropped out of the pocket and hanging by the chain. I know the three gold bridges in his teeth. It's what's left of my father, Stormy."

Mavis burst into wild sobbing. "Oh, Jard darling. Please forgive me! I'm so sorry! I was mad with fear for you—I just went wild. I didn't know there was—anything like this. I didn't know! *I didn't know!*"

Jard gazed at her with fathomless eyes, an expression of profound and understanding affection crossing his face. "I know you didn't, Stormy. You don't have to tell me that. I'm glad you did go wild. I'd never have found him if it hadn't been for you."

"I knew it was here all the time!" muttered Toby, and his brilliant eyes were raised to Jard's face. "I knew *something* was here, from what Calhoun said. He said if you found what was in this house to find, he and Zan Brenner would hang. He and Zan did it, Jard!"

Mavis shuddered and bit back a moan. "Oh, God—no! No, Toby!"

"Soft-pedal, Toby!" Jard crossed the room to pause before Mavis. "Stormy, you'll stay here now, won't you? Not because I fear what you might do—I don't believe you'd want to do anything to interfere now—but because I'd feel safer about you if you were here with me. I'm asking you to stay. Will you do that for me, Stormy?"

"I'd do anything for you!" She struggled to her feet, holding out both hands toward him, the tears raining down her face.

Jard caught her close and looked over her head at the three men. "Go on into the living room, boys. We'll be with you in a minute."

Joe and Terry followed Toby out dumbly, and Mavis clung to Jard, completely spent.

"It's all right, Stormy darling," he whispered against her hair. "You only wanted to do something for me, and you've done it—the greatest thing anybody ever did do for me. Don't you want to go up to my room and lie down for a while till you feel better?"

"No. I—I feel better already." She dashed the tears from her cheeks and her brown eyes clung hungrily to his face. "I'd feel a *lot* better if—if—"

"O. K.!" He drew her tightly to his breast and kissed her. "No more ifs. How much better do you feel now?"

A SMILE broke over her face, and the dusky beauty so close to his lips drew his face again to hers—and he thought of Chloe. Was a man ever so completely at sea over his own emotions before? he wondered in a swift flash of thought. Chloe was the woman he had dreamed of ever since he could remember. But Mavis lighted in him some leaping fire that he could not dampen; she drew something in him to life the instant she was in his sight. He couldn't keep her out of his arms. And he told himself again that when this business of fighting off a whole territory to protect his lands and his life was done, he would know his own mind.

They went into the living room arm in arm, and the three men waiting there for them turned quickly as they entered the open doorway.

Jard led Mavis to a chair and dropped into a seat beside her. He looked across at Toby. "You said you came here as a friend." Jard's hand gripped the arms of his chair. "I'll have to see some proof of it, Toby. I'm asking you again, what became of Nort Graham?"

The expression in Toby's brilliant eyes was unreadable; there was no expression on his face. "You'll have to take my word for it that Nort is all right. I know where Chloe is, but you'll have to take my word for it that she's all right too."

Jard almost rose to his feet. "*You* know where Chloe is? *Where?* Out with it, quick!"

Mavis turned her gaze swiftly on Jard's face and she seemed to wilt.

Toby made no movement. "I'm not going to tell you. She's safe, and that's all you're going to get out of me. I have perfectly good reasons for

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not telling. You'd go barging right after her and wreck everything—"

"But suppose I gave my word *not* to do anything of the sort," Jard interrupted.

"I wouldn't take your word," Toby cut him short. "If you knew where she was, all hell couldn't stop you. She's perfectly safe. We have some damned important plans to make. You haven't time to go running around the country on fools' errands. Finding your father changes the aspect of things. I always *thought* they'd killed him —in fact, I knew it. But I didn't have any proof even that he was dead. Now we have proof that they did kill him, and of where they hid him."

"Toby!" Jard leaned forward in his chair. "Do you know why Calhoun hated my father so bitterly?"

"From what I heard Oll say, Calhoun killed your father's kid brother years ago, and got away with it so slick that nothing could be pinned on him. Your father knew it. He was determined to get Calhoun. That's why he came here to live—he followed Oliver Calhoun. He was living for the day when he could get something on Calhoun and put him where he belonged."

"Toby! Are you sure?"

"PLENTY sure—but I've got no proof. Calhoun knew why your father came here. He lived in daily fear that your father'd get him cold, and he was simply laying for a chance to put Halvor out of the way. Well—he got the chance, someway. He took it, that's all. He—"

Jard got to his feet. He pulled himself together with a visible effort. "Joe, up in my old room—Chloe's room now—you'll find my mother's cedar chest. Empty it and bring it down, will you? You and Terry."

The chest was brought down from Chloe's room, and the others stood back silently while Jard laid in the fragrant chest the battered remains of his father. Then Joe and Terry carried the chest across the room and stood it in the south corner against the wall. All of them followed Jard with subdued excitement as he walked to the closet and stepped within.

He snapped the light-switch button down and light flooded the interior of the closet.

The cubicle was six feet deep and eight feet in length. The walls were finished in the same manner as were the paneled walls in the outer room. The men who had put Halvor Shellstrom's body there and left it leaning against the closet door had been in too great a hurry to be gone to make certain that the door was entirely closed. It was ajar the bare fraction of an inch necessary to prevent the mechanism of the latch from catching. The door had been fitted with a complicated little latch on the inside which would hold the sliding panel tightly in place.

Nothing was in the closet save a small armless rocking chair, a small table, a box upon the floor, and a fairly good-sized safe. The table top held a neat stack of papers. The box was a kind of hand-carved chest about two feet long and ten inches wide. The safe door stood slightly ajar.

Jard lifted the small heap of papers, which proved to be nothing more than letters, cards, mementoes that Halvor Shellstrom had cherished, and bills that he had paid. Jard had a fleeting vision of his father sitting in the small armless chair, going through the sheaves of his memories. He turned his attention to the carved box on the floor. He lifted the lid, shook his head, and looked up at the four who stood watching him.

"My mother's wedding veil and the flowers she carried when she and dad were married." He closed the lid, rose to his feet, and turned to the safe.

He pulled the door wide open and began a thorough search of the different compartments. He found more receipted bills, letters from himself while at college, the deeds to the acres of the Halfmoon Cross, the wedding certificate of his father and his mother, little records his father had held sacred. He found one box containing eleven thousand dollars in currency, and another containing forty-three dollars in silver. That was all.

He closed the safe door again, leaving it barely ajar as it had been, and turned to the closet door.

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“Well, there seems to be nothing else. We can close this door now and try to find the way to open it. We can always cut it open if we have to.”

He closed the door, and after persistent effort they discovered that the panel worked by pressure exerted in exactly the right spot to the left of the lock latch. Jard marked the spot with the blade of his pocket knife, and the five of them set to work clearing the wreckage from the room. The task was short for ten hands.

“What are we going to tell the men?” Joe asked. “They heard Mavis scream, you know. They're eaten up with curiosity and excitement.”

“Tell them the truth,” Jard answered.

“Wait a minute, Jard.” Toby laid a detaining hand on Jard's arm. “You need to know just what Calhoun has planned. Remember—he thinks all your men have been drawn off. It was Van Wyck himself who talked to Terry; only Terry didn't know him. Calhoun knows that Chloe isn't here. I wanted him to know it!” Toby's eyes glowed red with that bitter hatred. “He has half the country ready to pounce down on you tonight, but since Van—apparently—got rid of your men so easily, he's holding the most of the men off. He'd rather keep the whole affair within the knowledge of his own little gang if he can. So he's bringing them and coming over here shortly after dark to clean up on you. I want to see him walk right into it!”

“I see. Well, we'll be ready for him. Stormy, you go on into the living room with Toby. Terry and Joe and I are going out to talk to the men.”

“Jard.” Mavis's voice turned him squarely about just as he started for the door. “I'm not going to do anything to interfere with you in any way. But I want to go home for a couple of hours or so. I'll promise to be back here by dark.”

Jard hesitated, his eyes searching her face. “All right, Mavis. Go ahead. But watch your step.”

He went out with Terry and Joe, and Mavis followed them as far as the hall.

There she turned to her left and hurried out of the house to her waiting car.

As Jard left the men in the barn, after having detailed his plans to them, he walked slowly toward the house, his thought gone again to Chloe, harried by the worry that would give him no peace of mind. Where was she? Why had she gone? He found Toby waiting for him in nervous impatience, pacing the floor.

“We're all ready for him!” Jard said.

“What are you going to do?”

“We're going to take them all into camp, tie 'em up, and deliver them to the sheriff.”

“The sheriff?” Toby raised his brows in a significant grimace. “Mart Wister's under Oliver Calhoun's thumb too, Jard.”

“Well, we'll take them into Pendleton, then! And I'll swear out a warrant for their arrest for the murder of my father. We may not have any proof, but we'll get a good lawyer on the job, and a couple of detectives, and we'll *find* proof!”

Toby frowned and rubbed his slender hand along his cheek. The frown deepened to a reflective scowl. “I guess it'll work. The big gang that Oliver's holding off won't move without some word from him. Once you get Oliver in hand, you can rush him and the rest of the twelve right into Pendleton tonight. That's going to throw a monkey wrench into their machinery, and the rest of them are going to keep on holding off till they know which way to jump. That will give you time for action. Yes, I guess it'll work. But—*suppose it shouldn't?*”

“What? Suppose it— But why shouldn't it work?”

“Because this thing is a damned sight bigger than you think it is! The very fact that you have Oliver and Van Wyck and that lot may scare the daylights out of the rest of them and bring them down on you like a pack of wolves. You'd better be prepared for that. If I were in your shoes I'd call the state police.”

Jard shook his head decisively. “I don't want to do anything like that unless I have to. I'll fight this out with my own crew unless Calhoun forces me to call for help. See here, Toby. What's this organization of Calhoun's? What's their idea? What are they up to?”

“I'm not going to tell you now, Jard. Wait till you get hold of Calhoun himself. Get it out of him. In getting it out of him you may also get some of the proof we want so badly—you may scare something out of somebody. I've got my reasons for not telling you now, and they're good ones. Once you get Calhoun in hand, I'll back you with everything I've got. But I'm waiting till you *get* Calhoun. I'm playing safe.”

“All right—play safe!” Jard rose to his feet. “I'm still watching you with both eyes, Toby. I'm not quite sure of you yet!” . . .

Mavis drove straight home, half-stumbled out of her car in her haste, and went rushing into the house. Calhoun was standing staring out of the shattered sun window. He turned to survey his daughter with a tense abstraction in his hard bright-blue staring eyes.

“Where have you been?”

“What do you care?” The defiance and bitterness in her voice jerked him out of his abstraction.

He scrutinized her face. “What's the matter with you?” he asked sharply. “What has upset you?”

“I want to ask you a question,” Mavis evaded. “What became of Halvor Shellstrom?”

Calhoun paled with the shock of surprise with which her words struck him. His hard blue eyes veiled. He answered warily: “Nobody knows.

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I've told you that repeatedly. Why are you looking at me in that fashion? Answer me or I'll shake it out of you!"

"Oh, no you won't!" An angry quiver ran through the girl's taut voice. "You keep your hands off me! I know you've told me that nobody knows what became of Halvor. I think you're lying!"

"Mavis!" The word was harsh, explosive. But in the next instant he caught himself. His tone turned bland and soothing. "Something has wrought you up badly, my dear. You've been hearing things, I fear: things that have no basis of truth in them. What has some one been saying to you? Who said it and what did they say?"

"You can believe it or not, as you choose, but no one has been saying anything to me. I'm asking you again, father: What became of Halvor Shellstrom? I might retain a little respect for you if you had the courage to tell the truth."

"I don't know what became of him," Calhoun replied coldly. "He made a fool of himself and he disappeared. That's all I know."

Mavis muttered something under her breath, something which was quite indistinguishable to Calhoun.

"What did you say?" he demanded.

"Nothing," Mavis answered with curt brevity.

Before Calhoun could speak again, the telephone rang in its alcove across the room, beyond the door which opened into the dining room. Mavis started toward it, but Calhoun said hastily: "I'll answer that."

Mavis shrugged and went on out of the room; but just beyond the door she halted to listen.

Calhoun strode across the floor to the telephone as the bell rang again, and Mavis heard the slight rasp of the receiver against the hook, then Calhoun's voice speaking into the mouthpiece:

"Hello—hello. . . . Yes—yes, this is Oliver, Rob. . . . What! . . . Yes. Which one came back? . . . Oh, I misunderstood. Well, who telephoned, then—Brenner or Halpole? . . . I see. They're still hanging around Ammerville, eh? All sixty of them? . . . It looks damned suspicious. What excuse did they make? . . . Eat, hell! It doesn't take them two hours to eat, does it? . . . No, don't do anything like that. I'll go. We'll both go. We've got to keep those fools from coming back to the Halfmoon Cross. I was afraid of something like that. . . . No, certainly not! The other eight can take care of Jard and his two stand-bys. But we'll have to move quickly. Wait there for me. I'll bring Mavis's coupé. It can make ninety-five per. . . . Yes. Sit tight. I'll be right over."

A short silence; then Calhoun laughed, sneering: "I'm not too much surprised. They took your proposition up too easy, Rob. It doesn't matter in the least. All I wanted to do was get them out of the way till we could corner Shellstrom. When Emery calls back, tell him to stay right there on the job and see that they don't turn back! . . . Hell! Don't worry about that! Leave it to Emery Halpole. I'll call Hassalo right away. . . . Yes; I'll be with you within ten minutes."

Mavis stared at the closed door behind which she had been listening. She whispered furiously to herself: "So! Well, if you act quickly enough to get ahead of *me*, my dear father, you'll have to travel!"

And Robert Van Wyck, his face white with anger, cursed as he hung up the receiver of his telephone: "Damn! Something like this would have to happen! But we're not going to be outplayed. Emery's slick, at that. Insisting on his and Zan's eating with them and keeping an eye on them. They *must* have been intending to turn back. Else why would they stall around there at Ammerville for two hours? But you're a shade too slow, Mr. Shellstrom! This is your finish. You're fighting a man with brains."

What new element of intrigue can this be and what action will the temperamental Mavis take against her willful father? Look for further developments next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 40

1—Lawrence Tibbett.

2—It is an herb that grows wild in North and South Carolina.

3—The Province of Quebec (46 p.c.).

4—Man. All other "animals" swim naturally.

5—Talleyrand, when defining good coffee.

6—Yes. Information may be had by writing the Veterans Bureau at Washington.

7—William Christopher Handy, Negro composer of Memphis Blues and St. Louis Blues.

8—More than a million.

9—In 1913, when 270 lives and thirty-four boats were lost.

10—The okapi, a varicolored animal of the giraffe family.

11—February 13, 1935.

12—Tyrian purple. To produce an ounce of the dye 200,000 sea snails are required.

13—Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi, born in Zurich, Switzerland, 1746.

14—Malted milk.

15—They are in the provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island.

16—At present there is no equivalent grade or rank. During the Civil War a corresponding rank was created—that of commodore—but the grade was abolished in 1899 (except for the retired list).

17—The four names were applied at one time or another to Ellis Island in New York Bay, where prospective immigrants, detained for examination, are sent.

18—Yes (although 1900 was not).

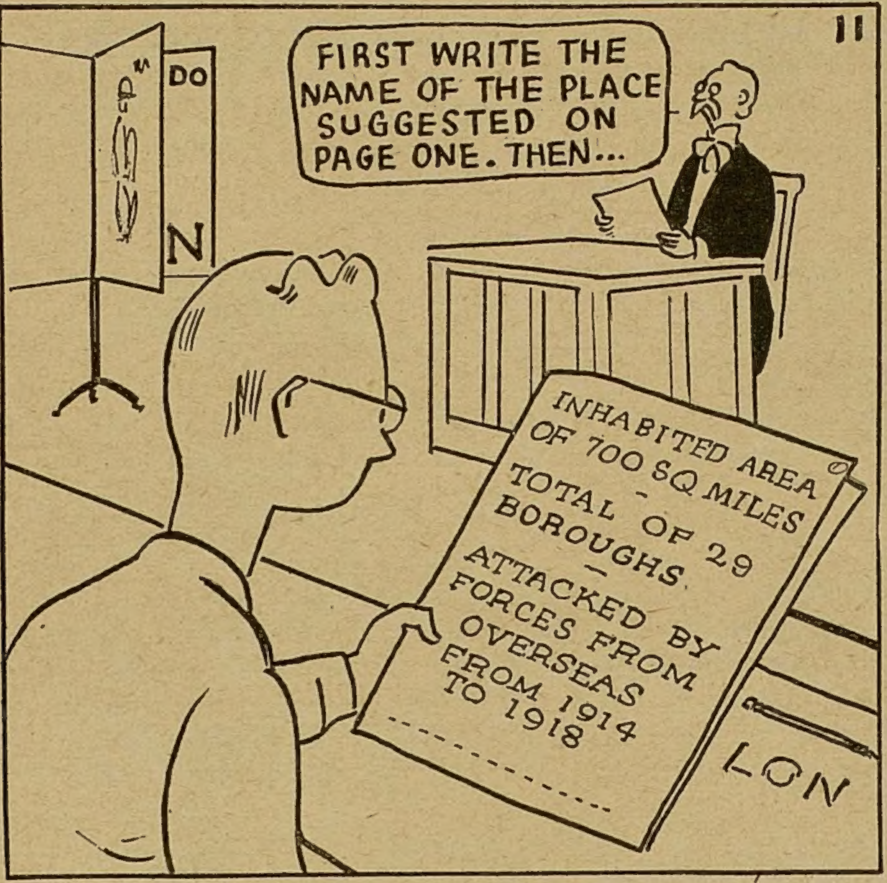
19—To serve as mainsprings.

20—

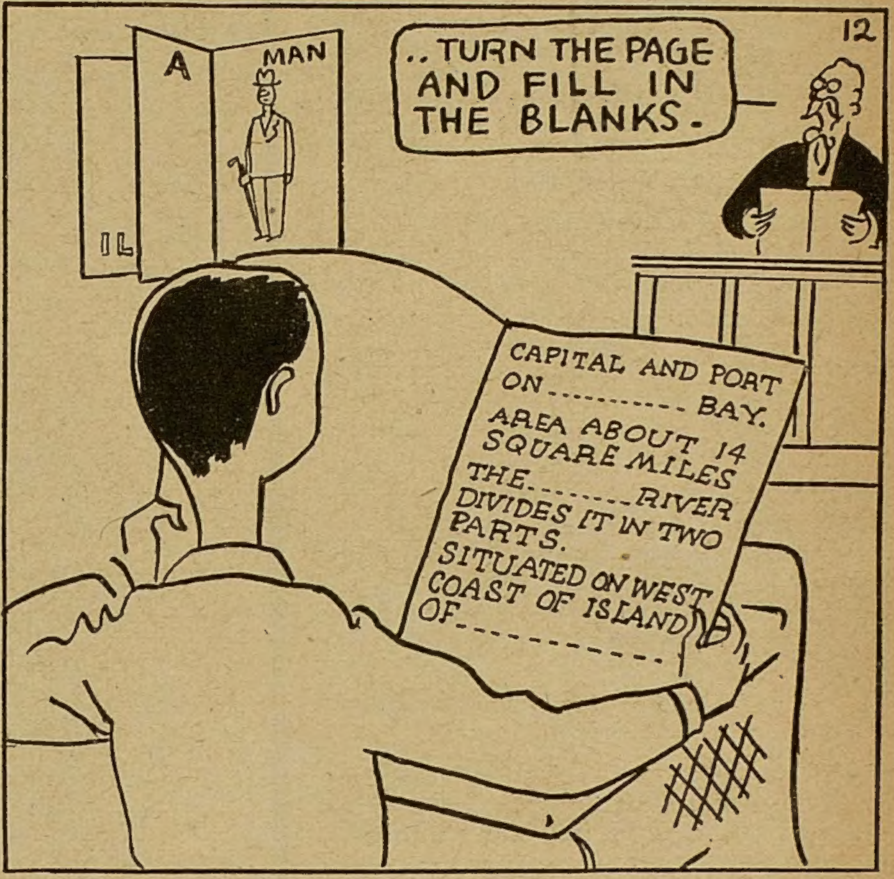
J Bayard Taylor

INTERNATIONAL
GEOGRAPHY GAME

$2,000 IN 223 CASH AWARDS THE $500 FIRST PRIZE MAY BE YOUR REWARD!


11
S.P.
DO
N
FIRST WRITE THE NAME OF THE PLACE SUGGESTED ON PAGE ONE. THEN...
INHABITED AREA OF 700 SQ. MILES
TOTAL OF 29 BOROUGHS
ATTACKED BY FORCES FROM OVERSEAS FROM 1914 TO 1918
LON

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


12
A
MAN
IL
..TURN THE PAGE AND FILL IN THE BLANKS.
CAPITAL AND PORT ON .... BAY.
AREA ABOUT 14 SQUARE MILES
THE .... RIVER DIVIDES IT IN TWO PARTS.
SITUATED ON WEST COAST OF ISLAND OF..........

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

HERE ARE THE CASH PRIZES WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace, or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY TODAY! YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT!

TWO more centers of world interest are involved in the International Geography Game drawings this week. Look for them. Finding one name will get you started toward the prize money. Read the rules and then get busy. You may win the $500 cash first prize. Your chance is excellent if you start now. Later on you may have cause for regret if you fail to enter. Avoid disappointment by acting today.

LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

If you need free reprints of any or all of the first ten drawings in order to bring your entry up to date, mail a request for the numbers you need to the contest address in Rule 6. They will be forwarded without delay. Act now because all requests for free material must be received on or before Friday, February 28. Except for filling these requests, Liberty cannot engage in any other correspondence with contestants.

SET NO. 7 OF THIS GAME NEXT WEEK!

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

WICHITA, KAN.—At the Union Bus Terminal, Mrs. Harold Young lighted a cigarette and gave it to her four-year-old son to smoke. Somebody called the police.

Said the mother:

"What's the kid to do to pass away the time, if he can't smoke?"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—On the ground that his wife's pet cat had fleas, H. S. Brisco divorced her. The fleas bit his mother and made her ill, he asserted.

DODGE CITY, KAN.—Police Sergeant Jim Flanagan went to see a doctor about a backache. The doctor gave him a thorough physical examination.

Finally came the verdict. "Jim," said the doctor, "it looks like you'll have to have your teeth out."

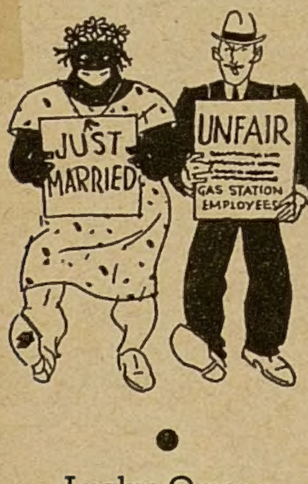
"O. K., doc," said Jim, pulling out his upper and lower plates, "but my back still hurts."

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Charles Smith, a sixty-two-year-old Negro, was arraigned before Magistrate Peter A. Abeles on a felonious assault charge. When Magistrate Abeles held him in $1,000 bail, Smith suggested:

"Please get in touch with the Home Relief for my bail."

ALTON, ILL.—Walter Johen was annoyed when a picket began pacing before his filling station carrying an "unfair" placard.

He hired a corpulent colored woman to keep step with the neatly dressed white man. She bore a sign too: "Just married."



●

Lucky Omens

For flying ants to alight on a person is a good omen for any one on a job or in business.

For a mouse to sit up and look at you, indicates good news before long.

To find a hole in your money pocket before you lose money, indicates making new good friends.

—Roy L. McCardell.

●

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Where there's a will there's an inheritance tax.

—Treasury Department.

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

FAITH BALDWIN

MUST A SECRETARY HAVE SEX APPEAL? It may be more of a problem than you think. Read the sparkling, entertaining, and at the same time logical analysis of this question by Faith Baldwin next week.

CHANNING POLLOCK

THE MAN WHO TRIED THE TOWNSEND PLAN finds plenty of surprising developments along his path as Channing Pollock tells the story for you. There are chuckles as well as tugs at the heartstrings in this absorbing story. You'll be sorry that the end comes all too soon.

ALSO

JOSEPHINE BENTHAM — HOYT DECKER — JAMES M. CAIN — DR. JOHN F. (JAFSIE) CONDON—ELI COLTER—JERRY D. LEWIS—PRINCESS KROPOTKIN —FEATURES, DEPARTMENTS, REVIEWS.

MORE SENSATIONAL SECRETS OF THE HAUPTMANN CASE BY "JAFSIE" ANGLES NEVER BEFORE PRINTED

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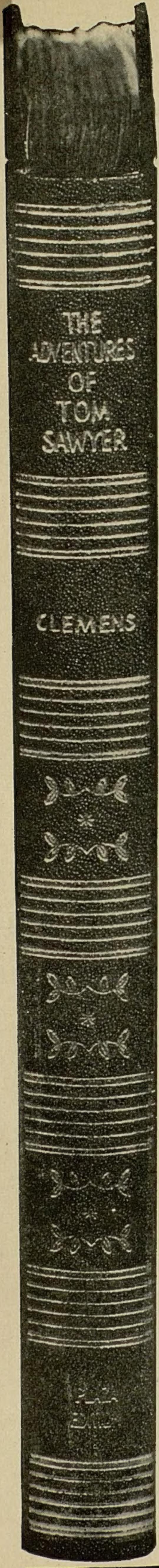

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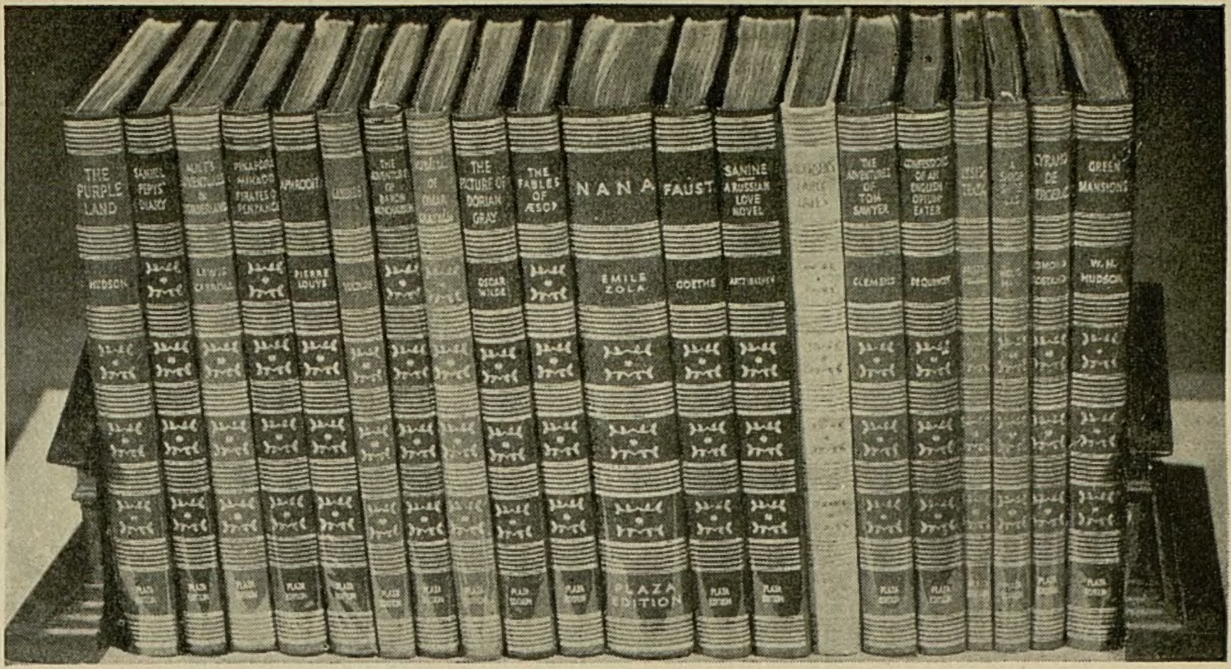

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